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SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.

BY

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ac.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.

VOL. II.

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SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.

CHAPTER I.

CAMPO DEL HONOR.

THE Field of Honour is nowhere in particular. It may sometimes be on the bald top of a hill, sometimes in a wayside hut, sometimes at the bottom of a God-forsaken valley, or rather of a loophole amidst the mountains. It always reminded me of those Continental hats, watches and umbrellas upon which the rather vague stamp of "London" is marked, but a mere look at which tells you at once that they have issued from the back workshop of some half-starved German working-man. The Carlists invented this Campo del Honor, in the first place, because they thought they were really doing an honourable work; and, in the second, because

they had reasons for not wishing to give their exact address. Orders, or manifestoes issued by Don Carlos, or any of his Generals, being dated from the "Field of Honour," no clue is given the enemy as to the whereabouts of the Carlist forces.

Up till July last there was no end of *Campos del Honor*, for every small *cabecilla* had the right of dating his communications from that indefinite locality. But when Don Carlos entered Spain, the Field of Honour, *par excellence*, became his head-quarters.

We have already seen that the Carlist generals were greatly opposed to the entry of the Pretender into Spain, before they had quite organised the troops with which they intended to carry on the struggle. But Don Carlos seems to have become sick of his retreat, and, acting upon his own responsibility, entered Spain without informing any of his generals; and it must be said that the moment he selected for his entry denoted, on his part, a larger amount of intelligence than is usually attributed to him.

On the 9th of July his partisans obtained a very important victory over the Republican troops near Ripoll, in Catalonia. They captured something over six hundred prisoners, killed

Brigadier Cabrinetty, took a couple of cannons and a large quantity of arms and ammunition. A partial Carlist rising broke out about the same time in the province of Leon and in Galicia; while, on the other hand, the news was spread that Malaga, Murcia, Seville, Alcoy, Granada, and Cadiz were in the hands of the *Intransigentes*, and that a sort of Commune had been established at Carthagena. Don Carlos received also information that Valdespinas had captured Santa Cruz, and signed a Convention, according to which all internal Carlist differences seemed to have been settled. At the same time a considerable landing of arms and ammunition for the Carlists had taken place at Lequeitio, and enabled the Carlist chiefs to arm at least six or seven thousand fresh volunteers. The moment really seemed most favourable to the Pretender for the commencement of his campaign, and without saying a word to even his most intimate councillors, Don Carlos left the château of St. Lon on the 15th of July for Bayonne, on his way through which town to the village of Ustariz, he gave orders for his horses and equipment to be forwarded to Zugarramurdy.

The next morning, at five o'clock, the gates of

a château, situated within a mile of Ustariz, were opened in order to allow a riding party of five gentlemen in private clothes to pass out, apparently for the purpose of enjoying the fresh morning air of the mountains. Three of the five gentlemen were Frenchmen, well known in the neighbourhood, and the two others were guests of theirs. They took the direction of the hills and forests of St. Pée and Sare, and soon disappeared in the mountain paths. The morning was most lovely, and the company seemed greatly to enjoy their ride. Neither gendarmes nor Custom House officers were encountered; but, even had the case been otherwise, the three French gentlemen could not have been stopped, and as to their foreign guests, they were provided with all the papers necessary for proving that they were neither Carlists nor even Spaniards.*

As soon as the party turned off the high road and entered the forest paths, every chance of annoyance was gone, and one of the two foreign-

* How far Don Carlos and his French friends set M. Thiers and his police at defiance, may be seen from the subjoined decree issued on the 27th of October, 1872:—

"Le ministre de l'intérieur,

"Vu l'article 7 de la loi des 13 et 21 novembre et 3 décembre 1849, ainsi conçu:

looking gentlemen, riding an excellent bay Irish hunter, urged his horse ahead of the party, who evidently treated him with the respect due to a personage of some importance. The other foreigner, a young and fair-looking man, followed

"Vu l'article 8 de la même loi, ainsi conçu :

. . . . . .

"Vu les rapports de MM. les préfets des Basses-Pyrénées et de la Gironde, établissant que le prince don Carlos de Bourbon, duc de Madrid, se serait livré dans ces deux départements à des manœuvres ayant pour but de fomenter la guerre civile dans un pays allié de la France ;

"Considérant que la présence de l'étranger sus-désigné sur le territoire français est de nature à compromettre la sûreté publique :

Arrête :

"Art. 1er Il est enjoint à S. A. R. le prince don Carlos de Bourbon, duc de Madrid, de sortir du territoire français.

"Art. 2. M. Goullez, commissaire général de police, attaché à la direction de la sûreté générale, est chargé de l'exécution du présent arrêté.

"A Versailles, le 27 octobre 1872.

"*Le ministre de l'intérieur,*

"VICTOR LEFRANC.

"Pour ampliation :

"*Le directeur de la sûreté générale,*

"DE NERVAUX."

The Spanish Pretender has resided and carried on his affairs on the French soil till the 16th of July, 1873, that is to say for fully nine months after his expulsion was thus ordered.

close behind him. The former was Don Carlos de Bourbon, the latter his orderly officer, Ponce de Leon, grandee of Spain.

After having ridden for a couple of hours, the party reached the frontier, crossed it at the foot of Peña de Plata, and alighted at a small smuggler's inn close by the border line. Marquis de Valdespinas and General Lizarraga, to whom word had been sent during the night, were already waiting with the members of their staff and an escort. These officers having saluted Don Carlos as their King, and kissed his hand, the Prince proceeded to change his travelling costume for a brilliant uniform that had been brought over beforehand, and then continued his journey to Zugarramurdy, where some three thousand volunteers were assembled to greet him. A Te Deum was sung in the village church, after which the villagers and the volunteers pressed forward to kiss the hand of him whom they acknowledged as their Sovereign; and, whatever might have been the political opinions of the spectator, he could hardly fail to be impressed by the spontaneous enthusiasm which prevailed in the mass of the people assembled. For fully an hour Don Carlos stood on the door-step of the church, unable to proceed forward. The cries were really deafening, and

overpowered the sound of the cannons firing at Peña de Plata, and the desperate ringing of the church bells.

As soon as the Pretender was able to liberate himself from the crowd of his over-enthusiastic adherents, he went to the village prison and released some sixty Republicans confined in it, gave each of them half a sovereign, and ordered them to be escorted to France. Afterwards, he visited the few wounded who were in the village, and went to lunch at the house of the village priest, whilst the volunteers outside the house were entertained with the reading of the following Proclamation:

"*Voluntarios!* Invoking the God of armies and listening to the voice of agonized Spain, I present myself amongst you fully confident of your courage and your loyalty.

"Poor in resources, but rich in faith and heroism, you have gloriously maintained an almost incredible, fabulous campaign, and in the midst of unceasing privations and fatigues you have asked only for one thing—arms.

"My efforts for satisfying this want will not have been quite fruitless. And having, as far as it was in my power, fulfilled that duty, I come now to perform another, and one much more pleasant to my heart. I come to combat, like yourselves, for our fatherland, and for our God. No sort of political consideration shall compel me longer to look on, my arms folded, at this heroic struggle.

"I deplore the blindness of the army which fights against us,

because it does not know you, and does not know me. Both you and myself would have received it with open arms if in an hour of inspiration it could have perceived that the Monarchical flag had been for fifteen centuries the flag of all the glories and honours of the Spanish army, and if it had understood that the only truly Monarchical flag is my banner—the banner of Legitimacy and Right.

"But as, unhappily, this is not yet clear to them, we are compelled to subdue by force a ruinous and impious revolution which maintains itself only by violence.

"It is with irrepressible emotion that I receive the sincere homage of your enthusiastic loyalty, and that I put my feet on the noble Vasco-Navarre soil, whence I address now the expression of my gratitude to the generous defenders of the just cause, and speak my friendly welcome to all the Spaniards.

"Spain asks us with loud cries to come to her rescue!

"Volunteers! forward!

"Volunteers, Spain says that she is dying!

"Volunteers, let us save her!

"CARLOS.

"Zugarramurdy, 16th July, 1873."

Then followed a review of troops, a visit to Peña de Plata, receptions of officers, who began immediately to pour in from all sides, until at last Don Carlos started with some two thousand five hundred men and two cannons for the celebrated Bastan valley. Here began for me a kind of life I shall not soon forget.

Marching, reviews, popular demonstrations, and hunting for quarters and food, took me during

six weeks fully eighteen hours daily, leaving barely six hours a day for writing, rest, and refreshment.

As every one expected that Don Carlos would be anxious to begin his new campaign by some brilliant engagement, and as we knew that Elizondo, the first large place on the road we took, had been fortified by the Republicans, and was guarded by a garrison of some six hundred men under Colonel Tejada, we all hoped to have a nice little fight in a couple of days. The village of Arizcun was the place at which we were to pass the night of the 18th, and whence, as we supposed, we were to move on the next morning for an attack. But it turned out that, except some manœuvres upon the surrounding heights, we had to witness no military spectacle of any sort. The troops commanded by General Lizarraga manœuvred very well, satisfied Don Carlos thoroughly, and showed the column of Tejada that the Carlists were already in sufficient numbers to protect their master. That was apparently all the Carlist generals wanted for the moment. They did not care about attacking Elizondo, for they were sure to lose a great number of men, and to be unable to hold the place should the forces of Pamplona attempt to

take it back again, for no support could be expected Elio's troops being then far away in the Amezcoas. But the General himself, leaving his command to Dorregaray, came to salute his King as soon as he heard of his having entered Spain. The old gentleman rode on horseback, with two aid-de-camps and a small escort, through nearly the whole of Navarre to meet the Prince at Arizcun.

It was probably owing to Elio's advice that we had no fight at Elizondo, and marched next morning off the high road to those abominable rocky paths which I had never been able to reconcile myself with. Narvarte, Labaen, Erasun, and Leisa were the little mountain villages which had successively to provide with food and night shelter some two thousand five hundred soldiers, a King, his brilliant staff of marquises and counts, and two or three hundred horses and mules. How they managed it one would be puzzled to say, but everybody had some shelter, and every stomach some sort of nourishment. That both were abominably bad can be easily imagined, but in nearly all cases the bad quality of the supply was fully compensated by the heartiness with which it was offered.

Of the manner in which Don Carlos was

received by the simple-minded villagers, no one can make oneself an idea, unless one knows the temperament and notions of the Basque people. It was not only that houses were decorated in every village he passed through, that green stuff and flowers covered the streets, that cries of "*Viva el Rey!*" "*Viva Doña Margarita!*" and "*Viva la Religion!*" gave everybody a headache, and that every man, woman, and child got perfectly mad in attempting to kiss anything belonging to Carlos Setimo, from his hand down to the tail of his horse. The real degree of devotion of these people was best to be seen in the manner in which the wants of the Carlist columns were attended to. When the Republicans passed, all that still existed in the way of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs were high up in the mountains, and no rations could be got by any human force under several hours' time; while when the Carlists passed everything was at hand. When the Republicans passed the men were all away from the villages; so were the alcalde and the priest too, and the democratic commander had to get his information about the enemy from old women and children; while the smallest Royalist band was informed in every possible way by the members of the *ayuntamiento* (municipal

council), who were the first to welcome it, and every man of the village was quite ready to risk his life for the sake of getting the band out of danger. Don Carlos had already been four days in Spain before the commander of the Pamplona troops learned it, and was enabled to make a move; while we learned at Navarte of this commander's intention to move within about three or four hours after his trumpet had called out the regiments.

Don Carlos was quietly taking an afternoon walk through the village of Narvarte, when a *confidente*, or spy, came with the news that four thousand men with six cannons were leaving Pamplona, some six hours' march distant from our village. A council of war was at once called, consisting of the Elio, Lizarraga and Marquis Valdespinas, and the question whether a battle was to be accepted or not was brought before them. Don Carlos appears to have been in favour of a fight, but as the Carlist forces were considerably smaller than those of their enemy, the generals insisted upon not accepting a battle, and continuing the march for a junction with Dorregaray. Consequently, in a couple of hours, off we march very much as if we were flying, for we scarcely stopped anywhere for more than

a couple of hours from Sunday the 20th, to Tuesday the 22nd, and this our first march may be considered a very fair specimen of Carlist marches.

To begin with, we left Narvarte about six P.M., and had to march all night, and the rocky foot-path we had to follow passed within a gun shot of San Estevan, another strongly fortified and well guarded Republican place. A company of good shooters could have completely routed our column, spread in an endless line over two or three miles of a most impracticable mountain track. Nothing was, however, attempted by the Republican troops shut up behind their fortifications, and apparently only too glad that we did not attack them. But the consciousness that one is marching under such unfavourable conditions is by no means comforting. Fancy a pitch dark night, a most horrible Abyssinian causeway, which makes man and horse stumble on every step, and is constantly and most abruptly going up and down hill; add to that the effect produced on one's nervous system by orders of a general *desmontadura* (or getting off the horses), and *silencio*, a strict prohibition of anything like a cigarette or a match being lighted, and you will have a fair idea of this little promenade. We

knew, of course, that the Pamplona column was unable to reach us, but the proximity of the San Estevan garrison, actually full masters of our lives, was by no means refreshing. Our apprehensions of danger calmed down only after midnight, when the village of Labaen was reached, where at all events some rest was allowed to our exhausted limbs and nerves. It should be added here, however, that Don Carlos and his generals fully shared the fatigue of the men. All of them walked throughout at the head of the column, leading their horses by the bridles and having but a small vanguard before them.

At Labaen a rather original sight presented itself. The place, which is so small that it could not even be called a village, was all at once crammed as it has certainly never been before. It was utterly impossible even for Don Carlos and his staff to move a single step forward before the vanguard was marched to its quarters, consisting of a couple of little huts outside the village. The loud talk of some two thousand men, for several hours kept silent and now set at liberty, the neighing of horses, the roar of donkeys and mules, the barking of dogs—everything had its place in this picture of indescribable confusion, lit by means of straw torches and such

bits of wax candle as could be found in the village church. It took us two hours before every one of the officers, men, and horses had shelter. Of food there could, of course, be no question at such an hour; but a sound sleep and a little cup of everlasting chocolate, which you find when nothing else can be found, rendered us quite fresh and bright next morning.

Don Carlos, who is invariably entertained at the priests' houses, which, as a rule, are the best in the villages, had here an opportunity quite unexpectedly, to show his courtesy to the fair sex. The Marchioness of Vinialet, whose son had been severely wounded at the battle of Udave, and for a time left as dead on the field, came to see him at the ambulance of Lecumberri, and was on her way back to Biarritz when we met her at Labaen. The brave lady had travelled on horseback, with a couple of guides, all the way from the fashionable seaside place to the frontier of Guipuzcoa, and the best bed in the priest's house was, of course, given to her. On the next morning when the troops marched off again and passed her window, she was made the object of an ovation which, I am sure, few women have ever received.

But no fatigues or privations seemed to in-

fluence in any way the Carlist volunteers. Whenever there was no prohibition, singing and laughing were going on all day long, and when there was an hour to spare after dinner, or before nightfall, the fandango was sure to be seen danced somewhere in the village square, and ball playing everywhere. At Erasun, half way between Labaen and Leisa, where we dined, or at least were supposed to dine, the mounted body-guards of Don Carlos gave us quite a performance in that way. A brass band, which usually played not only on entering and leaving the villages, but took advantage of every halt, began to play a national dancing melody, and nearly the whole of the horsemen of the escort set at once to dance the fandango, with tumblers half full of wine on their heads. The great thing is to dance so as not to lose a single drop out of the tumbler, which result was attained with full success on this occasion, to the perfect delight of the population of Erasun and to the apparent satisfaction of the Pretender himself, who was looking out of the window, throwing now and then a duro (five-franc piece) to the most clever of the dancers. To march twenty miles over mountains and to dance and sing as soon as an hour's rest is given, seem quite natural to the Carlist Volunteers and the

Republican army, recruited chiefly outside of the Vasco-Navarre provinces, will have a long time to wait before it equals the Carlist volunteers in agility, endurance, and gaiety.

On reaching Leisa, the largest of the villages on our way, we had a regular triumphal entry. The place was brightly decorated, and the village square being a rather large one, a march past had been got up of all the troops we possessed, with the band playing, church bell ringing, and all the rest of it. The impression produced on the inhabitants of Leisa must have been very strong indeed, for the landlady at whose house I had my quarters cut the throats of two Spring chickens and presented me with them, supposing, probably, that I had something to do with the grand sight she had just witnessed. But, alas! though I had for several days not tasted anything beyond stale ammunition bread and miserable ration mutton, I was too exhausted to be able even to look at the chickens. They went straight into my saddle-bags and were on the next morning regularly devoured by a number of my companions in misfortune, staff-officers of the Pretender. All I saw of them (I mean of the chickens, not of the officers) was a rather dried up leg.

But these triumphal entries and marches past occupied rather more time than we could safely afford, for when we reached Lecumberri the Pamplona column turned out to be only two hours behind us, "chastising" the Lesaca inhabitants for the reception they gave us. Matters began to look quite unpleasant, and we pushed off more smartly than ever with the view of effecting our object, which was to make a junction with Dorregaray.

It was only on the 24th of July, fully six days after his entry into Spain, that Don Carlos was out of danger of capture. There was an expression of relief to be seen on everyone's face when, on approaching Salinas de Oro, Dorregaray's forces, some four thousand five hundred strong, with two additional cannon appeared drawn up in order of battle on the surrounding hills. The Republican Commander-in-Chief, General Sanchez Bregua, having missed his chance, had nothing left but quietly to retire, ordering a general concentration of troops to be made at Vitoria, in the direction of which Don Carlos had evidently to move. Knowing, however, how slow the Republicans are in effecting all their movements, General Elio did not seem to take much notice of the enemy's prospective arrangements. The

Carlists marched now as quietly forward as if there was no enemy at all, enjoying anew no end of enthusiastic receptions in every village and town, and having solemn military masses and *Te Deums* whenever a suitable occasion presented itself, that is to say, wherever any miracle has been formerly performed or some hermitage still preserved. In this manner it was only on the 29th that we reached the neighbourhood of Vitoria, leaving thus the enemy fully five days to effectuate his concentration. But no enemy was to be seen outside the walls of the city, in sight of which we then passed with all the smartness of a British army corps marching towards the field of its autumn exploits. Only at a place called Tres Puentes did we see some traces of the Republican cavalry; but as no attack was made upon us we pushed on, cut the railroad between Vitoria and Miranda, stopped a train, took out of it eleven officers going to reinforce the garrison of Vitoria, had them sent as prisoners to Las Amezcoas and marched off to Orduña, the ancient Basque city, from which our journey through Biscay was to begin.

If Don Carlos could have had any doubts about his popularity in the Basque provinces, his journey through the rich province extending from the plains of Vitoria to the walls of Bilbao would have

finally dissipated them. British loyalty itself has never produced anything similar to the receptions Don Carlos, his staff and the several thousand men marching with him had to enjoy at Orduña, Durango, and Zornoza, not to speak of the numberless little villages situated between these towns. Besides the province being throughout Carlist, the "Biscayinos" knew that "His Majesty Charles VII.'s" object was to revive the old custom of the Kings of Spains giving their oath to the *fueros* under the traditional oak-tree at Guernica. True that the old oak under which Ferdinand and Isabella swore, in 1476, to uphold the Basque *fueros* had been long ago cut down and burned by the French, and that another planted in its place underwent the same treatment from the hands of Queen Christina's generals. But, somehow or other, there is still a big oak on the traditional spot, with two young reserve trees by its side. On the 2nd of August an altar was dressed with the image of Nuestra Señora de la Antigua on it, and Don Carlos de Bourbon, in full uniform and surrounded by a numerous staff, rode down from Zornoza, not exactly to swear loyalty to the *fueros*, but to swear that he would come again and give his oath to uphold them when he had

succeeded in conquering the throne of his ancestors, and when his coronation as King of Spains will have actually made him "Señor" of Biscaya. The ceremony was in every way a success, and the road from Zornoza to Guernica, a distance of about eight miles, was almost as thronged with people as Fleet-street on a Lord Mayor's show. Peasants and gentry from all parts of the country assembled to witness the ceremony; but, as only a few thousand people could possibly find access to Guernica itself, the great majority had to content themselves with a mere glance at the passing King, his staff and escort, only the most lucky of them succeeding in kissing the hand or the leg of Don Carlos, or perhaps even not more than the tail of his horse. Some of the old women got quite mad, cried bitterly, and one of them, in screaming out her "*¡Llorando hablo!*" fell senseless under his white Andalusian stallion.

Purposeless and unbusiness-like as all these military promenades of the Pretender may look, I must confess my belief that Don Carlos has done more for his cause by this tiresome journey through Navarre, Alava, and Biscaya, than he could have done by half a dozen of those mountain "battles" in which several thousand cartridges

are used on both sides for the purpose of killing two and wounding three men. By showing himself to the Vasco-Navarre population, he stimulated their enthusiasm, and revived the courage with which they have to bear the burden of the war.* He also put a stop to the very unfavourable stories which began to circulate with reference to the reasons of his absence. I was asked myself, by some of the peasants, whether it was true that Don Carlos was dead, and an Italian cobbler substituted in his place, and by others whether it was true that he was living in Paris in debauchery. It was the least Don Carlos could have done, to come over and give the simple-minded highlanders at least the satisfaction of having a steady look at him for whom they sacrificed so readily their lives and their hard-earned *pesetas*.

There was another point also in which his appearance on the Spanish soil and his promenade through the provinces had a favourable effect.

* As far as a Spanish alcalde's statistics can be relied upon, over 70 per cent. of the yearly produce of the country was, in less than a year, swallowed up by the rations alone, both Carlist and Republican. At all events such was the statement made to me by the alcalde of Leisa; and he added, that that was nothing when compared with the hardships imposed upon the peasants by heavy money contributions.

On the news of his arrival, Velasco was not only able to bring his Biscaya bands to eight strong battalions, but to get up a couple of Castilian battalions in addition to them. These two battalions formed immediately the nucleus of a separate Castilian force, and before such a force has been got up there can be little thought of crossing the Ebro, for the provinces of Castile would not stand an invasion of Vasco-Navarre men. They will rise only in so far as Carlism shall be represented to them by their own volunteers, not by those of other provinces. The English press was constantly urging upon Don Carlos to cross the Ebro if he desired to be regarded with proper deference by London leader writers; and in this the press showed an utter ignorance of Spanish affairs and Spanish character. In the first place, very few of the Vasco-Navarre volunteers would care to march beyond the Ebro. They fight well and willingly at home, but they are neither fit nor disposed to carry on war in the plain. In the second, if Don Carlos entered Castile with three or four Castilian battalions and plenty of fire-arms, he could, within a few days, have quite an army there, which his Navarre and Basque troops would reinforce, and serve as a reserve to. But if he attempted to enter

the provinces of Castile only with the troops he has now, he would appear as a conqueror entering by the help of strangers, and would be received accordingly. By forming the two Castilian battalions, Velasco has built the first arch of the bridge by which Don Carlos may some day cross the Ebro.

But if the entry of Don Carlos presented some real advantages, it had also a good many most comical sides. First of all, the attention which the Pretender and his courtiers paid to all the popular demonstrations of the peasants, which, after all, ought to be greatly attributed to the delight with which the simple-minded highlanders witnessed pageants, which they have, as a rule, so few chances of seeing, was perfectly ridiculous. Over and over again Don Carlos and his courtiers called my attention to petty demonstrations of loyalty and to the patriotic acclamations with which he was received by the population of the little mountain villages. There can be no doubt whatever that these villagers are Carlists at heart, and the best proof of it is in the willingness with which they sacrifice their life and property for the cause. But having had occasion to talk to the peasants after witnessing the shows, I became perfectly satisfied, from the rather pessimist view

which they took of things in general, that as far as royal pageants are concerned, they would be just as much interested in a circus cortége, with camel and elephant, passing through their provinces. They wanted simply a spectacle, and that is what Don Carlos presented to them—mounted as he was on a handsome horse, and surrounded by a brilliant staff, upon the formation and arrangements of which he has, I believe, bestowed more thought than on any other subject in the whole of his life. The *Times'* correspondent sketches Don Carlos in the following terms:—

"The Republican journals of Madrid have described Don Carlos as being a mere tool in the hands of designing agents. This is an absurd fabrication. There are few men less easily led, either in politics or military matters, for, to sound common sense, and a keen knowledge of character, he adds a certain amount of Teutonic obstinacy and perseverance, qualities which make him either a friend to be admired, or a foe who cannot be trifled with. Very liberal in his opinions, and far from being a bigot in religious matters, his favourite maxim is, that with Spaniards 'two and two do not make four,' and he says the nation must be taught its mistakes by degrees, and not be pulled up too soon." (*Times*, September 15th, Letter from the Royalist head-quarters.)

The impression which the Pretender produced upon myself, and which I tried to describe in

another chapter, somewhat differs from that produced on the able representative of the great journal, and I am almost sure that had he seen the Pretender for a longer period, and not when he was addressing the *Times*, but while he stood "at ease," or was exhibiting himself in his military promenades, he would perhaps have looked at him from a different point of view. But whatever may be the correct opinion on the individual character of Don Carlos, he seems to have in himself some stuff of which a fair Constitutional Sovereign could be made, but he requires to be taught a good many serious lessons before he gets to power; for, in the present condition of his ideas and views, he is no more fit to govern a people than the author of these pages is fit to be Archbishop of Canterbury.

Besides having lost six weeks of the most precious time in the best season of the year, when his troops, by taking advantage of the critical position of the Republican Government, might have captured all the large towns in the north of Spain, Don Carlos, by his pushing towards the front, has considerably paralyzed the movements of the Carlist army, for the value which is attached

to the safety of his person causes his generals constantly to detach considerable forces to protect him. He is seldom left with so few as two or three thousand men; sometimes seven, eight, and even ten thousand troops were marching with him, and whenever a Republican column was encountered, unless it was very weak, battles were almost invariably declined, on account of the danger of His Majesty's capture. Sometimes even worse things occurred. One fine morning, early in September, Don Carlos had the fancy to take a sea-bath, and off was his column marched to Lequeitio. Meanwhile Lizarraga, who was then near Tolosa, gets a chance of striking a good blow at the enemy. But he wants more forces, and so he despatches a request to His Majesty to send them up, and occupies the position. But the despatches do not find either the bathing Don Carlos or his force, and so Lizarraga not only misses the opportunity of licking the enemy, but gets licked himself.

Practically speaking, Don Carlos became an obstruction, standing in the way of the Legitimist army, and if the Republicans had only had one good general, they might, within the first six weeks after the Pretender's entry into Spain, have put an end to the whole Carlist insurrec-

tion. But, unhappily for the young Republic, they have neither commanders nor money to pay the troops, who marched well and obeyed orders only when liberally paid. I shall never forget an episode which occurred with us during our journey through Biscaya.

Thanks to Reuter's telegrams, all Europe believed, in the first days of August last, that Don Carlos was marching with the whole of his force on Bilbao, which was then besieged by six battalions of Velasco's troops. The truth was that we never approached Bilbao nearer than within ten or twelve miles, and that none of the Carlist generals would have allowed the Pretender to throw himself, with nearly the whole of his army, into a venture which, if unsuccessful, would not have left him any other chance of escape but that of throwing himself into the sea, since all the Republican forces were concentrated at Vitoria, and could come to the rescue of Bilboa within something like twenty-four hours. Still the news, spread in London and Paris that we were marching that way, was transmitted to Sanchez Bregua, and caused him to move with something like eleven thousand men and a considerable number of cannons from Vitoria on the same day we were

witnessing the Guernica ceremony. Every one at the head-quarters of Don Carlos thought at first the news to be a false rumour, and so we started next morning quietly back to Alava and Navarre.

All at once, as we were half way to Durango, the confirmation of the previous day's report arrived to us, and though we could muster nearly ten thousand men, the presence of Don Carlos caused General Elio, instead of accepting battle, to return back to Zornoza, in order to watch from a little village behind the town what the enemy's intentions were. The comical point, however, was that the Republicans learned of our march almost at the same time as we learned of theirs, and that they did exactly the same thing that we did—that is to say, that they turned their backs to us, and marched off to Vergara, leaving us to do what we pleased. In this way the two armies presented the curious sight of apparently marching on each other, and making a "right-about face" as soon as it became evident that they must meet. The fact was, however, that Sanchez Bregua, believing from the London telegrams re-telegraphed to him that the Carlists were going to attack Bilbao, wanted to rush at them from the rear, when they would

be likely to be engaged in street fighting. But as soon as he learned that they had no intention of exposing themselves to such an emergency, he began to suspect that their plan was to draw him out of Vitoria and meet him on the road, a thing which he objected to on account of the advantageous positions on the heights which the Carlists might have taken.

Having in this way got rid of the Republican commander-in-chief and his eleven thousand men, we quietly marched through Alava and the whole of Navarre towards Pamplona, within sight of which we passed, turned off north-east, took, almost without a shot, a couple of forts close to the Aragon frontier, and after having promenaded for about a fortnight more, marched towards Estella, where some real business was to be begun, and were Don Carlos took, for the first time, part in active warfare.

"So that, after all, you must have had rather a quiet and pleasant time of it," might remark the reader "after having been initiated into the operations of Don Carlos during the Summer months."

"Well, that is a matter of opinion," would be my answer. To purposelessly march day and nights, frequently as much as thirty or forty miles a day; never to know where you will have to stop, or at what time you will have to start; frequently without a shelter till very late at night, and still more frequently devoured by vermin when under a shelter; exposed all day to a burning sun, with little to eat except stale ammunition bread, and a piece of mutton which your servant chars under the pretence of cooking; all that, and a good many things besides, do not constitute exactly a pleasant sort of life. For men of good health the experiment might have proved very hurtful; at all events, I saw a good many who, although they came in perfectly good health, became sickly in a fortnight. But to used-up individuals of the journalistic and literary class, locked up, as a rule, the greater part of their life in their rooms, at tiresome and dull work, sometimes for twelve and fourteen hours a day, with an accompaniment of sleepless nights and all the rest of it, a Carlist campaign may prove quite a beneficial change. At all events, such was my experience, for when I started from London I could not read without glasses, and

through my not having seen a single book during six months, the improvement in my sight alone was quite a blessing, not to speak of the influence which the fresh air of the mountains, and the constant riding produced on an exhausted frame. I often thought that with reference to health Carlist campaigning very much resembled gambling. Those who entered into it with anything to lose, were pretty sure to be the worse off for the venture, while those who risked but little might possibly be gainers.

The only element of which our Campo del Honor life was perfectly devoid, was dulness. Idleness was, of course, quite an unknown thing amidst a state of affairs in which five or six consecutive hours' rest was all a man could have a chance of getting. If it happened now and then that a whole day's repose from marching was given, there were plenty of things to be attended to. Saddles and bags arranged; bits, stirrups, and spurs polished (a work of which your Navarre servant would obstinately refuse to see the necessity); horses shod, or their sore backs dressed; some old woman to be hunted up sufficiently indifferent to gossiping with the *voluntarios* to undertake the washing of your linen;

perhaps a bath to be taken in some dried-up stream, or a shave at the shop of a village Figaro. But the getting up of "fine dinners" was the prevailing occupation on such occasions, and took always the greater portion of the day. If the halt happened to be in a town, various delicacies in the shape of fruit, vegetables, or eggs could be sometimes discovered; while, if it was as usual, at some miserable but pretty safe mountain village, excursions into the valley had to be made to get something more inviting than the ordinary rations. The details of one or two of such excursions will be sufficiently characteristic to give a general idea of the rest.

I messed with Baron Barbier, the French gentleman I mentioned before. The wretched diet we were living upon made us at times quite desponding; we, however, managed to improve things by buying, for the considerable sum of twenty-two duros (£4 9*s.* 10*d.*), a little Navarre animal, which was neither a horse, nor a mule, nor an ass, but something of each of them—to harness it with *alforjas*, and to load it with our luggage and such provisions as we could occasionally get from France. As a rule, the latter consisted of a few pots of "Liebig's Extract," a few boxes of sardines, a ball of Dutch cheese,

and similar not very perishable articles. The great chemist's meat extract proved quite invaluable. About half a spoonful of it put into the liquid of boiled potatoes and onions, with a good deal of salt and pepper, gave always an excellent soup, and thus with the aid of our perambulating pantry, we sometimes managed to get up quite comfortable meals. One day, however, when we were at a village about three or four miles from Lecumberri, our provisions became exhausted, and nothing was to be obtained except some goat's milk, which Barbier's servant succeeded in extorting from the supplies of our landlady by making desperate love to her. The important question arose now in what shape the milk should be served, and, after due consideration, we decided to convert it, with the aid of some *fideos* (vermicelli), or some rice, into milk soup. Neither of these ingredients was, however, to be found nearer than Lecumberri, and so off we started at once. It was late in the afternoon, rain and darkness set in before we reached the place. My companion had, into the bargain, a savage stallion, always walking on his hind legs, as if objecting to his being considered a quadruped. The beast was altogether a match to my unbroken "showy" mare, so that there was be-

tween them, as usual, a series of violent attempts to fight during the journey. But on arriving at Lecumberri we were fully repaid for our trouble, for after a couple of hours' search we found not only vermicelli, but potatoes, coffee, sugar, and a couple of bottles of Muscat wine, and a pound or so of *manteca*, a semi-liquid lard, sold in sausage-skins about a yard long, and serving as a substitute for butter, which is almost unknown in Spain.

While we were thus loading our saddle-bags and our top-coat pockets, Barbier was all the time repeating Milher's celebrated: *n'oublions pas que nous sons à chival.* But the good luck we had in finding all these delicacies was esteemed too great for us to entrust our booty to any messenger. So off we set with the precious load, and the usual galloping, rearing, kicking, and neighing began, of course, immediately: the bottles were broken, the wine saturating the coffee and sugar; the sausage-skin of the *manteca* burst, imbedding our supplies in its greasy contents; the potatoes were jerked out upon the road by the gambols of our steeds, and only the vermicelli, which had been carried in our hands, was, though wetted by rain, yet saved from utter destruction. We had thus not much left to boast of, yet it was more than the

majority of our comrades had, and we set immediately to work to prepare the soup. Unhappily, we were none of us good cooks, and our servants still worse ones, so the much-expected dish turned out awfully thick and lumpy, and the wine-saturated sugar gave it quite a novel flavour. Still we partook pretty heartily of it, and, much to our astonishment, were both taken ill in a couple of hours. "There must have been something wrong with that blessed vermicelli," grumbled my friend several times during the night when colic seized him, and I thanked Providence that I had taken scarcely half the quantity of the soup in which he had indulged. On the next day he felt worse, symptoms of dysentery soon manifested themselves, and he had to be carried to France. Fully two months later I called upon my unlucky companion at Biarritz, and found him still in bed. "It is still that *sacré vermicelle*," exclaimed he, on seeing me, "but thank God, I think I am getting better now!"*

On another excursion of the same sort, a

* Provisions of a conservable nature were not only frequently very bad, but were sometimes ascertained to have been purposely poisoned. Such was, at all events, the case with some cigars manufactured at Vitoria and Pamplona, and sent out to the Carlist camps.

Spanish friend and myself were on the look-out for a fowl. There was in the whole village but one house in possession of a few of them, and an old paralysed woman, the landlady, and apparently the only inhabitant of the house, at first refused to part with one of them. But as we increased step by step, our offer from two to five francs, she ultimately consented to let us have one upon the understanding that we should catch it ourselves, as she was unable to move. And if we had needed any proof that acts apparently most simple and menial require experience, we could not have had a better lesson than the catching of that fowl. The five or six clucking bipeds, which were perambulating and flying about the vast desolate barn, made us rush about, dodging and cursing them for nearly an hour without being able to catch any of them, till at last my companion took out his revolver, and resolved to solve the problem by a shot. Unhappily, instead of killing a hen he brought down the cock, and—a still greater misfortune—the bullet finished its career by lodging itself in the leg of an old pig domiciled in the same barn. The result of this little sport was an endless explanation with the old woman, the alcalde, and half of the villagers, and a disbursement of

a rather round sum for the wounded pig, which was immediately transformed into Carlist rations. But justice requires me to add that we were presented with a larger quantity of that useful animal than we could ever consume, and that the roasted cock — whose death the old landlady lamented more than that of the pig—travelled with us for several days, being much too hard to be disposed of at one meal.

Such and similar episodes were almost of daily occurrence, and the whole of our life in the Campo del Honor, with its eccentric adventures, its various encounters with strange characters in the most astounding costumes, and its serio-comic background of religious crusades, and daily masses celebrated by priests in top-boots and spurs, had something about it which reminded one immensely of Offenbach's and Hervé's operas. In fact, when Don Carlos and his Generals were not present, we—the foreigners and the Frenchified Spanish officers—used to salute each other with the well-known chorus of "Little Faust:"

"Vaillants guerriers, sur la terre étrangère,
Combattre est un plaisir!
Les ennemis y mordront la poussière,
Et ça les f'ra mourir!"

Occasionally, indeed, it seemed to me, from a good many analogies, as if this chant had been specially written for us; and, as if to complete the joke, it turned out that the popular song of the two gendarmes in "Geneviève de Brabant" was sung by every volunteer in the force, it being—so I was told—a national melody of Guipuzcoa. Maestro Offenbach having apparently borrowed it, changing only the few last bars corresponding to the words, "We'll run 'em in," words which the Guipuzcoa volunteers could all the more easily dispense with, as, compared with the recent exploits of the London police, they have certainly done little in the way of running persons in.

Even the Royal household itself did not present an aspect to much solemnity or seriousness. Though it comprised a bishop, a military secretary to the King, two chamberlains, four orderly officers, and half a dozen of old generals commanding the force protecting us, all of them, including the King himself, were too frequently seen in *déshabillé* to preserve, even in the eyes of Spanish Royalists, the prestige they might have otherwise secured. Truly speaking, the majority of staff-officers disliked to follow Don Carlos, for they were much better lodged, and had more opportuni-

ties of procuring provisions when they were following some less brilliant detachment. It frequently happened during our marches, that, for the sake of placing the Pretender in a position of safety, our head-quarters were established somewhere on the top of a mountain, in a village consisting, perhaps, of only a couple of dozen houses, in which accommodation had to be found for a staff of some fifty or sixty persons, with several horses each, and two or three thousand rank and file. And as Don Carlos is a man who does not particularly interest himself in the comfort of others, provided his own wants are attended to, the members of the staff had frequently to content themselves with accommodation at the best only fit for pigs. Yet it must be admitted at the same time that the Pretender's own comfort was not always of a high class. I frequently found, when calling on him, that he had to sleep on the floor on account of the *chinches* (an annoying insect known to the Margate lodging-house keepers, under the musical denomination of B flat). Nor was his table always luxuriantly supplied, for, except in large towns, where a wealthy curé, a merchant, or landed proprietor offered his hospitality, it was conducted on the mess principle. The members of the

Royal household had their usual officers' rations* served out to them, Don Carlos' cook and the *posentador*, or quarter-master, who were always sent on in advance, securing what additional provisions could be found. But, in many cases, the resources of the villages were so poor that not much could be obtained even for El Rey, Nuestro Señor. Don

* Carlist rations consisted of 1¼lbs. of bread, ¾lb. of meat, and a pint of wine. Officers of all ranks received double rations, and a quantity (very insufficient) of grain for *one* horse. The officers' allowance was also granted to newspaper correspondents, who would have starved otherwise; but of course they had to pay for their rations. Here is a copy of a pass and ration order, which I still preserve as a *souvenir* of my past tribulations:—

"*Secretaria de Campana de S. M.*

"Permitase circular libremente en el territorio ocupado por las fuerzas del Rey N. S. al Sr Dn N. L T———, corresponsal especial del 'Heraldo de Nueva York,' facilitandole las autoridades alojamiento y raciones que el Sr Dn N. L. T——— satisfará al precio de contrata.

"Cuartel Real de Zubiri. Doce de Agosto de 1873.

"El Brigadier, Secretario de S. M.

"I. DE IPARRAGUIRRE."

Stamp of the Real Junta Gubernativa del Reyno de Navarra.

Carlos, however, very frequently enjoyed preserves and pastry, which were amply supplied to him from the nunneries we had to pass, and which he was most generous in sharing with the staff *attachés*. Justice requires me to state here that the amiable Spanish nuns excel in these preparations, and more especially in the confection of a kind of thick quince marmalade, which excels in delicacy anything I have ever before tasted in the same line.

In a life of this sort, entertainment or change is seldom looked for, as every hour is a change in some way, and every minute is entertainment, though by no means always of a pleasant nature. But even those who might have looked for entertainment in the usual sense of the word, could not feel disappointed. In the first place, if battles were not to be witnessed every day, skirmishes were never wanting, and one could always, if he felt disposed, get up a little expedition on his own account. One of Elio's aid-de-camps and nephews, Captain Tristan Barraute, frequently made an opportunity for some such pastime when he began to feel dull at head-quarters. On one occasion he

crossed the Ebro, and pushed towards Logrаño with a handful of crack infantry and cavalry, equally smart in attack and in flight; and the dash with which they crossed the river was equalled only by the celerity with which they recrossed it on the next day. Very frequently that gallant officer disappeared from head-quarters, no one knowing whither he had gone, and in a few days it would turn out that he had had news of an enemy's column about to pass through some gorge, where he at once proceeded to arrest its progress. Two mounted men, armed, like himself, with sixteen shot carabines, which he kept for this special purpose, were quite enough for him. They would start at night, gallop like madmen to the top of some rocky hill, where they place themselves in ambuscade, and open a "deadly" fire, at day-break, on the approaching column. The enemy, bewildered at the unexpected encounter, not knowing the strength of the concealed force, and having lost several men, frequently retraced his steps, while Don Tristan would then return to head-quarters, and after reporting to his uncle the strength of the column, describe to his friend the enjoyment he had had on his sporting expedition.

There was also no lack of musical entertainments, as there are several bands in the Carlist army, and every volunteer sings almost all day long. But if the music of the bands was very fair, the same can by no means be said of the vocal part of the daily concerts. Basque, and especially Navarre songs and singing are something to which it is terrible to listen. In the majority of cases they are of a lamenting character, and both in composition and execution are incomparably worse than such songs as "We've got no work to do;" while the Navarrese throat is at times capable of giving utterance to considerably more hoarse and horrible sounds than the midnight "All hot" which so shakes the nervous system—if not of Londoners—at all events of foreign visitors of the metropolis.

Now and then, however, we had good singing too, though it seldom came from the rank and file, as it does in Italy. The best things I have heard in that line were serenades which the staff-officers gave to Don Carlos, and one of them I still remember as about the most charming to which it has ever been my good fortune to listen. It was at Durango, in Biscaya. Baron von Walterskirchen, or "Don Carlos el Austriaco,"

whom I mentioned before, had given a dinner party to about a couple of dozen friends. The idea of giving a dinner party sounds strange amidst such a life as that we were then leading; but with the Carlists a dinner party does not necessarily mean a good dinner. The meal on that occasion was the best that the landlady of the *Fonda Olmedal* could provide, and it was, as usual, shockingly bad; but there was plenty of wine, and still more good fellowship.

One of the guests, a freshly arrived Andalusian officer, took up a guitar as soon as the coffee was served, and for more than two hours ballad succeeded ballad, triste or gay, warlike or loving, hatty or dreamy—he equally excelled in all. By midnight, every one of the party was raised to the highest pitch of gaiety and had discovered singing capacities in himself. Choruses were struck up, and off marched the company to the town square in which Don Carlos's house was situated. A popular chant, with a kind of thundering *refrain*, "Viva el Rey," awoke everybody in the neighbourhood. Don Carlos, who was occupied with some of his generals, came out on the balcony, and the windows of every house on the *plaza*

soon showed a numberless array of human beings in the most varied night garments, illumined by a splendid moonshine. In a few minutes everyone of these spectators joined in the chorus. The effect of this mass of voices resounding amidst the soft calm of a Southern Summer night, and alternating with the solo melody and the guitar notes of our Andalusian minstrel, really baffles all attempts at description. Don Carlos seemed so charmed that, anxious to prolong the pleasure as long as he could, he allowed a considerable time to pass before he sent the serenaders the usual invitation to step up to his house, where liqueurs, sweets, and cigars were prepared for them, and the whole of the Royal household assembled. As there was a piano in the drawing-room, and one of the chamberlains appeared to be an excellent musician, not only was the singing continued, but dancing was added to it, and it may, perhaps, be of some interest to the British public to know that the palm for national Spanish dancing was on that night carried off by an Englishman. A stout, powerful man, of fully forty years of age, my worthy colleague, had succeeded in mastering the *fandango* as few Spaniards ever did. And this was not the only point which rendered him quite

a notoriety among the Carlists. As soon as he arrived in their camp, he entered so thoroughly into their ways and manners as to dress, live, and march like the common volunteers. He was frequently to be seen on foot, marching with the columns, in hempen sandals, Carlist cap, and a red woollen scarf, worn as a waist-band *(faja)*. Twenty and thirty miles a day, under a burning sun, were nothing to him, and garlic and rancid oil seemed to have become his greatest luxuries. His natural serenity never abandoned him in the midst of all these fatigues and privations, except, perhaps, when there was a day's rest, which he always intended to spend in the enjoyment of a sound sleep, which, however, was effectually disturbed by the constant ringing of the church bells. His invariable remark, on being awakened on such occasions, was: "I wish people were not so confoundedly religious in this country."

Sometimes we had also entertainments of a somewhat different nature, as, for instance, a wholesale communion of the Carlist army at the Convent of Loyola. A visit to the *Casa Solar*, where the founder of the Jesuits was born, and to the splendid cathedral, which has been built on the spot, is by itself interesting. To see the old Marquis Valdespinas rushing about the convent to

show every one the place where himself and a few other Carlist leaders were educated, the dormitory they slept in, the garden in which they took their recreation, and the room where they were punished by the holy brothers of the Order of Jesus, is very curious. But to witness battalion after battalion, headed by a numerous staff, kneeling down to partake of the Holy Sacrament, is quite a sight, to which the spectator's conviction of the profound religious devotion with which every one of these men was animated, gave quite a touch of solemnity.

Now and then we had also festivities like those by which the arrival in camp of Don Juan, father of the Pretender, and of Don Alphonso and Doña Maria de las Nieves, was celebrated. The reception of Don Carlos' father, who has the reputation of being an old liberal could not, of course, be compared for heartiness with the welcome given to the brother of the Pretender, and especially to his sister-in-law. And sure it is that Doña Maria, who has shared now for more than a year her husband's camp life in Catalonia, has fully earned the rather violent demonstrations of sympathy with which she was greeted on her arrival at Estella. How far her campaigning in the moun-

tains of Catalonia is advantageous or desirable, is another question. But the fact that the Princess has shared all the hardships of her husband, in winter as in summer, and that even in the most critical moments she was always cheering and encouraging the Volunteers by a smile or a kind word, was quite enough to render her the idol of every Carlist, young or old, soldier or general. By her appearance alone she would produce a sensation in any large popular gathering. About twenty-one years of age, a fair little *blonde* with slightly curled hair, dressed in a kind of hussar blue and black riding habit, trimmed with fur, and a gold tasselled white Carlist cap which she coquettishly wears on one side—she looked on her coal black charger quite like one of those little fancy amazons printed on sweatmeat-boxes. And the sight of a little picture of that sort riding out of its frame into real life is certainly one that would make any one stop to look at it. So it is not to be wondered at that, not only the Carlist Volunteers, but all the inhabitants of Estella and its neighbourhood, poured out *en masse* on the road to Abarzuza to meet the Princess and Prince, whose presence at the Royalist head-quarters was for two or three days the cause of the wildest excitement. Masses,

music, dancing, fireworks, did not cease until everybody was perfectly exhausted. Yet what seemed on all such occasions really quite surprising to any man with British notions of popular festivities, was the unnatural absence of policemen, drunken people, and fights. This peculiarity did not even escape the attention of the *Times* correspondent, who, describing similar rejoicings which took place on the occasion of the Carlist victory at Dicastillo, wrote on the 28th of August to his journal:—

"Our last day at Estella was a gala one for the inhabitants. Carlist bands played national tunes in the squares until a late hour, fireworks were let off in honour of the occasion, and every available spot was occupied by hundreds of men and women, slowly gyrating to Provincial airs, *jotas*, and other popular Basque dances. A very good-humoured crowd it was, too. Nowhere could I hear any sounds of discord, and, notwithstanding the unlimited supply of wine freely lavished by the good folks of Dicastillo on the soldiery, not a symptom of drunkenness displayed itself."

Another kind of amusement at the Campo del Honor, consisted in the opening of the mails —not of ours, of course, for we had never any regular communication with the outer world, but of those of the Republicans. To capture these mails and forward them to the head-quarters was the duty of flying parties.

Sometimes two or three large trunks were seized on their way to Pamplona or France, and while the official correspondence was gone through by some of the generals, private letters were distributed among the officers of the staff. The reading of the missives on a long tiresome march was quite a treat in its way; some of the letters being so comical as to raise roars of laughter as they passed from hand to hand through the whole of the staff. As a matter of course, the Carlists had frequently to read very unpleasant things that were said about themselves. Military communications forwarded by the Government of Madrid, for safety's sake, in ladies' handwriting and in fashionable little envelopes were also often discovered. Now and then an officer was called out and presented with an order for his arrest issued by the Ministry of War, which had been informed of his Carlist tendencies; but as a matter of course the information had not reached the Minister until the officer had had time to leave his regiment and join the army of Don Carlos, when he could pocket the order as a pleasant souvenir. Sometimes gentlemen on the staff received in that way tradesmen's bills, which, having been sent for payment to their houses at Madrid, were thence forwarded to Bayonne and captured

on their way. The handing of such bills to their proper recipient was always a treat to the whole company, who were always intensely amused at the bewildered look with which the bill-running officers contemplated the trick which fate had played on them. More than once, I believe, the secrets of ladies, friends and relatives of one or other of the officers, were thus disclosed to the very persons from whom the ladies were probably most anxious to conceal them. Traces of such reading entertainments were always to be seen for several days on the road we passed, by the bits of torn papers scattered along the ground for two or three miles. Foreign letters were, however, as far as I know, always forwarded to Bayonne, unless they looked particularly suspicious. Once, at all events, I remember, on my going for a couple of days to France, being handed a considerable number of them addressed chiefly to London, with a request to post them at St.-Jean-de-Luz. I fancy some of the recipients must have become quite wild on being asked to pay double postage from France for letters apparently prepaid in Spain, and probably bombarded the Postmaster-General with complaints of the shameful extortions to which they were subjected. Some of them, perhaps, may even have written

indignant protests to the *Times*, instead of thanking both the Carlists and myself for having received their letters at all. But we forgive them their ingratitude with all the magnanimity of true Castilian *caballeros:* "*C—ajo!* making all that noise about a sixpence."

But the greatest relief from, and reward for, the fatigues and privations to which we were exposed was the grandeur and beauty of the scenery we were living amidst. The rugged landscapes, the wild charms of which vary every moment, are here the source of endless enjoyments. At noon, at night, at dawn, at sunset—at any minute of the day, every spot of this magnificent country has some new savage witchery to unveil. Take the wildest parts of the Tyrol, of the Black Forest, of the Scotch Highlands, and of Northern (Gletscherless) Switzerland, put them together, taking every drop of water out of the landscape, and you will have some faint idea of the scenery prevailing throughout the Vasco-Navarre provinces. Except during heavy storms, large expanses of water, like those of Switzerland and Scotland, considerably soften the harsh grandeur of mountain scenery. But in the Northern pro-

vinces of Spain water is nowhere to be seen, except when you come across one of those rare streamlets, which rush hurriedly away between the incoherent heaps of stones, as if afraid of being pursued as intruders. This absence of water makes the Vasco-Navarre scenery indescribably wild and severe-looking. The valley and lowland men feel themselves everywhere masters and landlords. The earth is their slave. But here everything is brutal and refractory as the wind that blows you down, as the rocky soil that will not yield to any amount of your efforts, and as the gigantic phantoms which seem to arise at every step before you. Hence the incomparably greater amount of superstitions and the incomparably stronger faith in supernatural agencies in the Highlander than in the Lowlander. In these uninhabitable regions, everything seems to look as wild as on the first day of the Creation, and amidst the grandly rude solitude you realise, perhaps, for the first time in your life, how great is the delusion of men when they call themselves Masters of the World. When, on my first entering Navarre, I reached the top of one of these wild mountains, and wishing to say once more good-bye to France, turned myself towards that fair land, the civilized and carefully cultivated low country

was lying spread out beneath with its towns, villages, fields, meadows, and woods looking like those little bits of variegated cloth pasted by tailors on their pattern card. I understood then all the contempt with which the hovering eagle looks down on the pitiful ants busily swarming in their nests below.

How often—finding myself early in the morning on the summit of one of these denuded heights, from which absolutely nothing was to be seen around, except an interminable ocean of clouds spreading itself at my feet—did I enjoy on a small scale the same glorious spectacle Noah must have contemplated from the window of his ark! How often the mountain sylphs, playing tricks upon me, made me mistake trees for men, stones for sheep, horses for dogs, and men for black goats! Once, I am sorry to confess, I actually wished *buenas tardes* (good afternoon) to a representative of these bearded quadrupeds, who, having sheltered himself from the burning sun in the cavity of a rock, was peeping out from his cool retreat, and looked exactly like a wandering monk, or a hermit. How often, on reaching some large plateau scattered all over with big, loose stones, did I recollect the nursery stories of giants fighting their battles with these ponderous pro-

jectiles, which no one could ever afterwards remove from the battle-fields! On the walls of the narrow gorges you see quite plainly the work of the axe with which they opened a way for their infernal course. A bitter, piercing wind howls in these passes ever since they raised it in their furious career. There is not a wild flower to be seen, or a singing-bird to be heard anywhere in these regions.* They seem all to have been frightened away, and nothing but birds of prey, and now and then a few stunted, contorted trees have ventured to show themselves since the time when the Cyclopes concluded the gigantic masonry work of these mountains.

In the height of the Summer, the sun's rays fall all day long almost vertically, so that there is not a vestige of shadow to be seen. At mid-day, all the country seems perfectly blazing; your brains are stewed in your skull, and your blood is drying in your veins. You are no longer evaporating in perspiration, but reduced to the condition of an Egyptian mummy. What is called evening in the North, is almost as unknown here as in the East. Night overtakes you all at once, without the in-

* The absence of singing birds is quite striking almost all throughout Spain.

tervening couple of hours of that twilight men seem always so to delight in. There is scarcely any interval here between the blazing day and the pitch-black night. In the harvest season you frequently see the slopes of the hills and the valleys illuminated: work is going on under torchlight. The heat of the day renders field labour slow, and sometimes quite impracticable. Besides, the apprehension of a change in the weather, or a raid of the enemy—of a column of *los Negros, los Liberales*—compels the Navarre and Basque men to hurry with their harvest. In common with all Spaniards, they are considered by the world outside to be a wretched, lazy set of people. But if you go among them, you will see what effort they make to recover from the brutal sway of desolation every available piece of soil. Patches of gold yellow, and strips of emerald green are sometimes to be traced to the very top of the grey, mournful rocks; and as they can hardly make animals work on those often upright slopes, the whole labour is literally accomplished by their own hands, and its returns, tied up in large sheets of coarse linen, are carried on the heads of the men, their wives and children, sometimes from heights of a thousand feet down into the valley.

But, however attractive may be Spanish mountain scenery, the civilised Northern man does not like Nature *au naturel:* he prefers it *à la maître-d'hôtel*, and so he rather goes to mountains where, by the side of a wild landscape, a good cook can be found, with an amply-supplied pantry at his disposal. And, after all, he is not so very wrong in his predilections on this point, for I must confess that hunger and thirst have more than once poisoned the enjoyment which Vasco Navarre scenery would have otherwise given me. Over and over again did I catch myself in the act of unconsciously humming the *refrain* of Gil Blas' serenade:

"Sous le beau ciel de l'Espagne,
Sans boire ni manger,
Voyager.
Tra la la la la la.
N'avoir, hélas, pour compagne
Que la soif ou la faim,
C'est malsain.
Tra la la la la la."

And you must by no means think that humming, or even actual singing, under pressure of hunger or thirst, is unnatural. It stifles both. "*Quien canta sus males espanta,*" singing frightens one's ills away, say Spaniards; and, together with the

ringing of little bells, acts also as a powerful preventive against the approach of the devil. That is why you seldom meet a genuine Spaniard on the high road who is not singing, and whose mules' bells are not ringing. And the more hungry they both are, the more loudly the man sings and the mule rings.

CHAPTER II.

THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

THE now almost forgotten Seven Years' War has been so frequently mentioned in these pages, and newspapers had within the last twelve months so often alluded to it, that it may, perhaps, be considered not out of place to give here a short *résumé* of the past Carlist struggle. It will enable the reader better to grasp the present one.

Ferdinand VII. died on the 29th of September, 1833, after having abrogated the Salic law of succession, in accordance with which, he not having male descendants, the throne was to pass to his brother, the Infante Don Carlos. As this alteration in the law of the Kingdom had been before the country for a couple of years past, and as

Don Carlos had, at the outset, declared that he would not give up his rights, he was forced, before even Ferdinand died, to leave Spain and take refuge in Portugal, where a similar affair was going on between the Pretender, Dom Miguel; and the Infant Queen, Donna Maria II. Upon the strength of the Quadruple Alliance, concluded between England, France, Portugal, and the new Madrid Government, as soon as Christina acquired power in her capacity of Regent, Don Carlos began to be rather sharply pursued by both Portuguese and Christina's troops under Rodil, and after having passed through all sorts of tribulations, and having lost everything that he possessed, even to the linen of his wife and children, he had to fly to England. It was quite in accordance with the views of the English Government to help Don Carlos in his escape, for what the Quadruple Alliance chiefly aimed at, was that the Peninsula should get rid of both Dom Miguel and Don Carlos. Consequently as soon as the latter expressed his desire to go, Admiral Parker, and Mr. Grant, Secretary to the English Legation at Portugal, readily arranged everything for the safe escape of the Pretender. The English ship, 'Donegal,' Captain Fanshawe, took the whole of the Pretender's family on board

at Aldea Gallega, on the 1st of June, 1834, and sailed for Portsmouth.

On reaching the English shore, Don Carlos was met by some local authorities, and by Mr. Backhouse, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who handed him a letter from Lord Palmerston, in which it was stated that anything the Under-Secretary should propose, might be considered as emanating from him, Lord Palmerston himself. The proposal made was a thoroughly British one: Don Carlos should give up his claims to the crown, take a round sum in cash, and a handsome life pension from the Spanish Government, guaranteed by England. Don Carlos had always refused proposals of this nature and could certainly not accept it now when risings in his favour had already broken out all over the North of Spain. Zumalacarregui, having taken the command of the forces, was making rapid progress with the organisation of the Carlist army which proved afterwards capable of resisting the united forces of all the allies, and to carry on a desperate war for more than seven years.

On the 22nd of June the family of Don Carlos reached London, and took apparently permanent quarters at Gloucester Lodge, the former resi-

dence of Mr. Canning. A rumour was soon purposely spread that Don Carlos was dangerously ill, and no one was allowed to see him. This was, however, but a manœuvre to enable him more easily to leave England, to enter Spain, and to put himself at the head of his troops. M. Xavier Auguet de St. Sylvain (Baron de los Vales) was the only gentleman attending him during this adventurous journey. They provided themselves with passports in the name of Alphonse Sacz and Thomas Saubot, merchants from Trinidad, and, as in the case of the more recent flight of Serrano, the Prince's moustache was shaved, his hair was dyed, and he started from a friend's house in Welbeck Street to Brighton, Dieppe, Paris, Bordeaux, and Bayonne, his wife and family remaining in England. Doña Maria Francisca never saw her husband again, as she soon died at Alverstock, near Portsmouth, while Don Carlos reached Elizondo on the 8th of July, 1834, not to leave Spain again before the close of the war in December, 1839.

In going over these old stories, one is puzzled at the sameness of the manner in which the whole of the Carlist business is carried on. Some one is invariably escaping to England, there obtaining

means to carry on the enterprise, and returning to Spain again; there is always an English party that objects to and interferes with the movement, and another that supports it. Even the roads by which communications are kept up are the same: it is always by Bordeaux, Bayonne, Doncharinea, Urdax, and Elizondo. The very fields upon which the battles are fought are exactly the same, as are also frequently the positions occupied by the troops of the two contending parties.

Before leaving Portugal, Don Carlos wrote to Zumalacarregui that he would be with him on the 9th of June, and so he was. Fully ten months had thus passed between the first outbreak of Carlism and the arrival of the Pretender on Spanish territory. The Legitimist movements which took place in Madrid itself and in the province of Castile immediately after the death of Ferdinand were soon subdued, the Volunteers having been disarmed and partly shot, partly deported. It was only in Biscaya, Alava, and Navarre, that the Carlists proved capable of making a stand. The father of the Marquis Valdespinas, whom we have often mentioned, and Brigadiers Zavala and Uranga were at the

head of the movement in the two former provinces, while General Santos-Ladron took command of the first bands that began to form themselves in Navarre. On the 11th of October, 1833, not fully a fortnight after the death of Ferdinand, and when Santos-Ladron had but eight hundred badly armed volunteers under his command, he was attacked near Estella by Brigadier Lorenzo, was defeated, captured, carried to Pamplona, and shot in the ravine of the citadel of that town. That was the signal for a war to the death all through the North of Spain. Major Iturralde took the temporary command of the bands until Colonel Eraso, who was to succeed Santos-Ladron, had returned from France, where he had to fly from the pursuits of the Christinos. But Iturralde, for some reason or other, did not suit the Navarrese volunteers, and Colonel Don Tomas Zumalacarregui soon became the man towards whom the Carlists turned their eyes. He had been with Eraso a colonel in the regular army; both enjoyed the reputation of being excellent officers; and both were placed on the retired list during the last year of Ferdinand's reign on account of their Carlist proclivities. Zumalacarregui had also the advantage of

being a man *de nosotros* (of ourselves) to the Volunteers, having been born in the village of Ormaistegui in the Guipuzcoa, in 1788. An officer of commanding appearance and one who knew both how to speak to the Volunteers, and to inspire them with the belief that he could do something, he soon was acclaimed as commander-in-chief, notwithstanding the protestation of Iturralde, who in a few months of his leadership displeased almost everybody, and had not fought a single fight.

Scarcely had Zumalacarregui taken his command, when Eraso succeeded in escaping from France and reached the Carlist camps; but seeing the new chief already at work, and knowing his abilities, he at once agreed to accept a post under him, and the two men went on to labour together at the organisation of their army. Their first engagement with Brigadier Lorenzo took place in the last days of December, 1833, and was a failure, as were also several more of the subsequent fights. But Zumalacarregui did not despair. In fact, he seems to have rather liked to be partially beaten, for little defeats trained his troops into more thorough guerillas, and, on the other hand, rendered the enemy careless and conceited, and thus assured the subse-

quent successes of the Carlists. He had on hand an excellent raw fighting material in the semi-savage lads of the Northern provinces, while retired soldiers of 1812 and 1823 gave him an opportunity of forming excellent *cadres*. What he wanted was arms, and these he could get almost exclusively from the enemy. Consequently he conceived the plan of allowing himself to be beaten by large forces, provided at the same time some *partida volante* (flying party) of his was likely to capture somewhere in the rear of the victorious enemy a transport of guns or ammunition. These *partidas volantes* which have since been so useful to the Carlists, the raids of which had spread such terror all over Spain and became the source of all the "dreadful Carlist stories" told abroad, were Zumalacarregui's invention. He found ready material for them in the provincial *aduaneros* and *contrabandistas*,* each of

* Here is another rather curious peculiarity to be noticed as characteristic of the Vasco-Navarre provinces. Each of these provinces has, in accordance with the *fueros*, its own independent system of custom-house duties. Navarre wine, for instance, is not allowed to pass free into Guipuzcoa or Alava. Tobacco or *cigarritos* manufactured at Vitoria have to pay heavy duties before they reach Pamplona, and so on. Consequently, besides the foreign custom-houses on the frontiers of Spain, there are provincial ones all along the borders of every province. The

whom knew every ambush throughout the country, and who, not being able to carry on their avocation in the provinces where war was going on, willingly joined his ranks; while every child and every woman was a natural spy supplying Zumalacarregui with the necessary information. In this wise, while he exposed himself with two or three battalions to an apparently certain defeat, and while the Christinos generals sent to Madrid despatch after despatch announcing the complete route of the Carlists, a couple of Zumalacarregui's *partidas volantes* attacked somewhere in a narrow gorge a small detachment or captured a military train, and supplied him with means for arming fresh troops. By the Spring of the following year he had thus formed quite a little army, and one which

former are in charge of the *carabineros*, the latter of the *aduaneros*, the distinction being here about the same as that between officers of the *douane* and those of the *octroi* in France. But as all custom-houses produce smugglers, the provincial custom-house gave birth to provincial smugglers, independent of smugglers in foreign wars. In time of peace the *aduaneros* and the *contrabandistas* are sworn enemies, carrying sometimes furious war upon each other; but as soon as a Carlist rising breaks out, and they have to give up their respective businesses, they immediately fraternize, enter the same bands and turn into the most desperate sort of guerillas that can be met with.

was all the more valuable as it not only had experience of fire, but experience of defeat. It is said that the two battalions of guides he had formed were practically renewed every four months, all the officers and men being usually killed within that period. And these battalions, with their black flags, each with a death's head on it, and their merciless custom of never either making prisoners or surrendering themselves to the enemy, soon obtained them such a reputation that often columns four or times their strength took to flight at the mere news of their approach.

While thus engaged in the work of preliminary organisation, Zumalacarregui managed to obtain twice some little success over the enemy, and to capture the foundry at Orbaiceta, which supplied him with a considerable quantity of ammunition, and the village of Zubiri, where he made fifty horsemen prisoners, the majority of whom he incorporated with his force and shot the rest, at the same time appropriating their horses of which he was just then greatly in want His troops not exceeding at the outset one thousand five hundred men were now nearly doubled, and he was able to begin some more important operations, not abandoning, however,

his practice of tiring his enemy by long marches and petty skirmishes, of cutting off his provisions, and attacking his rear and flanks when he least expected it. General Valdez, who was then Commander-in-Chief of the Christinos, having been chiefly engaged in pursuing the Carlist bands of Biscaya and Alava, then more numerous than those of Navarre, did not take much notice of Zumalacarregui; but the Madrid Government soon perceived that the new Carlist chief in Navarre was more dangerous than all the others put together, and consequently, accusing Valdez for his inactivity, dismissed him, and appointed in his place the famous Quesada with some very stringent orders for the extermination of the rebels. The new Commander-in-Chief, by no means a man to whom there was any necessity of repeating twice an order of that sort, inaugurated his campaign in the Vasco-Navarre provinces by a series of most abominable massacres, mercilessly putting to death all whom he suspected of Carlist sympathies. Zumalacarregui, on learning that, sent him several messages to say that he would be compelled to deal with the Christinos in the same manner, and from that time the practice of wholesale shooting of prisoners became the general rule in both camps.

During the Spring of 1834, Zumalacarregui, while still going on with the armament of his forces, was able to fight several battles with Quesada; once, at all events, inflicting upon him a serious defeat, capturing his aid-de-camp, O'Donnell (Count of La Bisbal), and shooting him with the rest of the prisoners.* Towards June, however, when the war in Portugal was brought to a close, and Rodil's corps became thus disengaged, the Government of Christina ordered it to march at once against the Carlists, and Zumalacarregui had thus one more army to struggle against. But he had then already fifteen thousand men under arms, and besides that, the arrival of Don Carlos provoked such an enthusiasm throughout the North of Spain that Zumalacarregui had much more means given him for carrying on the contest. The presence of Don Carlos gave also another advantage to the

* There were not less than five O'Donnells in the field at that time. They were all of Irish origin, and near relations. Two were serving on Christina's side, and three on the Carlist side. All of them, with the exception of Leopoldo, subsequently Duke of Tetuan, were either killed in or shot after battle. Even the surviving member of that warlike family, the well-known Minister of Isabella, was short of one leg, lost at the battle of Arguijas.

skilful guerilla chief. The Pretender became an excellent dodge for dividing the forces of the enemy and deceiving the generals of Christina. It became now the tactics of Zumalacarregui to send Don Carlos with the main body of the troops in a certain direction, and when the Christinos had rushed after him, to attack them in the rear or flank with a less numerous, but more select force. The terror he thus spread among the Christinos seems to have gone beyond any human control. So important indeed became now the losses of the Christinos, and so great was the number of generals and superior officers—among them several grandees of Spain—killed on the battle-field, or captured and shot, that the Madrid Government was quite alarmed and sent out the famous Mina to replace Rodil in the command of the army. But things did not improve much on that account. One day Vitoria having been left badly protected, Zumalacarregui took advantage of this, attacked, almost under the walls of the town, a column of Brigadier O'Doyle; two thousand five hundred men were slaughtered on that occasion, all the cannons and colours falling into the hands of the Carlists. O'Doyle himself, with the whole of his staff, including a younger

brother of his, were captured and executed on the spot. The two brothers O'Doyle stood embracing each other when the balls struck them.

In this way Zumalacarregui defeated one by one the columns of Amor, Osma, Cordova, Espartero, Iriarte, Quintana, and Jauregui. The cruelty of this warfare by the beginning of 1835 reached its climax, Mina getting more and more enraged through the successes which the skilful Carlist chieftain obtained over him, notwithstanding all the superiority of numbers and the more complete armaments of Christina's army. Mina had so completely lost heart that, instead of continuing war against the Carlist volunteers, he simply carried on raids on the country, burning whole villages, and massacring and torturing every man he suspected of being in any way favourable to the Carlists. The Government of Madrid, seeing that things did not improve, recalled Mina, and appointed once more General Valdez.

It was about this time (Spring, 1835), that Lord Eliot came over to Spain to try, if it was possible, to put a stop to the cruelties perpetrated by Spaniards on both sides, which provoked a deep feeling of horror throughout Europe. After

a good deal of negotiation, Lord Eliot succeeded in making both Valdez and Zumalacarregui sign, in April, 1835, a convention by which a periodical exchange of prisoners was agreed upon, religious respect promised to the sick and wounded, and a declaration made by both parties, who were now recognised as belligerents, that no man should be executed for his opinions without being first tried. But for the intervention of foreign troops, which followed almost immediately the conclusion of this convention, the efforts of Lord Eliot would probably have had most beneficial results; but as soon as the Carlists learned that English, French, and Portuguese troops were to be brought against them, Don Carlos issued his Durango decree, by which he declared that the convention referring only to Spaniards, no foreigners captured with arms should be considered as coming within its scope. The good work of Lord Eliot was thus practically annihilated, for, besides shooting foreigners, the Carlists refused to extend the convention to newly-invaded provinces, and even in the North itself frequently disregarded it under the pretence that the English and the Christinos were the first to violate good faith by concluding their alliance.

While the foreign legions were thus advancing towards Spanish territory, and before they reached it, Zumalacarregui managed to defeat Valdez at Las Amezcoas, his subordinates, Brigadiers Eraso and Elio, beating at the same time Espartero and Oráa. These new failures of Christina's troops compelled Valdez to concentrate his forces by withdrawing the garrisons of the small fortified places established all over the northern provinces. Zumalacarregui was thus left almost perfect master of the country, and was enabled to open operations against the large towns. His plan was to capture Vitoria and to pass the Ebro; but in a war council held under Don Carlos it was decided that, for the sake of getting some money which was sadly wanted, Bilbao should be first taken. The siege was accordingly commenced, and a ball hitting Zumalacarregui in the knee, put an end to his famous career. He died at Cegama from the effect of this wound on the 24th of June, 1835.

After the death of Zumalacarregui Charles V. appointed to the command of his army Don

Vicente Gonzalez Moreno.* This appointment did not suit the Navarra and Basque Volunteers as Moreno was a stranger to them. But he had

* During and after the Seven Years' War, a considerable number of books and pamphlets had been written on the struggle, which occupied then the attention of the whole of Europe. But almost all of them,—with, perhaps, the only exception of Mr. W. Bollaert's bulky, but not very complete work, published in 1870,—are so partial in favour of the one or the other side, and so contradicting each other as to baffle all attempts to get at the truth, even with reference to such plain things as dates, places and names. I was about to abandon the idea of giving here a *résumé* of this protracted and sanguinary contest, so laborious and unthankful seemed the task. But I made at Bayonne the acquaintance of a gentleman who is now sufficiently old to be impartial, and who, at the same time, was one of the actors of the drama. Vicomte de Barrès, a French nobleman by birth, a pupil of the military schools of La Flèche and St. Cyr, was in 1829 sub-lieutenant in the 67th Foot, which was garrisoned at Cherbourg when the July Revolution broke out, and Charles X. had to fly. The young officer rendered the last honors to the king on his embarkation for England, and being a Royalist, resigned the very same day. He went to Spain and entered the service of Ferdinand VII.; when that king died he sided with Don Carlos, became aid-de-camp of Zumalacarregui, and was by the side of that famous leader throughout the whole of his campaign. Subsequently, Vicomte de Barrès was staff officer of the Carlist army, and finally head of the staff of Maroto. When the massacre of the generals took place at Estella, and it became evident that Maroto was going to betray the Carlist cause,

obtained in Spain a certain celebrity for having, under the reign of Ferdinand VII., captured the liberal General Torrijos, whom he shot at Malaga with the majority of his partisans. In this way he might have become popular by-and-by with the Carlist troops, if he had not surrounded himself with a large staff of Castilian officers, a circumstance which, in consequence of the jealousy existing between the provinces, led to a series of defeats of the Carlists. After having recovered from them, Moreno sent an expedition into Northern Aragon, under the order of Guergué, and with a view to divide the forces of the enemy, started himself with a strong detachment into Castile. The appearance of Carlists in that province spread a general terror, and the troops were about penetrating into Burgos, when Moreno fell from his horse, and being severely hurt, thought that a sufficient

Vicomte de Barrès retired to France, and on the conclusion of the war went out to the Trinidad, where he spent more than a quarter of a century, and returned a couple of years since to settle with his family at Bayonne, whence he is now watching the new struggle going on upon the fields he knows so well. It is to some notes he kindly favoured me with, that I am indebted for the information contained in this portion of the chapter.

reason for withdrawing his troops back into Navarre.

It was about this time that the English Legion under General De Lacy Evans reached Spain. On the 22nd of August, 1835, the English general disembarked at San Sebastian, and took the general command of the so-called auxiliary forces, which consisted of twelve battalions estimated at ten thousand men. On the 19th of the same month the foreign legion formed in France, and and consisting of four thousand men under the orders of Colonel Bernelle, landed at Tarragona; and Portugal sent out a division under the command of Baron Das Antas.

The position of the Carlists became, consequent on this reinforcement of the Madrid troops, most difficult. Moreno was then on the Arga, watching Cordova's movement. Sagastibelza, commander of the Guipuzcoa Volunteers, was left to oppose the forces of General De Lacy Evans, while Maroto was blockading Bilbao. Relying upon the aid of the English, Cordova sent General Espartero to the rescue of the blockaded town, and Maroto had to give up the blockade. As soon as Moreno learned this, he marched into Biscay, and meeting Espartero on his way to Vitoria, attacked him near Arrigoriaga, de-

feated him, and compelled him to return to the capital of Biscay. That was nearly the only real success of Moreno, but it had the disadvantage of raising a quarrel between him and Maroto, a quarrel in which Charles V. sided with Moreno, and provoked in Maroto those feelings of anger which culminated in his subsequent treason.

Moreno retained his command till the 22nd of October, 1835, when he was replaced by Count De Casa Equia. When the Count was, under Ferdinand VII., Captain-General of Galicia, he received a despatch containing some infernal substance, which exploded when he opened it, blowing off his right arm and several fingers of his left hand, an accident which compelled him to have resort to an iron hand, with which he most successfully signed his orders of the day. Notwithstanding this infirmity, he remained a man of great courage and persistency, and, being a native of the Biscaya, was generally popular among the Vasco-Navarre troops. He had beaten Cordova several times in the so-called lines of Arlaban and at Estella, and took several fortified places, all of which supplied the Carlists with a number of cannon, and a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition.

In April 1836 the young Brigadier Don Joaquin Elio, who had already distinguished himself under Zumalacarregui, was appointed head of the staff of the Carlist army. During the next month, an important engagement took place near San Sebastian, where the troops under General De Lacy Evans attacked the Guipuzcoa Volunteers under Sagastibelza. The Carlists, having only nine companies to oppose to the united Anglo-Spanish forces, were defeated after a very sanguinary fight, in which they lost their chief. In the same month, Cordova, trying to get from Vitoria to San Sebastian, was three times defeated by Eguia, and in one of these fights, General Leopoldo O'Donnell was severely wounded. Presently, however, the want of provisions began to be felt in the exhausted provinces, and, as a remedy for this, it was suggested that Charles V. should undertake an expedition into the interior of Spain. Count Eguia strongly opposed that plan, and seeing that his king and master was in favour of it, he gave in his resignation (June, 1836), General Don Bruno Villareal being appointed as his successor.

Villareal was a courageous man and a good general of division, but incapable of assuming the responsibility of a commander-in-chief. As

soon as he entered office, the courtiers surrounding Charles V. became actual managers of the military operations, as Villareal, having seldom any opinion of his own, submitted in everything to the orders of Don Carlos and his camarilla. The expeditions into Asturia and Galicia having been decided upon, he at once proceeded to form the flying corps, which was placed under the order of General Don Miguel Gomez, and started on the 25th of June, 1836.

As soon as Espartero, who was left by Cordova at Vitoria, learned of the departure of Gomez, he set out to pursue him. Villareal had thus a portion of the enemy taken off his hands, and, encouraged by the successes of Gomez, launched, about a month later, another expedition into Castile, under the orders of General Don Basilio Garcia. The Government of Queen Christina had, at that time (August, 1836), the greatest difficulty to contend with. The troops showed everywhere great insubordination; the well-known revolt of La Granja broke out; the constitution of 1812 was proclaimed, and Cordova, not wishing to recognize it, retired from the command and took refuge in France,

Espartero being appointed to the command-in-chief of the Northern army. Taking advantage of these circumstances, the Carlists launched a third expedition into the Asturias, under the orders of Don Pablo Sanz, and about the same time began, once more, the siege of Bilbao, which, after the Carlists first siege had been given up, had ample time to fortify itself. Villareal having conducted an attack upon the town for about ten days without any apparent chance of success, Charles V. called back Count de Casa Eguia, and entrusted him with the general command of the operations on Bilbao, while Villareal was sent to watch the movements of Espartero. Eguia infused great activity into the siege operations, and for more than a month continual fighting was going on around the town, the Carlists being throughout so successful that its capture seemed to be imminent, when Espartero, who had by that time arrived to the rescue of the besieged, attacked (with the aid of the English legion, and of their landing boats launched on the river) the Carlists during the night, and routed them, taking the whole of their siege artillery and a considerable number of prisoners. It is from the spot where the chief massacre of the Carlists took

place that Espartero derives his title of Count of Luchana.

The blow inflicted upon Don Carlos was a severe one. He withdrew the command from the hands of Villareal, and gave it to his nephew, the Infante Don Sebastian, who had then just deserted the ranks of Isabella and joined the Carlists.* Meanwhile (December, 1836), General Gomez returned to Navarre, after having traversed, with his flying column, nearly the whole of Spain, and having knocked at the very doors of Madrid. Defeated in some places, victorious in others, he spread terror everywhere; but the expedition had no other result for the Carlists than to reduce the number of their forces operating in the North, and to raise a strong animosity against them throughout the central provinces of Spain, which had to endure the raids of Gomez.†

* In 1858 the same Infante re-deserted the Carlist party, and rejoined the ranks of Isabella, at whose court he filled subsequently a high position.

† The way in which Gomez treated those who opposed him, is nicely illustrated by the story of his having once ordered a Castilian curé, who professed liberal opinions, to be shod on hands and feet with donkey shoes, and to be harnessed as a baggage animal. And when the curé proved incapable of performing such duties for any length of time, he had him shot.

Don Sebastian took the command on the 30th of December, and remained during the first two months of 1837 on the defensive, reorganizing the force which had so severely suffered under the walls of Bilbao. All that time the enemy did not make any attack, suffering as he was from want of provisions and from the discord which arose between Espartero and General De Lacy Evans. On the 10th of March, however, an attack was made on Hernani, but was repulsed. At the same time Saarsfield, who made a sortie with a strong force from Pamplona, was stopped on his way and compelled to retreat. Don Sebastian thus occupied a position between Saarsfield's and Evans's forces, preventing their junction. On the 15th General Evans made another attack on Oriamendi, took it out of the hands of the Guipuzcoa men, and marched the next day on Hernani, when Don Sebastian came to the rescue of the Guipuzcoanos, compelled him to abandon Oriamendi, and to seek refuge in San Sebastian. The battle of Oriamendi is considered by the Carlists as one of the most brilliant, and all who took part in it were decorated by Charles V.*

* To quote an English authority concerning this affair, here is what Colonel Humfrey wrote: "It was a day which a thou-

Espartero was then at Durango awaiting the result of the conflict, and when he heard that General Evans was repulsed, he sought refuge in Bilbao, whence pressed by the English commander to send reinforcements, he started with the whole of his troops in the beginning of May by sea to San Sebastian, and brought thus the army concentrated in that town to thirty thousand men. The Infante Don Sebastian, having only a few battalions to oppose to these considerable forces, withdrew from the neighbourhood of San Sebastian and marched upon Estella, where Don Carlos was with a considerable number of troops. A war-council was held there, and it was resolved that Charles V., at the head of sixteen battalions and twelve hundred horsemen, should proceed into the interior of the kingdom, the object of the expedition being Madrid. On the 17th of May the forces of Don Carlos crossed the Arga near Vidanreta. The Basque provinces were left under the command of General Uranga, General Moreno

sand years would not efface from our recollection. Mortification, rage, vexation—bitter, bitter, bitter annihilation to all our hopes, in the moment of fulfilment! . . . . . Yet, though we had been annihilated by him (the Infante's adviser, General Moreno), he had done it in such a masterly style that we could have kissed the hand that chastised us."

being now the chief of the staff of Don Carlos's army.

The direction which Charles V.'s expedition took towards Upper Aragon astonished everybody, as it was then very easy to cross the Ebro, and to march straight upon the capital, Espartero and the whole of his troops being at San Sebastian, and consequently at a distance of several days' march. The Guipuzcoa men were, of course, unable to defend themselves from the strong force concentrated under the Count of Luchana and General Evans, who soon took possession of Hernani, Irun, and Fuentarabia. Espartero was also soon enabled to march unopposed to Pamplona, and thence across the Ebro, with a view to watch the movements of Charles V. and to protect Madrid. The only success Uranga (the general left in command of the Northern provinces) was able to obtain during this time was his capture of a fortified place called Lerin, where he took about a thousand prisoners and ten cannon.

Charles V., in the meantime, fought a battle with General Irribaren at Huesca (Upper Aragon), defeated the enemy, Irribaren himself and General Don Diego Leon, commanding his cavalry, remaining dead on the field; but the column of Don

Carlos still did not cross the Ebro, and continued its march towards Catalonia. On the 27th May, he entered Barbastro, where, after a few days' stay he was attacked by a strong force under General Oráa, and a fight, which lasted about eight hours, terminated once more in the complete rout of the troops of Christina, including the French foreign legion, the commanding officer of which, Colonel Conrad, was killed, and the men completely dispersed.

On the 6th of June, Charles V. penetrated into Catalonia, where the organization of the Carlist forces was then very imperfect, and where he experienced some reverses, but managed to organize a local corps under the orders of Urbistondo, and marched them across the Ebro to effect a junction with Cabrera. The river was crossed near Flix and Mora on the 28th and 29th of June, the passage of the troops being protected by the forces of Cabrera.

Charles V. remained then for a considerable time in the Lower Aragon and the province of Valencia, being short of ammunition, awaiting a supply of it from Cantavieja. In the meantime, General Uranga, who was left in the Basque provinces, prepared another expedition into Castile

consisting of ten battalions of infantry and three squadrons of cavalry, under the orders of Zariatiegui and Elio. Close to the banks of the Ebro that column was attacked by the Portuguese auxiliary forces, but defeated them and crossed the river near Hircio on the 21st of July. Uranga, at the same time, with a view to divert the enemy, began the siege of Peñacerrada. Zariatiegui and Elio were thus left at full liberty to march upon Segovia, which they entered, capturing in that ancient city a great booty in money, arms, ammunition, and what not. Then, after having repulsed General Mendez Vigo, who attempted to come to the rescue of Segovia, they marched straight to the royal residence of La Granja (San Ildefonso), the garrison of which incorporated itself with the Carlist division.

The approach of the Carlists to the capital plunged it into perfect consternation; every one was crying out for Espartero, and the 12th of August, the commander-in-chief of the Christinos, leaving Charles V. to himself, entered Madrid at the head of 13,000 men. But he merely passed through the capital on his way north-east to meet Zariatiegui and Elio. Meanwhile, Charles V.'s forces, united to those of Cabrera, being now left almost unopposed, began to move on again, and

on the 9th of September, Don Carlos encamped in sight of Madrid. Why he did not enter the city, why he did not take advantage of the absence of Espartero and his troops, why he lost several days in perfect inactivity, no one could ever properly explain; all that is known is that the capital was perfectly panic-stricken, and the Queen's household had all the luggage packed ready for flight. The time thus lost by the Carlists enabled Espartero to return to the defence of Madrid, and, though his army began to be perfectly disorganised, it presented still a sufficiently strong force to prevent the Carlists from attacking the city now. On the 15th of September they began to retreat. A few days later, Cabrera was dispatched with his division back to Aragon, while Charles V. marched towards Valladolid, the head-quarters of Zariatiegui and Elio. The junction with these generals was effected at Aranda de Duero.

While this fruitless and blundering expedition was going on in the central provinces of Spain, some important events took place in the north. The troops of the Government of Madrid revolted at Miranda, Vitoria, and Pamplona, murdered their Generals, Ceballos-Escalera, Saarsfield, and Mendivil, under the pretence of their being traitors,

while the English legion, exhausted, unpaid, and unfed, seeing the turn matters were generally beginning to take, embarked for England again, Don Leopoldo O'Donnell taking General Evans's place as commander-in-chief at San Sebastian. General Guergué, head of Uranga's staff, taking advantage of this confusion, captured, one after another, several forts in Navarre, and rendered himself master of the whole so-called Zubiri line leading from Pamplona to the French frontier.

Though withdrawing from Madrid, Charles V. did not, however, seem to abandon the project of resuming his operations against the capital. He pleaded only the necessity of concentrating the war in old Castile until that province was more completely mastered, and with this view he formed two corps, the one consisting exclusively of Castilians, of which he took the command himself, and the other of Navarre and Basque men, which was entrusted to the Infante Don Sebastian. On the 5th of October, these two corps were repulsed in an attack which they made on Espartero, and a few days later they experienced another defeat near Huerta del Rey, Don Carlos himself having narrowly escaped being made prisoner. These defeats must be, to a great

extent, attributed to the unwillingness of the Basque and Navarre men to fight anywhere except at home. After a few months of their encampment in Castile, they began to desert the ranks, under the pretence that they were volunteers enlisted for the purpose of fighting in their own province, not abroad; they would resume arms, they said, as soon as war was brought again to their own provinces, but declined to carry it south of the Ebro. Consequent on that, the Infante Don Sebastian, had very soon to re-cross the river from fear of losing the whole of his forces, and Don Carlos, being left to himself, and with considerable forces employed against him, was once more in the most imminent danger of being captured, and owed his escape solely to the zeal and presence of mind of an old curé of the name of Merino, who managed to disentangle the King and his army out of the trap into which they had fallen, and to enable them to reach Arciniega in safety on the 21st of October.

Soon after his reaching the Basque territory, Charles V., anxious to lay the blame of his failure on some one, but not daring to accuse the deserting volunteers, and not wishing to avow his own incapacity, published a manifesto, in which he declared that the failures and misfortunes of the

campaign, were to be accounted for by the insubordination and treason of some of the generals of his army, against whom proceedings would be taken. This manifesto was the beginning of dissensions among the Carlist leaders, and led to the arrest, and trial of a considerable number of them. At the same time, a faction had formed itself in the northern part of Navarre, under the leadership of a notary of the name of Muñagorri, who hoisted the banner of "*Ptiz y Fueros*" (peace and provincial charters). Under these complicated circumstances, Charles V. appointed General Guergué to the command in chief, as the only general who had lately obtained success, and become sufficiently popular to inspire the troops with confidence.

One of the first acts of Guergué was to resume expeditions into the interior of the country (September, 1837), and three columns were formed, with a view to proceed to La Mancha, Castile, and Galicia respectively. Guergué himself obtained, during the first months of 1838, some considerable successes in Biscaya, but the decomposition of Carlism had already made too great progress to be stopped. New dissensions and symptoms of insubordination showed themselves more and more frequently, and a strong party began to

give expression to the idea of a transaction with the Government of Madrid. Abroad, that party was so active, and its influence so great, that it proved strong enough to induce the Northern sovereigns from whom Charles V. received subsidies to stop their allowances. The Carlists began thus to be badly paid, badly clothed, and badly fed, and they fought accordingly. During the month of May, in several places in Navarre, battalions revolted, asking for their pay; while at Estella, they invaded the house of the Junta, who took to flight, leaving the treasurer dead on the floor of the council chamber. Espartero, taking advantage of all those internal dissensions in the Carlist camps, soon entered the Northern provinces, and inflicted several defeats on the Carlists, completely routing Guergué and his troops at Peñacerrada on the 22nd of June.

The "transaction" party, meanwhile, was bringing forth the name of Maroto as the most suitable person for a commander-in-chief. Charles V., who had every reason for distrusting that man, and who had already had a personal quarrel with him in the beginning of the campaign in Biscaya, declined for a long time to accept the suggestions of the "transaction" party; but when Guergué had been defeated, Don Carlos had no-

thing left to him but to appoint Maroto, especially as he was given to understand that, with the appointment of that General, the foreign subsidies and loans would at once flow in again. And so it was in fact. Money, which had been stopped at Bayonne for a long time past, began to come in; the soldiers began to receive their pay, and Maroto's friends assured the volunteers that it was to the personal wealth and liberality of the commander-in-chief that the improvement of their condition was due. Maroto had long served in the American colonies, where he distinguished himself by most sanguinary acts. On his return to the Peninsula, he was without occupation, and went to Portugal, where he offered his services to Don Carlos. When subsequently arrested in France and subjected to a long interrogatory by the French authorities, he made statements which proved that as far back as 1836 (the interrogatory was published in that year at Bayonne) he had meditated already the betrayal of the man whom he pretended to support.

The first object of Maroto, on assuming command, was to put aside all the officers whom he knew to be faithful to the cause of Carlism, and to appoint men upon whom he could rely.

Generals Pablo Sanz and Garcia were the first whom he attacked in that way. At the same time it became evident, from the relaxation of activity on the part of Espartero, that an understanding had already begun between the two commanders-in-chief. They promenaded from one province to another without ever coming to an encounter, and Maroto was all the more free to do what he pleased, as Charles V., was then enjoying his honeymoon, having married his deceased wife's sister, the Princess of Beira, who arrived at the camp under the escort of the eldest son of Don Carlos.

So powerful, indeed, became Maroto through the support his party gave him, and the utter incapacity of Charles V., that, after a review of the troops by the Pretender in February, 1839, at Vergara, Maroto caused a rumour to be spread that the King, highly satisfied with his services, had just granted him unlimited powers, and on the strength of that rumour he, within the next week, ordered five of the most devoted Carlist Generals to be arrested and brought to Estella. Their names were Sanz, Garcia, Guergué, Carmona, and Urriz; they were all locked up in the dungeons of Estella, and on the night of the 17th and 18th of February, shot, without the slightest

form of legal procedure. Maroto in that way got rid of all those men who might have opposed his plans, and although Charles V., on learning of this massacre, declared Maroto, an outlaw, that General did not take the slightest notice of this decree, but marched with the whole of his troops upon the royal residence, and compelled Don Carlos to retract his declaration, and to pronounce him innocent three days later. This second decree was a death-blow to Carlism. Maroto now felt himself full master, and every man that could say a word against him to the Pretender, was immediately imprisoned or sent to France.

Espartero soon entered Biscaya, and some foreign pacificators arriving in both camps, Charles V. perceived that he had nothing to do but to fly. On the 26th of August, Maroto and Espartero settled the basis of the capitulation, and a few days later (August 29th) embraced each other in the presence of the two armies in the fields close to Vergara.

The Carlist army thus surrendered was composed of the Biscaya and Guipuzcoa divisions, and of three battalions of Castile. The troops of Navarre and Alava, operating in another part of the country, remained faithful to Charles V., but

could not long struggle against the much stronger forces of Espartero. On the very same day that Maroto surrendered at Vergara, they obtained, under Elio's command, a victory over the Christinos, but were soon compelled to retreat to the Bastan, and to enter France on the 14th of September, together with Don Carlos.

The Carlists were disarmed by the French authorities, encamped for some time near Bayonne, and afterwards interned in various towns of France, the Government of Louis Philippe appointing Bourges as a residence for the Pretender himself.

Cabrera alone remained still struggling till the following year, but had finally also to retire. The career of that chieftain was watched with comparatively greater interest in England. His mother having been shot by order of Mina, the fact was mentioned in Parliament, and he had a good deal of popular sympathy at once enlisted on his side, his having shot in retaliation some two dozen women of Christina's party, remaining probably unknown to the general public. His subsequent marriage with a rich English lady rendered him still more known in this country. The circumstances of his generally operating

far away from the influence of the idiotic Don Carlos and his "Court," gave Don Ramon Cabrera great facilities for showing his guerilla abilities. His name is still a terror to the Liberals of Aragon, Valencia and Catalonia, and an object of worship to the Carlists of these regions. Closely pressed by the greater part of Christina's army, which became disengaged after the surrender of Maroto, Cabrera could, however, not hold out more than for another year, and entered France on the eastern end of the Pyrenees, in June 1840.

As a matter of course, Espartero, who happened to sign the Vergera convention, had all the credit of having brought the Seven Years' War to a close. He was for a couple of years the idol of Spanish Liberals, upset Christina, became Regent, and was subsequently upset in his turn. It was, I believe, under the unconcerned Amadeo that he was rather retrospectively created Prince of Vergara. Maroto, finding that it was not a pleasant thing to be frequently called "the Infamous," went to Chile, and died there. A column, in commemoration of the Vergara convention, which was erected in that town, embellished it for about thirty-three years, and was, with some religious solemnities, smashed to

pieces on the 15th of August last, by the Carlists under Lizarraga.

Readers who were forty years ago in their cradles, or had, perhaps, not even so far advanced in life, may be interested to know what sort of part England played in this Peninsular struggle. To give anything like a detailed account of England's political and military doings on that occasion, would be a very heavy and unpleasant sort of task; but to sum up the few leading facts is a labour that may probably prove not to exceed the author's very limited powers.

Some of the European Courts acknowledged the new state of things created by Ferdinand's changing the law of succession, and some did not. The Emperor Nicholas of Russia, for instance, declined to recognise Isabella, even when she became of age, was married, and had occupied the throne for nearly twenty years. With England it was different. King William IV., on opening Parliament on February 4th, 1834, said:—

"Upon the death of the late King of Spain I did not hesitate to recognise the succession of his infant daughter; and I shall watch with the greatest solicitude the progress of events

which may affect a Government, the peaceable settlement of which is of the first importance to this country, as well as to the general tranquillity of Europe."

And a couple of months later (April 23rd) the English Government signed the so-called Quadruple Alliance, to which some additional articles were signed on the 1st of August, and which involved Great Britain in a very useless, expensive, and by no means successful war. Yet Lord Palmerston declared at that time in Parliament that he was "greatly satisfied" with the negotiation of this Treaty, and "as far as he had any share in it," was proud of it. The alliance was concluded between England, France, Portugal, and the new Spanish Government, and had for its aim to put down the Legitimist Pretenders—Dom Miguel of Portugal, and Don Carlos of Spain. The first aim was achieved easily enough, while the second, caused besides an expenditure of several millions, some five thousand Englishmen to lose their lives in the Basque provinces.

Now, as to the reasons which prompted the English Government to entangle the country in the so strictly internal affairs of a foreign nation, they were said to be the great desire of the English nation to support a liberal and constitutional

régime against the *régime* of absolute and priest-ridden Monarchy. That Don Carlos represented the latter, there can be no doubt whatever. But there can be as little doubt that the *régime* which England's Government tried to establish in Spain by means of English blood and English money, proved to be neither liberal nor constitutional, and became ultimately the greatest curse of Spain. Truly speaking, however, this apparently platonic love for Liberalism was a mere pretext on the part of the English Government. The real object of the Treaty was to get up an alliance which would at least to some extent balance the then growing strength of the Northern Powers, more especially of Russia, to oppose which was an integral part of Lord Palmerston's policy. The fact of the Northern Powers showing preference to Don Carlos was sufficient to make the English Government side with Isabella. Some twenty years later, England sided in the same way with the Turks, though with much greater military success. But none of these efforts arrested the growth of the Northern Colossus. On the contrary, they rather helped him, for the Crimean defeat showed him his weak points, and caused him to reorganize his army and administration, and to emancipate his serfs.

Consequent upon the Quadruple Alliance, British ships were fitted out for the little Isabella; arms and military stores sent out; and an Order in Council having suspended the Foreign Enlistment Act, on June 9th, 1835, an expedition was formed, and embarked under the orders of Colonel (subsequently General) de Lacy Evans. The whole force enlisted amounted to fifteen thousand men, but there were scarcely ever more than eight thousand infantry, and four hundred cavalry actually in the field at one time. A most awkward point of the undertaking was, however, as mentioned on p. 74, that the "Eliot convention" had been concluded without any reference to the possibility of English troops joining the field. As may well be imagined, the British soldiers engaged in the expedition were all the less pleased with the prospects to which they were exposed by the Durango decree, as on their enlistment they were given to understand that they were included in the *cartel*. The Duke of Wellington's opinion, expressed with reference to this subject in March, 1836, was that,

Viscount Melbourne, then Prime Minister, "placed himself and his Government in an awkward position, when he sent to Spain the body of English troops who are at present in that country. By that act the noble Viscount com-

menced putting an end to the Convention with Don Carlos which had so recently been concluded. It was evident that the consequence of that act must be to weaken that influence which had with so much difficulty been acquired over the minds of that prince and his councillors. The troops in question were *not* included in the *cartel*, and it is also clear that in consequence the *cartel* cannot now be executed. If any clemency has been offered, then, to any of these troops, they are indebted for it *solely to the humanity of that prince*, because they do not belong to the contracting armies."

The Marquis of Londonderry speaking on Spanish affairs in the House of Lords, on June 19th, 1838, said:—

"We plunged into the contest without stopping to inquire into the justice of our conduct, or the probable results of our interference. . . . . Previous to this period Don Carlos had acted up to the Eliot convention, and strictly fulfilled his stipulations. Both he and his generals were in fact desirous that the benefits of this humane arrangement should extend to the other provinces, in which they were opposed to the Christinos . . . . But, my Lords, let us take a wider range. Let us see what Ministers have gained by persevering for more than four years in their general Spanish policy, during which period four or five thousand British lives have been lost and some millions of money expended. Our deluded countrymen expected to make short work of Don Carlos; they thought they were going on a summer's campaign, and would have lots of profit . . . . Why, actually he fares better now than when our auxiliaries landed to co-operate with the Queen of Spain's army. . . .

Your Lordships will recollect that when the Spanish question was first agitated in this House the greatest total force then allowed to Don Carlos was about thirty or thirty-five thousand men. Some noble Lords would not grant him so many, and yet, besides defeating three armies sent against him, he has made an end of two foreign legions, and a third one thought it expedient to withdraw."

With reference to the purely military operations of the Legion, the Marquis of Londonderry said that though he had endeavoured to master everything that had been published on that subject, he did not meet with any document or statement that placed "the military proceedings of the Legion in a favourable light," and he imploringly exclaimed to their lordships: "In God's name let us withdraw from the contest and involve ourselves no farther in disgrace. The whole history of our intervention, whether we trace it in the deeds of the Legion, or in our diplomatic transactions, exhibits weakness, ignorance, and I must add, wickedness."

In fact things seem to have gone so far that soldiers of the British Legion frequently deserted their ranks, some of them passing even over to the Carlists, and this not one by one, but in numbers. I had been often told of that by Don Carlos and his Generals, but suspected the

statement to be a mere fabrication which, through being repeated for a considerable time, began to be believed in. Yet when I became acquainted with some materials published on this subject in England, I saw that there was a good deal of truth in what I had been told by the contemporary Carlist chieftains. An order of the day of General Evans', issued on June 18th, 1836, at St. Sebastian says for instance:

"Having learnt that at the outposts, conversations, rather frequent, were kept up with deserters from the British auxiliary force and the Portuguese auxiliary army, or with individuals expelled from the service for dishonourable acts, the Lieutenant-General thinks it best to remind the troops, that as we are now acting in complete conjunction with the British marine forces, all British subjects found in arms, as aiding, or abetting in any way the insurgents, are in fact rebels against the British Sovereign, and are liable to, and will most probably suffer, if taken, the punishment of death by the British laws."

Another order of the day of July 30th begins with the words: "The Lieutenant-General regrets extremely to find that so considerable a number of the Sixth Regiment (Scotch Grenadiers) have yesterday shown a disposition to abandon their colours and comrades in face of the enemy." And about a month later the following rather unpleasant events seem to have occurred.

"On the 16th of August one hundred and forty-four deserters from the Legion, sent away by the Carlists, arrived at Bayonne in great distress. They were seen lying down in the marine walks, till, to their great satisfaction, the police conveyed them to prison, where, at least, they were sure of a meal. These poor dejected beings, owing to their nakedness, were not even allowed to enter the town. Their miserable plight subjected them to the contempt and compassion of Frenchmen, who called to mind their proud fanfaronades when they landed in Spain.

"On the 18th Mr. Harvey, His Britannic Majesty's Consul at Bayonne, addressed a letter to the Prefect of that place, requesting him to make known to the British subjects confined that Lieutenant-General De Lacy Evans promises and guarantees a free pardon to all and any of them who may present themselves to him at San Sebastian, when they will have an opportunity of explaining to him when and in what manner they were compelled to enter the ranks of Don Carlos.

"Not one of these miserable men, who had escaped from the lash of San Sebastian, accepted the conveyance back to their old quarters proffered by our Consul through the medium of a French functionary, and they were, it will be remembered, marched from Bayonne to Calais, in charge of the gendarmes, begging their way and exposed to the contumely of French spectators."

Notwithstanding all that, and facts like those, that in a single engagement the Legion had sometimes eight hundred men and about eighty officers killed and wounded (as was the case under the walls of San Sebastian on the 5th of May, 1836), General de Lacy Evans constantly published

eloquent proclamations in Spain, and assured his constituents in England that his "final triumph was within view." Eventually, however, in May, 1837, he had to resign his command, a new and smaller legion being then formed under the orders of Colonel O'Connell. But the non-payment of the troops by the Spanish Government provoked new mutinies in the Legion, and by the end of that year the expedition came to a final collapse.

For three years after the conclusion of the Vergara Convention (1839), the Carlists did not seem to feel strong enough to attempt any new rising. A few bands tried to call forth a movement in Catalonia and in the Maestrazgo in 1842, but were immediately subdued. In 1843, when Espartero was overthrown and had to fly to England, the Carlists became most sanguine in their hopes, as the moderate party who came then into power seemed to be in favour of a marriage of Isabella with Count de Montemolin, eldest son of Don Carlos. Though still interned at Bourges, the Pretender obtained from the French Government the release of his son, and issued a manifesto abdicating in his favour. Negotiations con-

cerning Isabella's marriage lasted for several years, and when the Carlists learned in 1846 that the young Queen was going to be married to her cousin, Don Francisco D'Assise, they considered themselves deceived, and a rising took place in the Autumn of that year in Catalonia under the leadership of the old Canon Tristany, and lasted for nearly three years.*

When the revolution of 1848 broke out and Louis Philippe, one of the greatest enemies of Carlism, was overthrown, a considerable number of representatives of Spanish Legitimacy who were interned in France were set at liberty and re-entered Spain. Amongst them was Julian Joaquin Alzaa, a chief immensely popular in the province of Guipuzcoa, which he at once entered and attempted to raise. But Urbistondo (Maroto's

* It will, perhaps, be remembered that the marriage of Isabella with the Count de Montemolin did not succeed, not on account of anyone in Spain, or abroad opposing the marriage, but solely because the conditions of the union were that the son of Don Carlos should give up his claims to the throne, and marry the young Queen as a mere prince, not as a Pretender; while the Carlists insisted upon Count de Montemolin adhering to his claims and to his name of Charles VI., thus virtually claiming that the Queen should abdicate her power and marry him as a mere princess.

last chief of the staff who had passed to Isabella's side) captured Alzaa and shot him on the spot, notwithstanding their having formerly been brothers in arms. Risings were attempted also at the same time in Biscaya and in Navarre, but were not more successful. It was only in Catalonia that the Carlists still held ground, and were reinforced by the arrival of Cabrera in June, 1848. He replaced Tristany in the general commandment of the Carlist troops in that province and obtained considerable successes over Isabella's army, but the Government of Madrid managed to corrupt his leading Lieutenants Pons, Vila, and Pozas (the latter being the same man that led the Ferrol revolt in the reign of Amadeo). These three chieftains induced a considerable number of Carlist volunteers to pass into the ranks of Isabella, and Cabrera had again to fly to France with the remainder of his force.

For the subsequent ten years the Carlists remained quiet, except for some partial risings which took place in May 1855, and were promptly subdued. But in 1860 a more serious attempt was made with the view of placing Charles VI. (Count de Montemolin) on the throne of Spain. This rising has already been alluded to in the first volume. It was organised by Don Jaime

Ortega, Captain-General of the Balearic Islands. Having come to an understanding with Count de Montemolin, his brother, Don Fernando, and with General Elio, Ortega landed at San Carlos de la Rapita with five battalions of the troops of his island garrison. These troops were to form the nucleus of the army which was to be organised in the Peninsula, and to march on Madrid. But soon after the landing was effected Ortega's own soldiers rose against him. He was made prisoner by the Government and shot, while Count de Montemolin, his brother Don Fernando, and General Elio, were arrested at Uldecona and banished from Spain.*

The subsequent death of the Count de Montemolin, his wife, and Don Fernando his brother, all of whom died within one week at Trieste, was the source of considerable discouragement to the Carlist party, which did not place any confidence in the only surviving representative of Charles V., his son Don Juan, as he was supposed to be a Liberal, and had during his resi-

* The lives of the two Princes were spared on condition of their renouncing for ever their claims to the throne. They both signed a formal abdication at Tortosa on the 23rd of April, 1860, and both repudiated it as soon as they were in safety abroad.

dence in England addressed a letter of submission to Isabella, thus actually putting an end to Carlism. But all at once, a few days after the overthrow of the Queen in 1868, Don Juan published a new abdication of his already abdicated pretentions. This time it was in favour of his son, the present Don Carlos, who at the same time issued a manifesto, and the whole Carlist party at once assembled around the young man. In June of the next year (1869) Carlist risings were organised in several provinces of Spain, the one led by General Polo in La Mancha giving about the most trouble to Marshal Prim. But for a year or two Prim managed to keep them down, occasionally shooting some of the Carlists and sending others, including General Polo, to the Philippine Islands. The Pretender was then a youth of barely twenty years, and as the councillors assembled around him were constantly quarrelling about precedency, things could not be expected to go better, especially as long as Prim was in power. It was, consequently, only in April, 1872, that a more serious "general rising" was decided upon. The Pretender who had in the meantime become more of a man, entered Navarre and put himself at the head of the new bands, the

armament of which consisted chiefly of home-made lances and even plain sticks. Being fresh to work and without any prudent councilor by his side, Don Carlos advanced so far into the country that he was surprised at Oroquieta by General Moriones (the same who is now operating against the Carlists), and very nearly captured. It was only thanks to an obscure village curé, Don Francisco Aspiroza, that the Pretender succeeded in escaping to France. Soon afterwards the remainder of the Carlist volunteers sustained another defeat at Lumbier, and the Junta of Biscaya saw itself compelled to conclude at Amorovieta a treaty with Marshal Serrano, by which about ten thousand Carlists laid down their arms. The Basque provinces were thus pacified for a while; but in Catalonia the struggle went on till the close of 1872, when the Carlist chiefs of that province communicated it as their opinion to Don Carlos that unless he organised another rising in the Vasco-Navarre districts they should be unable to resist the pressure of Amadeo's troops. This declaration forced Don Carlos to try his luck once more, and early in December, 1872, Soroeta and Santa Cruz entered Spain, into which they were soon followed by

Ollo and Radica. This was the beginning of the campaign which has now lasted for fully fifteen months, and of which it is not very likely we shall soon see the end.

CHAPTER III.

SPANISH FIGHTING.

AS soldiers, Spaniards have a very bad reputation in Europe, and to defend them in this respect would probably prove a very ungrateful task. Truly speaking, it would even be difficult to maintain that they are good soldiers, in the sense in which the word is generally understood in European armies. But what is quite fair to say—though, perhaps, it may also not be easy to convince people who have made up their mind to the contrary—is that Spaniards are by no means the cowards they are not unfrequently represented to be. The bad military reputation of Spaniards arose in England, and has been spread through Europe since the time of the Peninsular War, when they were brought side by side with the staunch, thoroughly disciplined British rank and file. Lord Wellington

was, from his point of view, perfectly right in constantly complaining of the Spanish troops. He was too much accustomed to the English fashion of military training to put up with the loose, guerilla nature of the Spaniards. The stern business-like English commander-in-chief could not stand their being always too late, always wanting in something. Describing some ill-success he would, in utter disgust, but as usual in very homely language, remark in his despatch: "All this would have been avoided, had the Spaniards been anything but Spaniards," or "They have not done anything that they were ordered to do, and have done exactly that against which they were warned;" or "I am afraid that the utmost we can hope for is to teach them how to avoid being beaten; if we can effect that object, I hope we may do the rest." Such and similar testimonies against the Spaniards coming from a man of the Duke of Wellington's authority, have naturally caused everyone in this country rashly to conclude that Spaniards were not worth anything at all as soldiers. No one remembered any longer that their armies had conquered kingdoms in all parts of the globe, and that their infantry was once the terror and admiration of the whole world. Even the Duke's

own testimonies made on other occasions, stating "that their conduct was equal to that of any troops I had ever seen engaged" were overlooked. The bad name had been once given, and there was an end to it; no one would inquire what was the reason that sometimes they fought so well, while in other cases and at other times so badly. No one would take the trouble to look into the Spanish character for the explanation of these evidently contradictory phenomena; nor was any Englishman disposed to believe that, though England was the ally of Spain, Spaniards on the whole detested the English just as much as they detested the French. Only the Duke of Wellington's remarks that "they oppose and render fruitless every measure to set them right or save them" would now and then betray that he, at all events, had some idea of the real feelings of the Spaniards. In fact, one would be inclined to believe that an essentially common-sense man like the Duke must have perceived the whole truth on this subject, for though Spaniards were courteous and polite, as they always are, the manner in which they opposed the English whenever they possibly could do so, and the fact of Spanish soldiers pillaging English baggage-trains just as uncere-

moniously as they did French ones, showed plainly enough the real state of affairs with reference to "feelings." The Moro-Iberian pride, the *Españolismo*, has always caused, and is still causing the Spaniards equally to detest every foreigner, whether he be supposed friend or declared foe, as soon as he comes into Spain with anything like power in his hands. Let a foreigner come as a guest, and he is received with open arms, and more hospitably than in any other country. But as soon as he comes for a business purpose—be it to fight for a Spanish cause, or simply to work mines or railways "for the benefit of Spaniards," he is sure to be equally detested all over the country. What the Spaniards always wanted, and what they could never obtain, was to be left alone. In the whole of their existence as a nation, scarcely a century passed in which foreigners, either black or white, did not come to interfere with Spanish affairs one way or the other.

It must be said also that Spaniards were never so stupid as to believe that the English had come to the Peninsula for the purpose of "saving" them. They understood pretty well that the British interference was simply the result of a strong desire on the part of Englishmen to defend themselves against any possible attack of Napo-

leon. It was much cheaper and much more convenient for England to make war upon the "Monster" abroad than at home, and it was therefore only natural on the part of the Spaniards that they should not be much affected by any feeling of gratitude. By-and-by when Englishmen begin to look at their past political dealings in an impartial and less ultra-patriotic light, they will perceive the harm they have done Spain. Candid and honest Englishmen acknowledge it already, and the other day I saw in the December Number of *Frazer's Magazine*, an article on the Spanish struggle for liberty in which it was said frankly enough that, "whatever we may think of our Peninsular campaigns, our presence in Spain at that crisis of her history was almost an unmitigated curse." Had the Spaniards been left alone to deal with Napoleon, they might perhaps have suffered much more, but it would have done them good; for a spirit of national unity would have been ultimately aroused, the enemy expelled, and Spain rendered much more homogeneous than it now is. As things went, however, for the whole of this century the Peninsula was inundated by foreign troops in whom the oppressed and ignorant, but intensely proud Spaniard refused to

distinguish friend from foe, whom he taxed wholesale with the, to him, opprobrious name of *extranjero*, and who thoroughly demoralised him by impressing his mind with the idea of his helplessness. The constant party-struggles, the origin of which lies, also, mostly in the constant interference of foreigners, completed the demoralisation of the Spaniard as a soldier. Almost since the days of the first War of the Succession the Spaniard had constantly to fight, without ever exactly knowing for whom or for what he fought. Consequently he got finally tired of it, fought badly, and not unfrequently simply absconded from the battle-fields. But to conclude from that, that he is incapable of behaving as an honourable soldier, or that he is a coward, is, to say the least, absurd. There is scarcely a country in the whole of Europe where disregard for life is greater, and where fighting is more natural to men, each of whom handles his knife and his *trabuco* (blunderbuss) from boyhood. And the best means of persuading oneself whether or not the Spaniard can stand danger, or is disposed to risk his life, is to provoke him on a point he really cares about.

Another point in which the foreign intervention, coupled with the monstrous misgovernment

which has always prevailed in the unhappy Peninsula, affected the Spanish army, is the financial ruin of the country. When the soldier is neither fed, nor clad, nor paid, he cannot be expected to do his duty, and the very complaints of the Duke of Wellington that the Spaniards frequently came to join him barefooted, in rags, and fought badly, far from throwing blame upon them, speak much in their favour, for an English or any other soldier in the same condition would not have fought at all.

Under the Republic, things went still worse than they were under Isabella or Amadeo, for the Government cash-box was finally emptied, while the expenses for the war department increased on account of the armament of the National Guards, each of whom was to get two pesetas (about 1s. 9d) a day. The National Guards brought into the bargain an additional element of dissolution into the army: the regular soldier became jealous of their pay, and of their being put on an equal footing with himself, who had served for ten, twelve, and, perhaps, fifteen years. To quote only one example of how things really stood, I may adduce here the mutiny which took place at Bilbao in May last. The division quartered there had not been paid for months and months, and as

the Carlists grew very strong in Biscaya, the Madrid Government insisted upon the Bilbao troops commencing operations against Valesco's corps. But the regulars, as well as the volunteers, refused blankly to march out, saying that they were in want of everything, and would not do any service until paid, at least, the arrears. The Government, at its wit's end what to do, sent out General Lagunero to settle matters. On his arrival, he managed to borrow a million francs from the rich merchants of Bilbao, and to pay at least a part of the troops.*

About ten days later, I reached Bilbao, called upon General Lagunero, and asked permission to follow the corps, as it was announced in Madrid, before my leaving, that they were about to commence important operations. To this Lagunero answered he was perfectly willing to let me go with him, but, at the same time, added, "If you want really to see something you had better go to the Carlists, because I am certain that we shall have very few engagements, unless it be in the town itself. The troops, though they have been

* In the main body of the Northern army things stood worse still. Last June, when that force was under General Nourilas, over four million francs were due to the soldiers.

paid, have received very little, and that only on account of the arrears. To be able to march we must give them money again, and we have none. I exhausted all the credit I could possibly have here. If you go to the Carlists, you can all the same witness their attack upon us, if they are going to make any, and, at the same time, will have a chance of seeing their engagements with some other column better provided for. As to my troops, I am almost certain that they won't fight before the town is besieged." And it must be borne in mind that the gentleman who told me all that was a good general, a true republican, and inspired sufficient confidence in the Government of Madrid to be subsequently entrusted with a high appointment in Castile.

An additional element for weakening the army was also the theories spread by those very same gentlemen who subsequently had so much to deplore the consequences of their propaganda. All the Republicans, Señor Castelar at the head of them, had always argued against standing armies, and it was natural that, when they came to power, a great number of soldiers should ask to be released from service. But, much to the soldiers' disappointment, the Government did not seem willing to release even those of them who had

concluded their term of service, pretending that the country was in danger, and that it was their duty to continue in service. To expect that, under all these circumstances, men should well perform their duty, is to ask more than can reasonably be expected from any human being.

Then, again, provincial jealousies act sometimes most unfavourably on the spirit of the army. The various kingdoms which formerly composed Spain were easily enough cemented under the influence of the common danger to which they were exposed under the Moors, and Spanish unity would probably have grown stronger and stronger had not strangers come over either to pillage or to save her. With the turn things took in the present century, Andalusia, Catalonia, Navarre, the Basque provinces, &c., became almost as strange to each other as Ireland is to England, or the Italian provinces were to Austria; and when men taken from these different provinces are brought together in one regiment, internal discord in such a corps is inevitable, and it is natural that, when insurrections occur, and a corps of that mixed description is sent to fight in the provinces, all the men who happen to belong to the revolted districts are thus actually compelled to fight their friends and rela-

tives, and consequently cannot be expected to fight well. Very frequently, in passing through the villages of the North, my attention was attracted by some women, or children, whose appearance, full of grief and despair, was really shocking; and it almost invariably turned out, on inquiries, that the father or brother of such an unfortunate woman was in the Carlist ranks, while her husband, and the father of her children, was in the Republican ranks, and they had now to come to fight each other in the very same village, perhaps close to the very same house in which they had lived formerly together. What is the moral or legal force on earth that could compel men in such a position to submit to anything like discipline, or the performance of what is supposed to be their duty?

Those who remember the position of the Austrian Empire a short time ago, know that the variety of nationalities composing it was the great cause of Austria's weakness, and that the Government of Vienna, when revolts broke out in any part of the Empire, were invariably compelled to make a very careful selection of the troops they sent out on such occasions. It was in that way that travellers seldom saw in the Italian parts of the Austrian dominions, anything

but Czech, Polish, and Hungarian regiments, while the Italian regiments were restoring order in Galicia or Hungary. I distinctly remember having more than once seen at Venice the band of some Czech regiment playing in the evening in the great Marco Square, with soldiers of the same force standing all around the orchestra, and having lanterns stuck upon the bayonets of their guns. They were supposed, of course, merely to give light to the musicians, but the guns were loaded and the bayonets sharpened.

The opinion Europe holds concerning the Carlist army is still worse than that which it holds of the Republican army. In fact, in respect to the Carlists, even now that their number has become so imposing, and their organization has so very much improved, there still exists an under-current of belief that they are simply bands of cowardly brigands, and as I am afraid I might be considered as having already said a good deal in their favour—though what I did say was certainly not because I in any way sympathised with their cause, but simply because I wished to say the truth about what I had seen—I will here leave other people to speak.

Last Spring, one of the "special correspondents" of the *Daily News* undertook a flying visit to

Spain, and wrote some smart letters to his journal, in one of which he thus described what he called "the sanguinary combat of Centellas:"

"Just at the neck of the valley we came on a large block-house by the wayside, in and around which were about a hundred soldiers of the garrison of Centellas. The officer told us, with some dignity, that he constituted the reserve to the whole of the remainder of the garrison, including the Republican Volunteers, who were engaged further on in a desperate encounter with the Carlists. It seemed that some shots had been fired close to the town early in the morning, and that the commanding officer, being by some chance awake, had determined on sallying forth and punishing the band who were disturbing his quietude. The Carlists had fallen back into the pass, and there it was that the sanguinary combat alluded to was raging, and had been raging for the last two hours. No wounded had as yet come to the rear; the officer seemed to imply that the troops were fighting with too much vigour to care about wounds. A peasant lay asleep at one corner of the block-house, and the valiant reserve seemed by no means imbued with the conviction that their services would be required to secure a victory or to turn the tide of a defeat. Such indications tended to induce in me the notion that the officer was gasconading, and that the 'sanguinary combat' existed only in his imagination; but as I listened I heard beyond question the sound of a dropping musketry fire. So we bade him good day, and drove on down the pass.

"For the first three or four hundred yards we saw nothing, but still continued to hear shots in our front. Presently we reached a point where the road, cut into the face of a crag, makes an abrupt turn. Passing this, we found ourselves inside

a little oval cup into which the rugged edges of the gorges are bercelled out. We found ourselves, too, having driven on about fifty yards, occupying the pleasant position of being substantially between two fires—such fires as they were. Behind us, both slopes of the little cup were held by the garrison of Vich; before us, also occupying both slopes, were the Carlists. The intervening space had a breadth of some three hundred yards, more or less. Any ideas of 'holding ground' that may be entertained by persons conversant with warfare on a large scale, and on a legitimate system, must be summarily abandoned in attempting to realise a notion of the manner in which this eccentric combat was being enacted. Probably the army, consisting of the garrison of Vich, numbered some two hundred men, on a widely irregular and feebly defined front of quite half a mile from the crest of one ridge across the valley to the crest of the other side. The Carlists must have been considerably less numerous, and, so far as I could discern, they had no front at all, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but were studded miscellaneously among the rocks and broken ground on both slopes. It was, to say truth, uncommonly difficult to make out so much as I have described—little as that is; for on both sides the tactics seemed to be to lie as close as possible, consistently with an occasional discharge of fire-arms across the interval—a discharge that neither appeared to result in doing any execution, nor in leading to an attempt on either side to gain ground.

"The municipal official who had come out with the Republican Volunteer Contingent evidently considered that he had done his duty when he had induced his fellow-citizens to come on the ground, and he had suspended further active operations until it should be time to march them home again. In point of fact he had got behind a big lump of rock, where he sat

serenely smoking a cigarette. The captain commanding the regulars seemed a curious mixture of absolute incompetency and personal intrepidity. He never sought cover, but walked to and fro between the lurking places of his men in the most reckless but most serious way. It is my belief that three parts of the Carlists' chiefs shots were fired at this living target, and at it alone. He came down and stood on the road fully exposed, talking with us, who were a little to one side, and naturally in a safer place. When I asked him why he did not advance, he said that in the effort he would inevitably lose a few men, that the Carlists were intangible and would melt away before him, while the loss to his party would be exaggerated, would bring him down a wigging, and would encourage the Carlists.

"This purposeless popping went on for about an hour. I saw no man touched on either side. One casualty there did occur. A volunteer had come out from his cover on to the railway, and was standing near the edge of the containing wall, in rather an exposed position. All at once he seemed to start and stagger, just as if a bullet had gone into him, and then he dropped off the embankment down into the shallow water in the bed of the stream—a fall of some twelve feet. He splashed about considerably, and, making sure that here at last was a wounded man, my companion and myself went down and fished him out. He groaned badly as we carried him up to our place of shelter, and we discussed as we bore him, the wisdom of putting him into the 'teelbury,' and taking him back to the reserve. But first it would be as well to discover where the wound was, and if need be apply a handkerchief as a temporary bandage. We laid him down, still groaning, and proceeded to overhaul him, but could find no wound in him anywhere. He was unpleasantly damp, there was a big bump on the back of his head

and the skin was peeled off one elbow, but these injuries were obviously the result of the fall. Otherwise he was, if extremely dirty, yet quite sound. A suck from my flask brought him back to full consciousness, when it became a difficult matter to persuade him that he was not a dead man. I imagine a bullet striking near him, or whistling by him, had scared him, that he had involuntarily recoiled, and so tumbled off the containing wall into the water. No doubt he will figure in the despatch as a 'contusion,' and probably will obtain the cross."

That such comical skirmishes may have taken place last Spring, when the Carlists were just beginning to organize themselves, and the Republicans had only a few half-revolted regiments at their command in the North, may be perfectly true. But it is equally true that this description gives a very erroneous idea of Spanish warfare, and that to anyone who knows anything of the manner in which the Seven Years' War was carried on, or saw any actual Carlist engagement last Summer, such letters must naturally appear as having been written for the purpose of amusing, rather than of informing the reader. Another correspondent of the same journal, evidently better acquainted with Spain, speaking its language, and one who had followed both Republican and Carlist operations for several months, conveys to the reader quite a different idea of the manner in which civil war is carried on in that country.

Writing from Tolosa on November the 9th, he said:—

"This morning the general quietness of the town of San Sebastian was disturbed before daybreak by bugle sounds in all directions, and General Loma's column of three thousand men with four guns made ready to march to Tolosa, some sixteen miles distant, to convoy thirty bullock waggons of provisions to that beleaguered town. The route taken was by Hernani and Andoain, places but too well known to the British Legion, and where its heaviest losses were suffered during the Carlist and Christina war. At the latter place we found that the high road to Tolosa had been cut by the Carlists near Villabona. After breakfast the column left the convoy at Andoain, and marched up the mountains on our left, parallel with the main road, in order to reconnoitre the country, previous to bringing the convoy. First went the Miguelites, then several companies of the regiment of Leon, and then a company of that of Luchana, some three hundred and fifty men who formed the advanced guard. Owing to the steepness of the ground, their progress was slow; but on arriving at the top of a plateau, perfectly free from cover excepting a few tufts of uneven ground, a most terrible fire was opened upon them from the Carlist rifles, which caused severe loss. The Republicans, nevertheless, succeeded in advancing to the base of the position occupied by their adversaries, in which they had entrenched themselves by breastworks of turf hastily thrown up. Although somewhat less exposed for the moment than on the plateau, there was no choice between certain death from the storm of bullets or scrambling up the mountain to the earthworks. The latter alternative appeared the least hopeless, and up the brave fellows rushed. The Carlists, not a whit behindhand, leaped over the

parapet to meet them, and for a moment the day was doubtful. A few of the Republicans did not like the look of the affair, and began to turn back; but their officers set them a good example by placing themselves in the most dangerous points, and even firing their rifles for them. A few opportune shells helped matters most considerably, causing the Carlists to return to their entrenchment. Encouraged by this, the officers shouted, '*Con la bayoneta!*'—words which appeared to operate with magical effect on both sides; or perhaps the fact of the shells being very well aimed, and the Carlists being entirely without artillery, may have done more. At all events, the latter retired hastily. Inside the breastwork the ground was literally copper-coloured by the number of exploded Berdan cartridges, showing only too plainly how severe the firing was and the number of the defending party. A sadder proof of it soon manifested itself in the number of killed and wounded Republicans, six or seven hundred Carlists must have been in the earthworks. Both sides as usual behaved bravely, but on passing over the ground next day it seemed marvellous that any troops could have succeeded in taking such a position. So strong, indeed, was it that, if its defenders had been better marksmen, I believe they would have *succeeded* in holding it against a much more numerous force. The artillery, no doubt, helped greatly, but it certainly did not fire quite as much as, having regard to the difficulty the advanced guard had to contend with, might have been the case. The breastwork was by no means the only position from which the Carlists were firing, for a smart shower of bullets was going on all the time from their right. After the rest of the column had passed up, destroying the entrenchment, it ascended the mountains still higher, throwing out a strong rear-guard towards the Carlist right. Here, too, the firing was hot, but the artillery from the very crest of the

mountain played heavily, and helped the rear-guard out of a position in which they were conducting themselves very gallantly. The descent towards Tolosa was so precipitous that only mountaineers would think of using the track by which we slipped and stumbled down. A blinding storm of rain, varied now and then by misty clouds, made the clayey path almost impassable and invisible, and, whilst compelled to proceed very slowly, evening came on, and the darkness increased our difficulties. The wounded, some of whom were on the horses of the cavalrymen who had dismounted, must have suffered martyrdom, and those on stretchers hardly fared better. Thankful indeed was every one to find himself in Tolosa, beleaguered as it was."

On December 9th, the same correspondent described another revictualling of the same blockaded town:—

"General Moriones having come up with four brigades, the day's plan was adopted as follows:—The left bank of the Oria was reserved for General Loma's care. Moriones was to follow the road in the Villabona valley with the mass of the army, whilst one brigade was sent to scale the heights of Belabicta and Uzmendi. At eleven Loma slowly crossed and reached the heights above Soravilla and Andoain. We followed him with several other foreigners. A few minutes before twelve a sharp roll of musketry burst all across the valley below and on Belabicta. Lizarraga's men now opened in a semicircle around us. General Loma seemed in high glee, and he sent shell after shell at the heights, from which poured an incessant fire. Then away went the Miguelites, with a cheer, at the entrenchments. From height to height, from house to farm, the Carlists retired

slowly and with a bold front, that surprised even Loma. However, by four o'clock one brigade had cleared all the river side from our starting point to Irura near Tolosa. The other brigade proceeded to that stern task of revenge on the peasants, which the necessities of war may justify, but which I cannot admire. From two P.M. till nightfall smoke and flames rose from more than fifty farmhouses. One entire village and half another were also destroyed in this way. I actually saw seventeen instances of peasants turned from their homes on this cold winter's day, and there they sat on a wreck of mattresses and furniture, with their babies and children, perhaps a few pigs and hens, whilst the flames rose from their homes. The exasperated troops would have even done more had not many an officer humanely interfered. What a sight it was, with the fast-falling dusk and the din of the battle, to gaze on those sobbing and miserable victims of civil war! The whole country was in a blaze, even during part of the night.

"General Morionos, also down in the valley, had met with a sharp resistance. He spread his forces out in a semicircle crowning the plateau of Amusa. Whilst his skirmishers advanced he covered them with the fire of six field-guns. The Carlists, at first from Villabona, and then from the hills across the river, hotly responded. This duel lasted about two hours, and the troops entered Villabona. Here they found the road cut by a trench more than fifteen feet deep. The Engineers were put to repair this serious impediment to the advance of a convoy. From the heights above Andoain I watched all these operations in the valley, and I was not a little interested to distinguish pretty clearly the firing of Tolosa. The defenders of that brave town must have been gladdened with the sound of the cannon which told of the relieving column's presence. I had noticed all day that the firing on the left of the army was

very severe. When the brigade of Catalans advanced on the first plateau it found the flower of the Carlist army, some say not less than seven Navarrese battalions, entrenched in earth-works, defended by two guns. The two thousand five hundred soldiers and irregulars were not a match for such odds. Still, on they went, and they carried the first entrenchment. Before reinforcements could even be called for, at about three o'clock, after an hour's fusillade, the Navarrese rushed at the troops with a loud cheer. On, on they poured, and retook their entrenchment. The regiment of the Constitution, sorely tried in Puente la Reyna, was very badly treated this afternoon. The battalion of Tetuan, the Miguelites, the gallant brigadier himself, bravely rallied the soldiers, and tried to hold their ground. The Carlists took several soldiers and only retired when a second brigade, with four guns, arrived. The heights of Belabicta remained in the hands of the Republicans after this five hours' dearly-bought victory. The brigadier-colonel, twenty-eight officers, and, I am told, nearly two hundred privates, were *hors de combat.* I have gathered the greater part of these details from the soldiers of the two regiments who bore the brunt of the action, and I witnessed the arrival of the wounded on stretchers and in bullock-carts. Many wounded Carlists also were brought in; and about four hundred is supposed to be their loss. The two towns of Villabona and Andoain are crowded with the wounded, and the accommodation is worse than wretched. I could not help thinking of those who are still lying upon the heights on this cold night.

The *Times* correspondent, whose authority on military subjects (as that of a captain in the Guards) will scarcely be questioned, gave the

following account of the battle of Dicastillo, fought on August 25th:—

"The Royalist troops consisted of three thousand two hundred infantry, a handful of cavalry, and two guns. The enemy's column at Sesma was five thousand strong, comprising six guns, two regiments of horse, besides foot soldiers. The advantage was on their side as far as numbers were concerned; but the ground leading to Dicastillo was very difficult to attack, and thickly planted with vines and olive-groves, utterly impossible for cavalry evolutions. At six A.M. the enemy could be seen in the misty distance advancing through the defiles of the mountains in long columns, preceded by a thin line of cavalry, searching the country in their front. General Elio, who commanded the Carlist force, soon made his dispositions for defence. One battalion was posted in the little Plaza of the Cathedral, which commands a view for miles around, a second on some rising ground to the right front, the third in line with the second on a neighbouring hill, while our extreme right was protected by another battalion in *échelon* with the third, and placed on a position so steep that at first sight the natural defences would have appeared to the non-military eye sufficient for its protection. But no; for it was the key of our formation, as some hours were destined to prove. Nearer and nearer the enemy came, until glasses were no longer necessary, and artillery, cavalry, and infantry could be plainly discerned traversing the plain towards us. . . . Suddenly the enemy's column appeared to detach behind a distant promontary on a new line. But this was only a feint to throw the Carlist general off his guard; and a little later a fresh change of position brought the Republican troops into their original line. Their artillery opened at an absurd range, the shells striking the

the ground at least a mile from the centre of our defence—a spot where Don Carlos had stationed himself with his suite. Another five minutes and a second shot fell about two hundred yards from where the King was standing, and in a direct line with him. His Staff entreated their Sovereign to retire a little, as he was only exposing himself unnecessarily, but nothing would induce their leader to remove until his presence was required at another point, on which the foe were advancing; for the Republican general, Santa Pau, was trying to turn our right. On his men came at the double, making every effort to gain the olive-groves and rises which formed a thick network in front of the ground where our fourth battalion stood. Ammunition was short. Many men had only ten rounds each in their pouches, and some even less. 'Attack with the bayonet,' was the word, and the battalion charged down hill at their Republican assailants, who were thoroughly out of breath from previous exertions. There was no collision. The enemy fled in disorder, and the two guns placed on the Carlist right played with great havoc upon the foe in his disordered flight. At the same time two companies of another battalion charged the Republicans from the centre of our position. The combatants were so mixed that it was hard to tell friend from foe, until at last a cheer told us that the Carlists had again succeeded. The Government troops were utterly disorganized, and retiring as fast as their legs could carry them. However, the Republican cavalry then interposed, for at this point horsemen could act, and, unsupported as they were by guns, prevented any further pursuit. But the day was over, and as I write, the discomfited Government troops can be seen retiring to their original position at Sesma. If Don Carlos had as much cavalry as his opponents, would they have thus escaped? Experience teaches us otherwise, and until the Royalists are provided with

guns and horsemen it will be difficult for them to convert a defeat into a rout."

It must be added here that I did not select these extracts. I took the first sheets that fell under my hand in a pile of newspapers. I know the gentlemen who wrote these letters, I was frequently with them in the field, saw how careful they were about their statements, and have not the slightest hesitation in endorsing every word they say here.

With reference to Catalonia, much less information has been published, and I had myself no opportunity of visiting that part of the country; but the battles of Vich, Ripoll, Berga, Alpens, &c., in almost all of which there were several hundred men killed and made prisoners, show that in that province, too, "the sanguinary combats of Centellas" were rather the exception than the rule.

Since I have adduced other people's descriptions of Spanish fighting, I may as well have recourse to their opinion with reference to the moral condition and the state of organization of the Legitimist Volunteers. The correspondent of the *Standard*, with whom I had more than once the pleasure of sharing the fatigues

and privations of campaigning, stated that—

"Great things have been accomplished in the teeth of great difficulties; and I question if there is any instance on record of an insurrectionary force having been got together and trained to present a martial appearance and stand firm in a period so brief."

The *Daily News* correspondent (not the smart, but the business-like one), in a letter dated September 1st, expressed the opinion that:—

"It is wonderful how such an army as the Carlist leaders have gathered together can present even such an appearance of discipline as it does in the face of every possible difficulty, and more especially how, now that it consists of such a formidable body, funds can be found for its payment. Possibly the men may be contented with rations, and live in hopes of receiving their pay all in a lump after the fall of some large town shall have yielded its coffers as a prize of war. A more cheerful or better behaved set of men I have never seen, and, *marvel of marvels, not a single instance of anything like drunkenness can I recall*, notwithstanding that the victory at Dicastillo and the fall of Estella were double events which might well have led any member of Tattersall's to bet on the contrary."

While the distinguished officer who represented the leading English journal, wrote, on August 19th and 28th—

"Undoubtedly the Royalists are each day becoming more formidable, and, if they had rifles enough, could arm fifty

thousand men in a week. The latter seem plentiful enough, and each day the authorities are pestered by hundreds of volunteers, eagerly asking permission to enroll themselves. . . . .

"The Carlist troops do not require much time to turn out in marching order. A man is considered equipped when he is provided with arms, sixty rounds of ball cartridge, his food for the day, and a spare shirt. As for marching, I have never seen their superiors, four miles an hour in six continuous hours being frequently accomplished by them, the men looking as fresh at the end of their journey as when they started. The rations are good and ample; in fact, a Carlist receives a quarter of a pound more meat than the British soldier. There is one great drawback, speaking of the Royalist soldiery; for although they are all volunteers, who love fighting for fighting's sake, and *are as brave and fine-looking a body of men as a General could wish to command*, they hate the idea of drill, and very little instruction is given them."

As to the Royalist officers, he makes them the compliment of saying that they "are not the bears they are represented by their enemies to be; on the contrary, they studiously try to avoid giving offence, and are as gentlemanly a set of men as it has ever been my good fortune to associate with."

Though the Basque and Navarre Provinces are considered to present something homogeneous, there is a considerable difference in the tempera-

ment and character of the population of these provinces. I mentioned already that up to the time I left the Carlist camps, the Biscaya men had taken part in scarcely any engagements, and consequently I am not able to judge of their behaviour in the field; but I saw the Navarre, the Guipuzcoa, and the Alava men fighting on several occasions, and the opinion I formed of their respective merits as soldiers is this. All of them are men of unlimited courage, to all appearance perfectly indifferent to life, and amongst them the Alava men must have the palm given to them. The reputation which they acquired under Zumalacarregui, who always preferred them to any other men in the North of Spain, is certainly not unmerited. They will stand any amount of fire with the steadiness of the best regular troops of any country, while their dash would, I believe, exceed that of a good many of the latter, on account of the Alaveses being, as a rule, very short and very light men. They came late into the field at the present rising, yet in about a fortnight after three of their battalions had been formed, I saw the men of one of them quietly sitting and smoking their cigarettes under a fire that would be considered, even by very experienced troops, as an unpleasantly heavy one.

They are still more sober than the Guipuzcoa or the Navarre men, and remarkably obedient and true to their chiefs. Their province being comparatively a small and poor one, they have neither the haughtiness of the Navarreses, nor the exclusiveness of the Guipuzcoanos.

After the Alava men, the best soldiers seem to be the Guipuzcoa lads; at least they stand fire better than the Navarre men, and are the most capable of enduring fatigue; but they are not so plucky as their neighbours, and rather heavy for guerilla warfare. Besides, many of them have the disadvantage of not knowing a single word of Spanish—a circumstance which estranges them to a certain extent from the rest of the Carlist army. Their exclusiveness is, in fact, so great that up to the present day they still celebrate the annual anniversary of a battle which they fought with the Navarre men in 1321, when it would appear they beat their neighbours with sticks; and so on the 24th of June of every year, processions are organised in the Guipuzcoa, men, women, and children equally taking part in them, all armed with the homely weapon which served their ancestors nearly six centuries ago to beat a neighbouring tribe with which they ought

to be, to judge by the surface of things, on the best possible terms at present.

If the Guipuzcoanos could be taught to speak English, they would probably become most sympathetic to old-fashioned Englishmen, as there is scarcely any other people in the whole of Europe so inclined to stick to their national customs and usages, as the Guipuzcoa men are. They are also remarkably hard-working people, thoroughly virtuous, and extravagantly bigoted. A great number of such of them as succeed in picking up Spanish, and feel the want of a larger field for their activity, emigrate to South America, make fortunes there, and return back to their native villages, with their Guipuzcoanism as intact as is the Scottism of the Scotchman who, after having travelled twenty years all over the world, returns to his native lochs and hills. Contrary to their neighbours, the Navarre men who have once gone to South America, if they return home at all, renounce all their old sentiments relating to "Dios, Patria, y Rey," and become the fiercest Liberals and Radicals. A considerable number of those enriched Navarrese peasants, known in their own country under the designation of "Americanos," were living last Summer on the French side of

the Pyrenees, on account of their opinions clashing with those of their armed landsmen.

As far as military dash goes, the Navarre Volunteers are inimitable. Their bayonet charge is something really worth looking at, and surpasses anything the Zouaves were ever capable of performing in the days of their greatest savagery and glory. Truly speaking, the Navarre men do not understand any fighting but that with the bayonet. The rifle seems to them quite a useless arm, and, being very careless, they frequently lose or forget their pouches, or tear them through neglect, and drop all the cartridges. There is even a belief that sometimes they purposely throw them away, as being too cumbersome an article to be carried. When one has to take a mountain path by which a Navarre battalion has just passed, one is sure to pick up cartridges at almost every step, and when a Navarrese battalion is ordered to fire, it does it so hurriedly and with such an utter disregard to aim, that the spectator becomes convinced that all these lads wish is simply to get rid of their ammunition, and to hasten the moment of a bayonet attack. To stand fire they are utterly unable, and as soon as it becomes somewhat hot, no human force will retain them: they must either go forward or run away. And this

running away does not appear to them as anything objectionable. You cannot make them understand that it is a flight; in their eyes it is simply an escape, by means of which they get the best of their enemy: "for the enemy's evident intention was to slaughter a number of us," would argue the Navarrese, "and through our escape he got snubbed." This view seems to be implied in their very language, for the process of withdrawing from under the enemy's fire is described neither as *huir* (to fly), nor as *correr* (to run), but as *escaparse* (to escape, a verb neuter).

The general brutality of the Navarre men is beyond anything that can be well imagined in more civilized countries, and the manner in which they treat their horses will be an eternal check upon any attempt to introduce cavalry service amongst them. But this brutality is by no means wicked; it is purely animal, and does not prevent them in any degree from being, upon the whole, a very good-natured, honest, and even exquisitely polite people, as long as you are polite with them.

The disgust which all the Vasco-Navarre men have for regular military service, from which their *fueros* (provincial charters) always kept them aloof, is so inveterate that I doubt whe-

ther they will ever be induced, under any circumstances whatever, to form regular regiments. Anything like discipline is perfectly repugnant to them, and you would not be able to compel them to move a step in the name of military duty; but if you can manage to stimulate their pride, or to make them believe that their services are wanted for the defence of what they understand to be the glory of their province, or for the security of their homes or of their local privileges, there is no amount of danger that these men would not undergo.

With all the good qualities of the raw Vasco-Navarre fighting material, one could not easily conceive a more unpleasant position than that of a subaltern officer of the Carlist army. Unless he is persistently ahead of his men, he is not only disregarded and insulted, but frequently shot at by them during a fight. While if he keeps ahead of them, he is often exposed to be killed or wounded through their careless and ignorant way of handling their arms. In almost every Carlist engagement one or two officers are killed from behind by the blunders of their own men, and at the battle of Udave the Volunteers of a Navarre battalion shot in that unintentional way Carlos

Caro, one of the bravest and most accomplished officers the Carlist army possessed.

One point more remains to be alluded to in connection with Spanish fighting, and that is Spanish cruelty. Though it may seem ridiculous to speak of humanity in butchery, yet unmistakeable manifestations of the most sublime as well as of the most wicked sides of human nature may be noticed, even in a thoroughly desperate and savage fight. I had some field experience in Turkey, in the Crimea, in France, and in Spain, and I found the great mass of all soldiers, as a rule, to be wantonly cruel when excited. If on the one side instances are well known of officers and men having been carried out of the midst of a fierce hand-to-hand struggle by some courageous and kind-hearted fellow, cases, on the other hand, of prisoners being butchered, and wounded, friends as well as enemies, finally and brutally despatched to a better world by soldiers unwilling to expose themselves to an additional danger by carrying them away, are just as well known to everyone who has had to take part in, or closely to watch actual fighting. To expect therefore that semi-savage mountaineers should be less cruel than

well disciplined armies are, would be unreasonable; but from what I have seen, I must confess I was astonished at the comparatively small amount of cruelty exhibited by them. As a matter of fact, the Republican soldiers were incomparably more brutal and violent than the Carlists, and the explanation of this is plain enough. While the former were bent on the extermination of their enemy, the latter had strict orders given to them by their leaders to exert every effort in treating the enemy as kindly as possible, with a view to gain his sympathy, and to make him desert his ranks. In giving the views of old General Elio in the first volume, I had already occasion to mention that this was part of the general Carlist policy; and during the whole of my stay amongst them, I knew of only one instance of wholesale extermination viz., a small detachment taken at Cirauqui. Some *Voluntarios de la Libertad* were defending that place. The Carlists took it after a couple of hours fighting, and the garrison, reduced to something like thirty-five or forty men, had to surrender. They were all locked up in the village church, and a *partida volante* was left in the place to guard them, as the column which captured the fort had immediately to march. It would appear,

however, that the prisoners who were all ultra-Republicans, had been very violent with the population of the place when it was in their hands; consequently, as soon as the first excitement of the fight was over, and the villagers began to return to their homes, they all congregated round the church and demanded the death of the prisoners. Things went on so far that the peasant men and women assailed the doors of the church, and the commander of the *partida volante* lost all control over his force, who joined, of course, the villagers. Finally, the doors and windows were broken open, the church invaded, and all the prisoners slaughtered, except two or three who managed to escape more or less severely wounded. I must mention here that Baron von Walterskirchen, the Austrian gentleman whom I have already frequently mentioned, and who remained on that occasion, somehow or other, behind the departed column, exerted his best efforts to save these fellows; but his exertions were almost in vain; all he was able to obtain was that the commander of the *partida volante* was dismissed.

But if such monstrosities are on the whole but rarely perpetrated by Carlists, they are of more frequent occurrence on the Republican side. The

description of the fight near Tolosa, given above, shows how they burn farms and peasants' dwellings for miles around wherever they pass on Carlist territory, and in Catalonia things seemed to be still worse. At all events, after the battle of Alpens, both in that town and in the village of San Quirce there took place a pillage, slaughter, and rapine of a nature to preclude description. Old men and women were tied by the hands and legs, their daughters violated by the Republicans under the parents' very eyes, and afterwards the whole family shot or pierced with bayonets, and their houses with the dead bodies in them burnt to the ground. But justice requires to add here that the regular Republican troops are not by any means so bad in this respect as the so-called *Miguelites*, *Voluntarios de la Libertad*, and similar militia bodies.

As a matter of course, a good deal of unnecessary suffering is inflicted here on both sides through ignorance and through want of material means; but that is not cruelty, properly speaking. I saw, for instance, both Republicans and Carlists severely wounded, lying more than twenty-four hours in the field without being attended to. But there were, then, neither ambulances nor surgeons, and when there were surgeons, some of

them dressed the wounds, as it were, on the salad principle, with salt and vinegar.* The manner in which the bodies of the dead are buried is perfectly revolting to a man accustomed to see this duty performed with a certain amount of reverence; but it is well known that nothing is so much disregarded in Spain as a dead man, consequently the custom of a perfectly naked body, being, without further ceremony, shot into a ditch out of coffin which has served the same purpose on a good many occasions, and will probably do so on many more, must be looked upon rather as a national custom than anything else.

A good deal has also been written about the objectionable use which the Carlists make of petroleum, but in a low stage of "scientific warfare," to set fire to the enemy's camps and entrenchments was at all times a customary practice. Had the Carlists possessed big guns, they would

* Quite lately matters have improved through the establishment of several large ambulances. The Legitimist members of the Paris Red Cross sent out a couple of gentlemen with about a £1,000 of money and some medical stores, while several rich Spanish ladies began to exert their efforts in organizing the interior service of the two or three hospitals which had thus been brought into existence.

probably not have made use of the English garden pumps and the barrels of petroleum, of which they now sometimes avail themselves; for, after all, the use of petroleum, as a means of destruction, is neither particularly convenient nor efficacious. In the whole of my experience with the Carlists, I had an opportunity of seeing the use of petroleum only once, at the siege of Viana. On the 30th of August, two battalions with four cannons, under the command of General Ollo, entered the village situated about three miles north of the bridges across the Ebro near Logroño, and began the siege of two churches and an old tower, which were fortified and garrisoned by some thirty Hussars of Pavia, and about a hundred and twenty National Guards. For nearly thirty-six hours, four cannons and fifteen hundred rifles were desperately firing upon the thick walls of these ancient edifices, without producing any effect whatever. A Republican column at last showing itself from across the river, the Carlists saw that the loss of any more time or cartridges would be utterly fatal to them, and, consequently, brought up a little pump and a few barrels of petroleum, the squirting of which had scarcely begun when the garrison hoisted the white flag and expressed

its preference to surrender, to the prospect of being burnt alive.

Upon the whole, an unconcerned observer cannot exactly see in what way the use of petroleum is more objectionable in such a case than the use of mines or torpedoes, universally admitted to be a legitimate means of attack and defence. The result of the combat on that occasion was not the worse on account of the use of petroleum, for the garrison was, as usual, disarmed and sent across the Ebro to Logroño, all the fortifications of the churches and the tower destroyed, and the village of Viana transformed into a place garrisoned by a small flying column of Carlists, instead of a similar column of Republicans.

CHAPTER IV.

ALFONSISM *versus* CARLISM.

THE abdication of Amadeo, whatever may have been the view of European politicians upon it, had one great advantage for Spain, besides that of freeing the throne from a sovereign about whom people did not care: it reduced the number of persons who thought themselves entitled to govern Spain, and consequently destroyed a corresponding number of political parties. As long as Amadeo was king, there were, besides him, Don Alfonso,* the Duke of Montpensier, and Don Carlos,

* The fact of there being two Don Alfonsos in the political field of Spain—the one, son of Queen Isabella, the other the brother of Don Carlos—seems to confuse a good many Englishmen. At all events, the two distinct persons have been mistaken as one and the same, even in public journals. We will, therefore, for the sake of convenience, spell the reactionary Don Alphonso

each of them having a party, and entertaining the hope of coming some day to power. When he abdicated, Montpensier, whose claims were never based upon any legal right to the throne, saw too clearly how little chance there was for a foreigner to govern Spain, and he wisely gave up all further idea of changing his position of a wealthy Seville *naranjero* (orange-merchant, as he is called), for that of a crowned target for Republican marksmen. In February, 1873, Spain got thus at the same time rid of Amadeo and of Montpensier, of the Amadeists and the Montpensierists, and has now to deal only with the young Alfonso and Don Carlos. Let us see here what are the respective rights of the two remaining pretenders to the throne.

In ancient times, the legislation upon the succession to the throne in Spain was as confused as all legislation in an early stage of civilisation must necessarily be, and such laws as existed then remained in the glorious state of non-codification prevailing up to the present time in the

(brother of Don Carlos, and commander-in-chief of the Carlist army in Catalonia) with the old-fashioned *ph*, and the other one (son of Isabella, now a mere school-boy, but expected to be some day a very liberal prince), with the more modern *f*.

otherwise beautiful and well-regulated British isles. In this way anything like a serious reference to the Spanish law of succession must be out of the question; but some points in connexion with this subject can be stated easily enough.

The ancient monarchy of the Goths, to which the invasion of the Moors put an end, was an elective one, both male and female sovereigns, being admitted to the throne. While the Moors retained still in their possession the brightest and richest parts of the Peninsula, in its northern and less accessible regions, several independent kingdoms sprang up, and were known as Asturias, Navarre, Aragon, Catalonia, &c. In all these kingdoms there appears never to have been any settled theory as to succession, but sure it is that women were not excluded from the inheritance to the throne, for we see them frequently occupying it. But as sovereigns were then rather proprietors than managers of their kingdoms, it often happened that two distinct kingdoms were united by the marriage of their sovereigns. So, for instance, the Queen of Castile, Doña Elvira, was married to the King of Navarre, Don Sancho, and the two kingdoms seem to have been amalgamated. Bermuda III., King of Leon, dying without male heirs, his daughter Doña Sancha inherited his

throne, and having married Ferdinand I., King of Castile, those two kingdoms were also united, and so on. The Cortes, the magnates, and the people of the various kingdoms seldom presented any objection to swearing allegiance to female sovereigns. They at all events accepted Isabel the Catholic, and subsequently her two daughters. In 1475 the Cortes of Castile had even the question of succession under direct discussion, and declared that, according to the law and usages immemorial, the female heirs had the right of inheritance to the throne in the absence of male heirs. Their declaration concluded with the proclamation that: *La Infanta Doña Isabel era la verdadera heredera del trono y que à ella sola correspondia gobernar el Estado.*

The Cortes of Aragon seems to have been the only one which has occasionally refused to be governed by a woman; at all events, when Doña Isabel, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabel the Catholic, was proposed as heir-apparent, they declined to accept her, but on her death they accepted a son of hers, Don Miguel. Yet even this refusal of the Aragon Cortes seems to have been the result of mere inconsistency, for they were undoubtedly governed by a female, Doña Petronila, who had, by her marriage with the

reigning Count of Barcelona, united the thrones of Catalonia and Aragon. The Aragon Cortes subsequently recognised also Doña Juana la Loca (the mad), daughter of Ferdinand and Isabel. As to Navarre, it is well known that female sovereigns were admitted to that throne, for it was through the marriage of Doña Juana, daughter of Don Enrique, to Philippe the Handsome, that the crowns of France and Navarre became for a while united.

Thus the Carlist assertion that the Salic law is a fundamental law of ancient Spain is thoroughly false, and even the denomination of that law in Spanish history as *Ley Nueva*, proves that there was formerly another law, which was neither Nueva nor Salic. In fact, the Salic law was first introduced in Spain by Felipe V. in 1713, and under the following circumstances.

The throne of Spain passed, after the death of Ferdinand and Isabel, to their second daughter Doña Juana, married to the Ezherzog Philip of Asturia. The succession of Carlos I. (or, according to the German reckoning, V.), Felipe II., III., and IV., and of Carlos II., presented no difficulties, as there was always a son to take the place of the father. But Carlos II. had no children, and with him terminated the so-called Asturian dynasty in Spain, the throne passing,

after all sorts of home as well as of foreign disputes, to the second grandson of Maria Theresa, sister of Carlos II., married to Louis XIV. The young Prince, bearing in France the title of the Duke of Anjou, ascended the Spanish throne under the name of Felipe V. That was about the greatest curse that could have befallen the unhappy Peninsula, for the accession of the French Prince to the Spanish throne aroused the jealousy of England, while, at the same time, it armed against Spain the Austrian House and the House of Savoy, both of which considered themselves entitled to that throne through marriage alliances concluded two or three generations back. This quarrel culminated in what is known as the War of Succession, so much celebrated for a general ruin and slaughter, lasting over twelve years, and concluded by the Treaty of Utrecht, and the final establishment of Felipe V. as the founder of the dynasty of Spanish Bourbons. At the same time the new king renounced, by that treaty, for himself and his descendants, all rights to the throne of France.

Felipe V., who by that time had become very popular in Spain, was anxious—since he had lost all prospects of the French throne—at least firmly to preserve the possession of the Spanish one, in

the hands of his dynasty, conceived the plan of changing the law of succession, by, if not wholly excluding women from the inheritance, at all events, restricting their rights.* In this way the brothers of the king had preference given to them over his daughters. Everybody in Europe, and in England especially, expressed great delight at this arrangement; as it considerably lessened the chances of the Spanish throne falling under the influence of some foreign power through the marriage of a female heir. There were still apprehensions among European politicians that in two or three generations France might conclude a marriage with a Queen of Spain, and the outside world's ears be once more shocked by the exclamation: *Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées!* (which, after all, was but a snobbish boast.) But one of the most curious points in the whole affair is, that while England exerted all her efforts to have the Salic law established in Spain in 1713, some hundred and twenty years later (1833) no end of English lives and English money were wasted for

* The new law seems to have been remarkably badly composed. An able Spanish lawyer, Señor Montolin, shows that while some provisions of it gave preference to male over female heirs in the direct line of descent, others increased the rights and chances of distant female relatives in lateral lines.

the sake of having it abolished again, and a female baby two years old put upon the throne in preference to a grown-up man. Another not less amusing circumstance was that Felipe V., by the introduction of the new order of inheritance, abolished those very laws in accordance with which he himself had become king at all; for it was from his grandmother, a female heir to Carlos II., that he inherited the crown. For our present purpose, however, three other points of this mischievous alteration of the law of succession are of importance.

1st. That the *Nuevo Reglamento* or *Ley Nueva*, was made in a French, not in the usual Spanish manner. It was first issued and then notified to the Cortes. It was a mere *auto acordado*, a decree *octroyé à la Française*, not a law proposed to, and discussed and passed by, the Cortes in the way usual in Spain.

2nd. That since the right of thus changing the fundamental law of succession is recognised to Felipe V. there is no reason for not recognising it to Carlos IV. and Ferdinand VII., who subsequently rechanged it again for the old one; and

3rd. That if the *Nuevo Reglamento* be accepted, its distinct provision that the heir to the throne should be born and educated in Spain or in

Spanish dominions should be strictly agreed to.

These three points completely invalidate all the claims of the present Pretender, Don Carlos. He declares that his rights are based on the fundamental laws of the country, while they are based in reality upon a mere decree of Felipe V. He declares the pragmatic sanction of Carlos IV. (of 1789), made public by Ferdinand VII. in 1830, to be illegal, while in fact it was much more legally issued than the *Nuevo Reglamento.* And finally, if the law of Felipe V. be accepted, its provision that the heir to the throne should be born and educated in Spain excludes Don Carlos from succession, for he was born and educated in Austria.

But these are not all the reasons invalidating the rights of Don Carlos. There are some more. The Pretender, known as Charles V., after the close of the Seven Years' War was interned in Bourges, and abdicated his rights in favour of his son, Count de Montemolin (Charles VI). He had two sons besides that, Don Juan and Don Fernando. When the Carlist attempt took place in 1860 at San Carlos de la Rapita, Don Carlos and Don Fernando were captured, and were about to be shot, but their lives were spared upon the understanding that they should sign the abdication of their pretensions, which they did on

the 23rd of April of the same year at Tortosa, though, as we have already seen, they afterwards disavowed this abdication. The third brother, Don Juan, who did not take part in that attempt, and who might therefore have some semblance of right to the claims of his father, and his eldest brother, first seemed disposed to assert it, but subsequently, in 1863 renounced his rights in favour of Isabella. In this way the claims of every one of the Pretenders ought to be considered as having been finally settled, and so matters stood till 1868, when Isabella fled, and Don Juan all at once launched another abdication of the claims he had renounced already. This time it was in favour of Don Carlos, his son, a young man of twenty years of age, and now the Pretender. From whatever point, therefore, we look upon the new Don Carlos, he cannot make good anything like a semblance of rights to the throne. And if there is any person at all entitled to it, it is undoubtedly the eldest son of Isabella, in whose favour she formally abdicated, in Paris, on the 27th of June, 1870. The only objection to the rights of the young Don Alfonso, which the Carlists and the Republicans were at all capable of ever bringing forward, was that the legitimacy

of his birth was doubtful. But this is evidently no argument, since Isabella's husband never repudiated him, and since, after all it was she, and not Don Francisco d'Assise, that was the sovereign; and the fact of the young Prince being *her* son has never been questioned.*

But if it is thus easy enough to express one's opinion as to the respective rights of the two Pretenders, it is by no means equally easy to say which of them (if any) is more likely to come to the Spanish throne. And the reasons for hesitating to give a definite answer on this point are manifold.

To begin with Don Alfonso, the Prince of Asturias, is barely sixteen years old, having been born in November, 1857. He is still at school in Vienna, and in the five or six years which must elapse before he becomes a man, a good many quite unexpected events may take place, facilitating or preventing his accession to the

* Truly speaking, however, none of the living Spanish princes have any right whatever to the throne of that country, if the succession law of Felipe V., who was the head of the whole of this dynasty, were in any way complied with; for Charles IV. was born and educated in Naples, and consequently had no right to reign in Spain; and if he had no right to reign, so neither Ferdinand VII., nor any of his brothers, nor Isabella, nor the young Alfonso, have ever had any right either.

throne. If he were called to his country now, it would in no way improve matters, as a Regency or a Council would be necessary, and the miserable *interinidad* would thus remain actually prolonged. Besides, his mother is not a woman likely to let him go to Spain without trying to go there herself; and her arrival would be a signal for a new revolution. She persisted in not surrendering her crown for nearly two years after she had been overthrown, and events, as well as friends or foes, were equally clearly demonstrating to her every day that her reign was no longer possible. She yielded only to the advice and remonstrances of Napoleon, and this not before she had seen that Spaniards had made up their minds rather to have a foreign Prince than to run the risk of seeing her and her *camarilla* back again at Madrid. But her abdication came too late. In June, 1870, the young Alfonso had lost all his chances. And a good job it was both for the Prince and the country, for his subsequent fall would not have been as peaceful as that of Amadeo. It would have been almost impossible to tear away a young Prince of twelve years of age from his mother. If he had been called to the country, his family would have had to be admitted too, and in a few

days after the ceremonies and festivities of a coronation, Madrid would have had the King and his friends; a Regent, or a Council of Regency, with a party to it; Doña Isabel and her party; Doña Christina and her party; the Duke of Montpensier and his party; and so on, with the Republicans of various shades in the background. And we know only too well what that would have meant.

When Montpensier, but a short time since a deadly enemy of Isabella, saw that he too had not only no chance of seizing the crown, but that he could not get even as a deputy into the Cortes, having been beaten at the elections in Asturias, he began to try a reconciliation with Isabella with a view to a prospective Regency.

The negotiations were painful and difficult. Had they been carried out more successfully, and peace between the two parties concluded sooner, the Republic would have had much greater difficulty to establish itself, for the Conservatives would have been able to seize the power when Amadeo gave it up. Keeping in view that money can do anything in Spanish politics, and that the Conservatives are the only party that have plenty of it, the occasion may be considered as having been a very favourable one at that moment, and if it

was missed, it was so on account of nothing having been agreed upon then between Montpensier and Isabella at the right time. It was only just before Amadeo's departure from Spain that they concluded an alliance on the basis of a prospective marriage between Don Alfonso and the youngest daughter of Montpensier. The ex-Queen was to give up all political interference, and the Duke to become the Regent till the majority of his nephew. Measures were at once taken to work the country in this direction; large amounts of money were prepared for emergencies; the foreign Courts were influenced through the Orleans Princes and their party, many of the members of which were among the French Ambassadors in various countries. M. Thiers was worked in the same direction, and apparently secured to the Alfonso cause, while Duke d'Aumale and the Count of Paris showed their disposition to accomplish in the London money-market what their credit was able to do. The postponement of the recognition of the Spanish Republic by the European Powers was to a considerable extent credited by the members of the party to the work they had been doing.

But presently new difficulties arose between Isabella and her brother-in-law. It was under-

stood, it appears, in the original arrangement, that Marfori and all the rest of the *entourage* of the ex-Queen would be put aside. Christina was quite on Montpensier's side in this case; but the bed-chamber *camarilla* of Isabella had so influenced her within a few weeks, that this condition was completely disregarded. And as Montpensier greatly insisted upon it, and showed a disposition to inquire closely into the private life of his sister-in-law, the compact was broken before it had time to bear any fruit whatsoever.

While these negotiations went on I happened to be in Paris, and to have now and then some information of what was going on in the Bazilefsky Hôtel, and from what I heard then, I must conclude that notwithstanding all the accusations that had been always brought against Queen Christina, she is, upon the whole, a much more reasonable and probably a better woman than her daughter. She undoubtedly liked power and money. But who does not? She was at all events sufficiently affectionate to sometimes sacrifice ambition to love, and whenever something was demonstrated to her, she proved capable of understanding it and of acting accordingly. In Isabella, little was to be seen of anything of the sort. While she was said to change her lovers as fre-

quently as she changed ministers, and during the whole of her reign certainly never thought of anything but her purse and her confessor, Christina, even in the worst days of her despotism, was sometimes able to forget everything except the feelings of her woman's heart. When the revolt of La Granja broke out, she valiantly resisted all the insults and violence of her own body-guards when, breaking into her bedroom, with arms in their hands, they asked her to sign the Constitution. It was only when Sergeant Garcia dragged her out in a chemise into the courtyard, and showed her the man she loved kneeling close to the wall and about to be shot, that she cried out, "Stop! I sign."

At home as well as abroad Christina was constantly abused for her private life, and "*puta*" was the abominable name by which she was called by her own soldiers. But what did she in reality? She was married at twenty-three to a disgusting man of forty-five, who had already had three wives.* She lived friendly with him, bore him two children, and

* The three former wives of Ferdinand VII. were a Princess of Sicily, a Princess of Portugal, and a Princess of Saxony. The latter died under circumstances which created some sensation. He had children by none of them, and married Princess

was left a widow at twenty-seven. She was a Neapolitan woman, with the blood of her country in her veins, and fell in love with Ferdinand Muñoz, one of the most handsome of her guardsmen. It has not been proved that she ever committed adultery, and her husband would probably not have left her in possession of power after his death if he had had reason to believe that she had done so. A couple of months after Ferdinand's death Christina secretly married Muñoz, and the shortness of the interval between the death of the first husband and the second marriage is the only thing that can be justly objected to. Some ten years later the marriage was publicly sanctioned by a royal decree, Muñoz became Duke of Rianzarès; the couple had several children, and lived, and live still, as friendly as any married people do. The old lady is now sixty-eight years of age, and is certainly as active, intelligent, and energetic as her daughter, who is not fully forty-five; and the mother is surely less priest-ridden. It would be absurd to say that Christina made a proper use of power when she held it; but sure it is

Maria Christina, daughter of the King of the Two Sicilies, without ever having seen her, simply because the Neapolitan house was reputed to be very prolific. The marriage took place in November, 1829, and eleven months later Isabella was born.

that had Isabella better listened to her advice after she attained maturity, she might have preserved her crown, and had she followed her mother's counsel during their exile together in Paris, she might at all events have given a better chance to her son, the Prince of Asturias.

But to return to our subject. The difficulties standing in the way of Don Alfonso's accession to the throne are not restricted to his family affairs only. His chief drawback is that he has no popular party to support him, though he undoubtedly possesses a powerful political party. Among the people, properly speaking, he has partisans only in the shopkeeping class of some of the large cities, people who will not either move for him, or sacrifice a *peseta*. The country folks at large are either Republicans or Carlists, or perfect indifferents. There is no end to small boroughs of ten and twenty thousand inhabitants, chiefly of the agricultural class, in which all your efforts to ascertain the political colour of the place are met with the invariable reply, "In esta poblacion no tenemos opinion ninguna;" that is to say, that the people there don't care about anybody or any form of government provided they are left in peace, and taxes—especially the *contribucion de sangre*, the blood-tax or conscription

—are not increased. In this way, Don Alfonso can really reckon only upon a group of politicians (some of them, it must be said, very influential and experienced), and upon a floating mass of *empleados* (government officials) out or employ. And it remains to be seen whether the progress which Republican ideas have made all throughout the Peninsula will not prove by far to exceed all the influence his party possess. To impose him upon the country by force must be out of the question, for there is no one to fight for him, and any number of Republicans and Carlists to fight against him. The only chance he seems, therefore, to have lies in Serrano's becoming a MacMahon for five or seven years, and devoting himself to working up the indifferents into Alfonsists, a hard task, and one which the Duke de la Torre is not likely to undertake, knowing as he does that his past relations to Isabella render it almost impossible for him to have anything to do with her son as long as she lives.

Don Carlos, on the other hand, while he has undoubtedly the popular support of at least one million of men in the various provinces, has no political party to back him. He has also neither the support of the European Courts, nor the

money which Alfonso could command; and the men who surround him are not at all likely to possess the statesmanlike abilities the Alfonso party is credited with. The political and religious theories Don Carlos is supposed to represent — though they are somewhat exaggerated—are certainly not of a nature to win the sympathies either of the majority of the Spaniards or of the world outside. There must, therefore, evidently be a deadly struggle between Alfonsism and Carlism before anything is settled in Spain. The most likely result of this struggle is, in my opinion, that both parties will ultimately succumb, making room for a firmly established republic. But I prefer giving on this point the opinion of more competent judges than myself. Here is, as nearly as possible, what Señor Figueras—undoubtedly one of the most acute and enlightened judges of Spanish politics—told me during one of the conversations I had with him at Madrid.

"For me," said Señor Figueras, "there is only one Conservative party in Spain—that of Don Alfonso. It is the only one which has some real root in the country and which counts in its ranks really able men. The Carlists look, of course, more active and more dangerous, and so they are,

perhaps. But we know, if strangers do not, that Carlism means in reality Don Alfonso much more than it does Don Carlos. I should not be astonished at all if by-and-by the leading Alfonsists —almost all of whom are now at and about Bayonne—would begin to tender actual help to the Carlists; and I know for certain that the leading men of the Carlist party, if they had been asked to express their innermost thoughts, would all declare themselves for Don Alfonso. Old Elio, for instance, knows better than anyone how far Don Carlos is unfit for the throne, and if he still serves the Carlist cause it is simply out of chivalry and old-fashioned loyalty. He served Ferdinand VII. and Charles V. and he considers himself bound to serve Charles VII. But had you asked him frankly to say whom he preferred to see on the throne of Spain, from the point of view of the country's welfare, he would certainly say Don Alfonso. About the same thing could be said of Dorregaray, Lizarraga, Ollo, and other Carlist leaders. All of them were officers in Doña Isabella's army. All of them joined the Carlist party, not because they objected to her as their Queen, but because they did not wish either to serve the Republic or the stranger, Amadeo. They would never have fought against

Isabella, and would gladly accept her son. In fact, Carlism of our days, is strong with the populations of the Northern provinces, but by no means with its leaders, who know only too well how little the weak-minded Don Carlos is fit to rule Spain, or even likely to be accepted by any portion of the population as soon as he becomes more known. You said Don Carlos spoke kindly of me and my colleagues when you saw him. I am, therefore, sorry to say such rude things of him, but I believe I am saying only what is true."

On my then asking Señor Figueras whether he meant to say that Carlist generals were purposely concealing their feelings at present, and were fighting apparently in the cause of Don Carlos, but in reality for the restoration of Don Alfonso, "No, that I do not mean to say," he answered. "They probably believe they fight for Don Carlos, but in reality they are simply fighting for a Spanish King against a Republic now, as they fought against an Italian King a few months ago. But as they have no objection whatever to the young Don Alfonso, I should not be astonished at all if—should they be successful and the Republic overthrown—they were to find them-

selves at the head of troops bringing to Madrid Don Alfonso instead of Don Carlos."

"So that, practically, you admit the possibility of the Republic being overthrown?" asked I.

"As things are going on now," answered Señor Figueras, "I must say that I would not deny the possibility of such a thing, though I hope it will not happen. At all events there is this much achieved already, that only two forms of government have henceforth become possible in this country—either a Federal Republic or a Constitutional monarchy with Don Alfonso. This is a great gain. A short time ago we had about a dozen combinations considered as equally possible. Yet Don Alfonso, though his chances of coming to power are great, cannot last long. His reign would be merely a short adjournment of the Republic. In holding this opinion, I do not lay stress alone on the progress which Republican ideas are daily making in this country, but also on some of the unavoidable consequences of the Prince's coming to the throne."

The late *Presidente del Poder Ejecutivo* began here to explain to me the various combinations of political parties which would necessarily take place in such a case—combinations the description of which here would, I am

afraid, unnecessarily tire the English reader, so perplexed by the doings of his own parties, as to take little interest in those of foreign countries.

As a counterpoise to this thoroughly Republican view of the subject, I may be allowed to give here the opinion of another gentleman—perhaps the ablest and most experienced member of the Alfonso party, Señor Comyn, the Spanish Minister in London. In a conversation I had lately with His Excellency, he said:

"The Republic is impossible with us. Our people are not educated for it, and that is the chief reason why I always sided with Don Alfonso. Castelar and Carvajal, who sent me to represent Spain at the Court of Queen Victoria, know my views. I never made any secret of them, and I firmly believe that, whatever may be our immediate future, a day will come when Don Alfonso will as freely enter the Palace of Madrid, and be as heartily welcomed there, as my son will be in this house when he returns home after having finished his studies. But Don Alfonso must have a moustache when he comes to Spain. Before that, his entry would be very undesirable, and if our party begin to hurry they will spoil everything."

CHAPTER V.

PRIM AND AMADEO.

THERE is a Spanish story which tells us that when Ferdinand III.—who turned out to be a saint—reached Paradise, and was introduced to the Virgin Mary, she proposed to him to demand any favour he liked for his country. The good Sovereign, always anxious about the welfare of his loyal subjects, asked for oil, garlic, wine, and corn. "Granted," said the Virgin, "what else?" "Handsome women, valiant men, and strong mules." "Certainly; what more?" "Bright skies, bulls, relics, and cigarritos." "By all means; anything else?" "A good government." "Oh, no!" exclaimed the Virgin, "never! For were it granted to Spain, no angel would any longer remain with us in heaven."

The Spaniard's boast of his country as well as his complaint of his government, embodied in

this story, are only too well justified. If the first monarchs of the Austrian dynasty were cruel, they had at all events the merit of being intelligent; but since the days of Felipe II. Spain has never seen on her throne anything but idiotism, bigotry, prostitution, and corruption. When Isabella started off for Hendaye and Pau with Father Claret, Marfori, and a heavy load of treasures, including jewels and pictures, which were generally considered as belonging to the Crown, the nation breathed freely. The men who came then to power were all popular; they were all supposed to have more or less suffered for the cause of national liberty; they had certainly fought against oppression and corruption. Prim, who was virtually, though not nominally, at the head of them, was a self-made man of obscure extraction, and could therefore be fairly supposed to know the real wants of the people. He was, besides, a native of Catalonia, and Catalans are, as a rule, supposed to be at least as shrewd and business-like a set of men as the Scotch or the Gascons. But the chief merit of Don Juan Prim seemed to be that he was an excellent political soldier, exactly the thing wanted just then for the reconstruction of the Spanish Government, and for the defence of Spain from the attack of

any Pretender. The revolution had been carried with the watchword of "Down with the Bourbons!" And for the mass of the people who cared anything at all about politics, this watchword meant simply "Down with the Monarchy!" For the Spaniard's national pride, his *Españoles sobre todos*, would never have admitted even the idea of any foreign monarch being resorted to. Besides, there was a proclamation circulated with Prim's signature attached to it, which said, among other beautiful things: "Let our cry be the Republic. Let us get rid of the monarchs who have always brought misfortune upon us. Let us show ourselves worthy descendants of the Cid and Riego."

On the 28th of September, 1868, the troops of the Revolution, under Serrano, met those of the Monarchy under Novaliches at Alcolea, and on the next day the Provisional Junta of Madrid received a congratulatory address from the British residents of the city on the subject of the birth of a new nation, and on the splendid manner in which the revolution had been accomplished. The Junta answered that they were stretching out their hands to the British people, who gained their liberties two centuries ago, and offering their heartiest thanks to the noble sons of Albion.

Serrano and Prim, after a triumphal entry into Madrid, publicly embraced each other, all party differences seemed to have been drowned in that kiss, and an apparently prodigious, bewildering enthusiasm was ignited, as by magic, in something like seventeen millions of Spanish hearths and heads. True, that about a fortnight later Prim was shot at in the street; but that was considered a meaningless case of some personal rancour—in fact, so trifling a matter that Prim himself ordered the intended assassin to go free. Early in November, however, some rather disquieting symptoms began to show themselves. The fact that not a single member of the Republican party had been admitted into the Cabinet formed by the Provisional Government naturally provoked suspicion. Republican demonstrations took place at Madrid, and were followed by actual insurrections at Cadiz and Malaga, of so formidable a nature as to compel the Ministry to send out the "pacifying" Generals Pavia and Caballero de Rodas with a large number of troops. It became evident that Prim's promises of establishing a Republic had been thrown overboard, and that the leaders of the various monarchical parties had used the Democrats and Republicans for the purpose of overthrowing Isabella, Gonzalez Bravo,

and the camarilla, and taking the power into their own hands, but by no means for the purpose of carrying out the views of their temporary allies. Señor Olozaga soon drew up a programme in the sense of Constitutional Monarchy, and in the first days of the new year (1869), the Provisional Government addressed the nation in the same sense, the manifesto being signed by all the members of the Cabinet, including Prim himself. This manifesto was answered by one from the National Republican Committee, and being signed by men like Orense, Figueras, Castelar, Chao, &c., showed that there was a complete breach between even the most moderate members of the Republican party and the Government, and that more blood was to be shed before any definite arrangement could be arrived at.

The subsequent events are, probably, still fresh in the reader's memory. The Constituent Cortes, elected under the strong influence of the leaders of the various anti-Republican parties, declared themselves in favour of the monarchical form of government, appointing Serrano to the Regency until a suitable person was found to be seated upon the throne, while Prim became President of the Council of Ministers and Generalissimo of the Army. The two influences and ambitions

were thus pretty fairly balanced. And though it has been said that Serrano was thus "locked up in a golden cage," the fact is nevertheless undeniable that Prim with his whole army could do nothing against Serrano with the union of nearly all the monarchical parties to back him. If the finances of Spain had not been in such a desperate condition, and if the spread of knowledge in political science was in any way approaching the spread of the art of political intrigues in the country, Prim might have been brought, perhaps, to finally embrace the cause of the Republic, and would have probably become a great man. He had no lack of energy, he was brave, and devoured by ambition. He was offered a crown, and would have been readily invested with a dictatorship. But he was aware of his utter ignorance of all that constitutes statesmanship, and was under the impression that the Republican party was not in a position to furnish him the necessary assistance in this respect. He knew also that all financial help was sure to be refused to him by the monetary classes, at home as well as abroad the very moment he established a Republic; and the foreign diplomatists, by constantly pointing out to him the isolation in which Spain would be placed in monarchical Europe,

finally discouraged any attempt being made by him in that direction. However, it would not be fair to suppose that he abandoned the Republican cause without undergoing a series of struggles with himself. If he was not a Republican or a Democrat at heart—as his craving for the titles of Conde de Reus and Marquès de Castillejos show — he was good-natured enough to be always on the side of what could be represented to him as the cause of justice and progress, and gentlemanly enough to keep his word when he once gave it. Even his love for fighting, which he enjoyed so much at home, and in Turkey and Morocco, did not prevent him from breaking up the Mexican campaign as soon as he understood what it really meant. "We are sent here to establish a monarchy in a country where there is is not a single monarchist," wrote he to Madrid, and gave up the business.* We have, therefore, ample reason for believing that if Prim did not

* This phrase was subsequently adapted to Spain in the form of: "One cannot establish a Republic in a country where there are no republicans," and of course attributed to Prim. But he never said anything of the sort, for he knew that, notwithstanding all the manœuvres of the Monarchists during the elections for the Constituent Cortes, there were over 300,000 Republican votes recorded.

keep the promises he gave the Republicans, it was solely because he found himself utterly unable to overpower the influence of Serrano, Topete, Zorrilla, Sagasta, Rivero, and their followers.

Who does not remember what the spectacle was which Spain presented to Europe in 1869—1870? The Monarchical Constitution was adopted by something like two hundred and fifteen votes against seventy. In a month's time martial law was proclaimed consequent on Republican risings. Jerez, Zaragoza, Barcelona, Gracia, Murcia, Valencia were deluged with blood. And when so much had been done, Prim thought he might as well go a step further, and in October he publicly declared in favour of monarchy. The crown of Spain was now being offered, much as a piece of forged ancient plate, on all the European markets. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, Prince George of Saxony, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Archduke Victor of Austria were about the first thought of, but soon given up as unobtainable. Then came Dom Fernando and Dom Luis of Portugal, and the young Duke of Genoa, all of whom refused. Then a Prince, whose very name no Spaniard could either pronounce or spell, the Hohenzollern, with the Franco-

German War as the only result of the proposal. And this long catalogue does not include the candidates got up at home—Alfonso, Montpensier, Espartero, Prim, and even some children of Prim and Serrano, whom it was proposed to wed first and to crown afterwards.

After a couple of years' search, the Monarchists found at last a Prince amiable enough to consent to come to Spain, and to give a trial to the principle of really Constitutional Monarchy in that misgoverned country. But Prim had to pay with his life the apparent success of his long and sad efforts to satisfy the Monarchists of Spain and the diplomatists of Europe. And it will always remain the glory of the Republican party of Spain that Prim's assassination was not the work of any fanatic belonging to their ranks, but the fruit of the corruption and villainy of the very same men for whose sake he threw the Republicans overboard. His death has thus assumed something of the character of a punishment from the hand of inexorable fate.

The declaration that the Duke d'Aosta had consented to ascend the Spanish throne did not in the least set matters right. The Repub-

licans, the Alfonsists, the Montpensierists, the Carlists, all were equally dissatisfied, and the deputation which was to fetch the new sovereign from Florence had to start under the shelter of night lest it should be captured and prevented from going. On Amadeo and his family leaving Genoa, a fearful storm—a bad presage for any man that might be superstitious—caught him, and compelled him to seek shelter upon the Spanish coast. And the first news which reached him here was that Prim, the man who made a king of him, was just assassinated. Those who knew the Prince, who were aware of his having been an admirer of patriots like Garibaldi and Mazzini, could never make out how the Duke d'Aosta could have ever accepted a crown so uncomfortably shaped, and so heavily stained with blood and mud. But the principle of "I do not understand the conduct of that man, show me his woman," holds equally good in the analysis of a prince's actions as well as of those of a pickpocket. At the bottom of the Duke d'Aosta's apparent inconsistency was his spouse, Maria-Victoria. When quite a child at the Convent of the *Sacré Cœur*, her dreams were a crown; and when a nun told her one day that Mademoiselle de Montijo had "*la plus belle couronne du monde*" put on her head

as a reward for her having been always a devout worshipper of our Lady the Virgin, the young Princess Pozzo della Cisterna adorned her breast with a little medal in honour of Notre Dame des Victoires, and began daily and nightly praying her holy patroness to give a crown to the little Maria-Victoria. There can be little doubt that when the Duke d'Aosta found himself the husband of the namesake of Notre Dame des Victoires, he must have become aware of the aspiration of his young wife, and, a chance to obtain a crown having presented itself, Maria-Victoria probably used all her influence that it should not be lost.

The proposal once accepted, Amadeo was too noble and brave to retreat. He saw well that in the reception the land of *Figaros* and *Don Basilios* was supposed to have prepared for him, nothing but official faces came to salute him, nothing but freezing congratulations came to greet him. The country he passed through, the capital he came to live in, looked dumb and stony, and he must have felt at once that the best he could say of himself was that he was going to be the King of only that portion of Madrid which he might assist in making money, either in trade or in office; but by no means of the whole of Madrid,

still less of Spain, and less still of *todas las Españas*. In the eyes of the religious-minded folk of the country he was not only an intruder, but the son of the blasphemous and excommunicated Italian who trampled under foot the dazzling crown of the holy Peter. He thought a journey through his new dominions would perhaps improve his position. The peasantry would perhaps like him after having seen him, and so he started on a kind of exhibition tour, spending a lot of his private money, and followed by Spanish and English journalists, who were to tell the world that everything was getting right in Spain, and that the Carlists, Isabelinos, Republicans, and Internationalists, would be all turning by-and-by into steady, business-like subjects of a Constitutional monarchy. He returned to Madrid perfectly conscious that he had not achieved much by his journey, but still he did not finally lose his hopes. He had done his duty, he had shown himself, and he was now willing to do his best to win the sympathies of the population of Madrid. He was a capital horseman, and he showed himself every day on horseback. His wife and himself drove daily on the Prado. His box at the Opera was seldom empty, and he did all that was in his power to laugh at the national *zarzuela* as heartily

as any true Castilian. Once a week, at least, there was also a banquet, and a ball at the Palace. But notwithstanding all these efforts of being and looking amiable, the young King did not see, except his Ministers, any Spaniard of political influence showing a desire to approach him, and a dull, bitter isolation seemed still to remain the only appanage of the thorny crown. The royal banquets and balls were never attended by any one except diplomatists, present *ex officio*, some Spanish liberals ennobled by himself, a few politicians looking out for employment, and a few bankers anxious to decide whether they should tie or loosen the strings of their purses.

The Queen fared even worse. In the first place, she did not always share the political views of her husband; she was often ill, and the scandalous gossip of the Palace coulisses said that the Duke d'Aosta, having inherited certain proclivities of his father, was fond of enjoying ladies' society outside of his house. Besides all that, there was no humiliation which the female representatives of Spanish nobility did not inflict upon the young Queen. One day at the Prado, the Parisian bonnets which had for a considerable time past found their way to Madrid, suddenly disappeared, and the ancient big tortoiseshell

comb and the national mantilla of olden days were revived as by magic order. The noble ladies wanted to show the Queen that they were genuine blue-blooded *Españolas*, and that she was not. On another occasion the insult was still more pointed. The Queen had a baby, and asked the wife of Marshal Serrano, as the highest functionary of the kingdom, to hold the child at the baptismal font, but met with a refusal under the pretence of the lady's illness; yet the Duchess de la Torre showed herself in the theatres, and good care was taken that Amadeo should know that the Duchess refused the invitation because, as a Creole, she felt unable to give her support to a Sovereign whose views were obviously calculated to ruin all the Creoles of Cuba.

Amadeo got sick and tired of all that. He felt also that his life was not safe. He was not only shot at by street ruffians, but learned—as he subsequently publicly declared at Lisbon—that extensive home and foreign conspiracies were plotted against his life. He saw, on the other hand, from the accounts presented to him by Dragonetti (his private secretary and friend, whose influence as an Italian was so much objected to by the Spaniards), that in the short period of his reign he had spent a portion of his own and his wife's

fortune, the civil list not being very large, and never regularly remitted. In a word, the King's business did not pay. He got out of it neither money, nor honour, nor pleasure, nor the satisfaction of honestly performing the duties imposed upon him by his constitutional oath, and he resolved to abdicate. But to carry out this resolution was not so easy. His wife would not take off the crown, which had been the object of her dreams since her childhood. Domestic troubles came thus in addition to the rest, and the young monarch was anxiously watching the moment when he could carry out his intention in such a manner as not to be stopped half way. When in November and December of the previous year insurrectionary movements broke out in Valencia, in Malaga, in Murcia, and several other places, *à propos* on the vote of a new levy, and when the Carlists began to make progress in Catalonia and the Basque provinces, he allowed himself to be again persuaded that it was for him a question of duty and honour to remain now in the breach. But seeing that even the spending of his private money to facilitate the expedition against the insurgents and the Carlists did not in any way improve his position, he took the first occasion which presented itself for carrying out

his former intention. Opposition was by-and-by brought quite home to him, for his very councillors and ministers plotted measures to which they knew the King objected. They wished to impose upon him, amongst other things, the nomination of General Hidalgo to a high military post. That General was held in abhorrence by the best officers of the army, especially so by the artillery corps. The King objected to this nomination just as much as his officers did, and as they gave in their resignations, so he gave in his, though of course he was personally much less concerned in the appointment of one more objectionable individual to a responsible position. But Amadeo was anxious to take advantage of the moment when his wife, who had been just confined, was unable to interfere in political matters, and on the 10th of February, at eight o'clock at night, he declared to Señor Ruiz Zorrilla his final resolution to abdicate. On the 12th, early in the morning, much before the most pious señoras had dressed for early mass, several plain carriages were driving the Royal Family from the palace of Madrid to the railway station. The Queen had to be borne on a litter, and the King lifted her himself into the carriage at the entrance of the palace as well as at the station. A few deputies

and a regiment of infantry escorted Their Majesties and their three children to the frontier of Portugal, and the vast majority of the so-called respectable classes throughout Europe read with feelings of sincere sorrow the declaration of the young monarch: "My good wishes have deceived me, for Spain lives in the midst of a perpetual conflict. If my enemies had been foreigners I would not abandon the task, but they are Spaniards. I wish neither to be King of a party nor to act illegally; but believing all my efforts to be sterile, I renounce the crown for myself, my sons and heirs." On the 13th the Royal Family reached Lisbon, where they remained till the complete restoration of the Queen's health, and proceeded then quietly home, and nothing was ever heard more of them in Spain. They had not yet left the palace ere a Republic was proclaimed, the Senate and the Congress amalgamated under the title of "National Assembly," presided over by Señor Martos, and a new ministry was seated on the blue velvet bench of the *Congreso de los Diputados*.

In fact, abroad the abdication of the King of Spain produced by far a stronger impression than in the country itself. In England, every old maid was lamenting the dangers to which the wretched

Spaniards had exposed the young Queen "in such a position"—although Spaniards had of course nothing to do either with the "position" or the exposure. The newspapers and politicians could not find words strong enough to express their indignation at a nation that had proved unable to appreciate the merits of a truly liberal and chivalrous Sovereign, and the chances it had of enjoying the blessing of Constitutional government. In Germany there was no end of nebulous speculations about the old bugbear of a Latin Republican federation as opposed to the Imperial Teutonic and Sclavonic federations. The King of Italy began to be courted still more, "a Hohenzollern Prince" began again to be talked of, and a couple of men-of-war had secret instructions sent to them. In Paris, where I happened to be at that time, the excitement was still greater. M. Thiers repeated several times that he "deplored" Amadeo's abdication as one of the greatest calamities that could have occurred. He predicted even grave European complications. When the news of the abdication reached the Assembly at Versailles, the effect it produced upon that excitable body was so great that French business with its Committee of Thirty seemed to be quite forgotten for the moment. The Right

seemed just as delighted as the Left, for the former saw at once a chance of making the old Royalist agitation common to both countries, while the latter saw another field open for the propagation of the theories of "liberty, equality, and fraternity." Every French Communist residing in London or Geneva, and having a chance to borrow somewhere a few sovereigns, as well as every Polish emigrant residing at Paris, rushed at once to Madrid in the anticipation of a new arena of activity being soon open to them in the country where violence of opinion is surpassed only by ignorance. On the other hand, French priests and old-fashioned French noblemen, usually creeping out of their houses hardly oftener than once week, were for several days rushing about Paris and Versailles as if they had shaken a quarter of a century off their shoulders. The re-establishment of the old Catholic and Legitimist Monarchy was now for them a question to be simultaneously worked out in both countries, and with greater energy than ever. Funds began at once to be subscribed, if not actually collected, to improve the organisation of Don Carlos' army, and the *incognito* members of the Brotherhood of Jesus were joyously rubbing their hands in anticipation of the time when politics,

education and finances would be in both countries under their care, and when Franco-Spanish money, Franco-Spanish diplomacy, and Franco-Spanish arms would be set at work to restore the temporal power of the Pope at Rome, and to overthrow the father of that young Prince who had just resigned power. The opponents of these clerical desperadoes seemed, on the other hand, to be quite as confident in the results of the Spanish events. I could not better formulate their views than by repeating the words said to me by a Radical deputy, in whose company I was on that day, returning from Versailles. "Well, it is the greatest triumph the Republican cause could ever have had just now. The only thing we want to complete it is, that Don Carlos, Montpensier, Alfonso, and all that lot should try and get into Amadeo's empty bed for a few nights each. They would be sure to have their throats cut, and our own Bourbon and Orleans questions would be thus settled at once in the most comfortable and the most speedy way, and that for ever, I can assure you."

But to unconcerned observers, who have no business either to lament political events or to embark in risky political speculations, the abdication of Amadeo appeared in a somewhat different

light. In the first place, it was clear that it could not do any harm to Spain. The reign of "Macaroni I." (as Amadeo was popularly called) was simply impossible. He was, perhaps, the best stranger that could be found for the unhappy throne; but he was a stranger, and that was *bastante*. The mass of the Spanish people cannot stand even a shopkeeping or travelling foreigner on their soil. What force on earth could then make them stand *the rule* of a foreigner? His call to the throne was an absurd experiment, and the sooner it ended the better it was. A few months later he might, perhaps, not have been able to "retire into private life" as safely as he did then. In the second place, the statement made both by himself and by his admirers, about his having been frustrated in all his attemps to reign in accordance with the constitution, is not quite correct. There was a strong opposition against him—that is true, but is not opposition one of the elements of constitutional government? The Queen of England had, for a good many years, to approve measures which were certainly not in accordance with her personal tastes. Yet she does not abdicate on account of that. She feels a satisfaction in reigning; she sees loyalty and affection; she earns honour and wealth. Amadeo had nothing

of that; he had to stand insults, to spend his own and his wife's fortune, and to run the risk of being murdered some day into the bargain. It is, therefore, fair to conclude that personal considerations had much more influenced his decision than his reluctance "to be the King of a party," or "to act illegally." The believer in hereditary transmission of human and animal peculiarities, might also have discovered in the representatives of the Savoy House a rather general proclivity to get soon tired of the exercise of royal prerogative, a considerable number of Princes of that house having abdicated their power, and some of them on very slight provocation. Amadeo VIII., Emmanuel-Philibert, Victor Emmanuel I., and the grandfather of Amadeo, Charles-Albert, have rendered themselves quite celebrated in this respect. But be it the result of personal or political considerations, be it the manifestation of an inherited tendency or a purely spontaneous act, Amadeo's abdication had, at all events, one most valuable element in it — the element of progress. Without speaking of times more distant from us, when massacres and bloodshed were the first conditions of every change of dynasty or form of government, in our own times—in

1830, for instance—France had to fight for three days to overthrow a rotten dynasty. In 1848 a great improvement is already to be noticed; a few hours' fighting of a few hundred men is quite enough to make a king abdicate and run away. In 1870 the thing is still more convéniently done by a single jump of a gentleman into the tribune; and a vóciferous declaration that the dynasty was no longer reigning. In Spain, in 1868, several thousand people had to be killed before the country could get rid of an unsuitable Queen, while four years later a few minutes' conversation with his Minister is sufficient to make a King put on his travelling costume, lock and book his portmanteau, and take the train as quietly as if he were a newspaper correspondent recalled to London. Thanks to the peaceful nature of the arrangement, there were neither conquerors nor conquered in Spain in February last. Not a single barricade had been erected; not a single pane of glass or lamp smashed. Everything went on incomparably more quietly than an election meeting in England. Yet the question was not one between sending a Conservative Liberal or a Liberal Conservative to St. Stephen's, but one of upsetting the whole governmental fabric, established with such difficulty a couple of years

previous. Is it not an improvement—a progress truly characteristic of the beautiful times we are living in?

The example which the young King Amadeo has given to his brother-sovereigns is not one likely to be imitated. But the fact that the King of Spain has abdicated instead of sending out troops on the intimation that people did not require him, ought to be a subject for serious meditation to some of his colleagues. It was certainly an act characteristic of a thorough well-bred gentleman, almost a chivalrous act, and as such fairly deserving imitation.

The best proof how short were the roots the young Italian Prince planted into Spanish soil and Spanish hearths during his twenty-five months reign, can be seen from the fact that a few days after his departure his very name seemed to have been forgotten. Madrid, the city where everybody seems to talk at the same time, and to do nothing but talk, had neither a word of gratitude nor a word of blame for Amadeo. If you attempted to bring the conversation on him, his reign and his abdication, you heard invariably an abrupt sentence like this: "He was a stranger, and could not even properly speak Spanish;" "He brought a lot of Italians with him;" "He

was a pretty good fellow, but had no business to come here;" and so on, according to the individual disposition of the person you talked to. During the first days immediately following his departure the always pleasure-thirsty Madrileñas seemed to get shy and to apprehend street rows. At all events, the most fashionable *habituées* of the afternoon *paseos* and the theatres were not to be seen. But in about a week's time Madrid life took its habitual course, and the Carnival following close upon the pacific revolution was as jolly as ever. The land which had taught Europe so many excellent lessons in olden times, and which stood once at the head of civilisation, seemed to revive once more, to try and do again something that was worth while imitating. Smoothly, gently, without shedding a drop of blood, it changed the whole of its governmental fabric, and people who had never heard speak of Spain otherwise than as a land of brigands and assassins, stood amazed at the sight offered to them. Yet two Governments only—the United States and the Swiss—recognised the new Republic, and encouraged the efforts of its leaders and of its people. All the others remained sulky, and sent out men-of-war to the coast of the enchanted land, of the ruin of which they alone had been guilty.

CHAPTER VI.

SPANISH REPUBLICANISM.

THOUGH everybody knows the proverb "There's nothing new under the sun," people are still inclined to take very old things for quite new ones. When the European public heard of the Federal Republic having been proclaimed in Spain, they considered it as quite a new calamity brought upon the political world, immediately declared it to be subversive of every vestige of order, and attributed its origin to the propaganda of the International Society. The truth was, however, that Spanish Federalism was neither a new thing, nor had it any connection whatever with the International.

First of all, the International Society is essentially a working man's association, and there are hardly any working men at all in Spain, Catalonia

excepted. Spain is totally an agricultural country, and it is well known that the International has not yet had any influence on the agricultural labourers, having been strictly confined to the manufacturing and working classes. On the other hand, any one that knows anything about Spanish history, is well aware that what the Federalists now call the "saving formula of little republics within a great nation" was the original form of government which prevailed all over the Peninsula, up to the time when foreign kings, adventurers, and armies came, under various pretexts, to invade the Peninsula, to rob it of its treasures, and its people of their liberties.

If the various kingdoms which constituted Spain became united, it was chiefly because the country was in need of leaders, and of great unity of effort for getting rid of the invaders. The intermarriage between the sovereigns, and the nominal union of various kingdoms, did in no way affect their constitution and privileges, and as soon as the Moors were expelled, the separate provinces began at once to claim their ancient rights and the privilege of independent existence.

Early in the sixteenth century, the provincial procuradores, or representatives of the people, rose

all over the country to oppose the foreign yoke of the young Charles V. and his Flemish councillors, and refused to swear allegiance to him until he himself had sworn to maintain the liberties and privileges of the Spanish provinces and municipalities. The researches which had been made by the late Mr. Bergenroth, in the Simancas Archives, are sure soon to revive the interest in the sanguinary civil war known as the war of *Comunidades*, which offers quite an inexhaustible material for romances, dramas, and tragedies, though at present the great struggle and its heroes—Padilla, Maria Pacheco, Vega, Quintanilla, Zapata, and Juan Bravo,—are almost forgotten.

The *Comuneros* were vanquished and their leaders executed, but the idea which they represented, and for which they struggled, was on that account not eradicated from the minds of the people whom we know under the general denomination of Spaniards, and who are in reality Castilians, Aragonese, Catalans, Andalusians, Basques, &c., between all of whom there is certainly more difference in every possible respect than has ever existed between an Irishman and an Englishman, or a Bavarian and a Prussian. To the great majority of the public in this

country it seems that, since all Spaniards profess the Catholic religion and live on the same peninsula, they must be, if not truly homogeneous, at all events very similar people. No notion can be more false than this. Except in cases where religion is purposely brought into connection with politics, so as more to excite popular passions, it has, in the natural course of human affairs, absolutely nothing to do with it. Men have constantly proved to be able to profess the same creed, and pray to the same God, and yet be deadly enemies. The most flourishing time of Italy was that of its municipal organization, and we know that in the hatred which existed at that time between Genoa, Venice, Milan, Florence, &c., there was something far exceeding the animosity that ever animated any two different races. The same thing is still to be seen between the various provinces of the now United Germany, and between the various nationalities composing the Austrian and the Russian Empire. If Italy looks now more united, it is simply because there was, for a long time, a general idea animating the people. Unity became, for the Italians, synonymous with the overthrow of foreign dominion and of the secular power of the Pope. If, at the time of Napoleon's invasion, Spain had

been left to herself, she might also, perhaps, have softened down her provincial rivalries, and become, at least as far as appearance goes, a more consolidated State.

That the spirit of localism and provincialism does not in any way prevent common action amongst the various component parts of a State, is sufficiently clear to anyone who reads and understands the most glorious pages of the history of England, America, and Switzerland, or is able to penetrate the real meaning of the last German success, in which fierce rivals and deadly enemies were cemented into one invincible body. Provided the idea of which the defence is to be undertaken is common to all their provinces and municipalities, federal States have almost invariably proved to be superior in efficiency of action to centralized States. Señor Castelar points out, with reference to this subject, that "Asturias alone made a treaty with Great Britain, and the treaty was religiously observed by the whole nation. The Alcalde of Mostoles, an insignificant village, first declared war against Napoleon, and his declaration was the declaration of all Spain. The village bell rang with clamour, and awoke in the hearts of the peasantry indignation against the invader; the defiles were changed into Ther-

mopylæs, the hunter became a guerilla, and the guerilla a general."

The fact that Italy and Germany have been quite lately consolidated, makes the reading classes of the public throughout Europe believe that we have entered an age of large Empires; but this opinion is very erroneous. Bold as the assertion might seem, one would be strongly inclined to say that the consolidation of Italy and Germany is a mere historical incident, one great step more towards a Republican and Federal union of various nationalities, more or less belonging to the same race and speaking the same tongue. To make any progress at all, as great States, Italy and Germany had first of all to get rid of a number of petty sovereigns, all of whom were equally famous for extortions, selfishness, corruption, and utter imbecility. Now that these petty princes have been set aside, the central power, by means of which they were overthrown, will naturally hold its sway for some time, but by-and-by the period of natural disintegration is sure to set in; and all the misapprehensions which exist on that point are simply the result of people not quite realizing the difference between disintegration and decomposition in State matters

—two perfectly different things. Disintegration by no means implies a decrease of strength of the central power, in cases where the activity of that power is needful, as is clearly shewn by the examples of America, England, and even little Switzerland; while decomposition is the invariable and inevitable result of unlimited centralization. With the execution of the Girondists, those intrepid though partly unconscious advocates of Federalism, the French Republic itself was executed; while the principle of self-government embodied in the otherwise very narrow-minded Anglo-Saxon parish and municipality has saved the liberties of the nation. English Georges were in no way preferable to sundry French Louis, or the Spanish Ferdinands and Charles. At the same time the worship of royalty and aristocracy was always incomparably stronger in this country than either in France or Spain. Yet, while Great Britain was steadily growing into a free community of free citizens, France and Spain were invariably plunging from savage despotism into savage anarchy, or *vice versâ*. The explanation of this fact is that the history of the progress of national liberty is simply the history of the

progress of municipal and provincial charters and franchises.

But I am afraid I am writing here the kind of generalities to which the English mind has an invincible abhorrence. Besides, the subject of Federalism requires volumes of space and numbers of pens, much more able than my poor one. Consequently I had, perhaps, better simply sum up here what I consider to be the chief impediments in the way of Spain ever getting constituted as an orderly centralized state, whether Monarchical or Republican.

Foremost of all stand the natural causes. The four kingdoms of Andalusia, the two Castiles, the Vasco-Navarre provinces, Murcia, Valencia, Catalonia, Aragon, Galicia, Leon, Estremadura, Asturias, are each and all vastly different in every possible respect—in climate, soil, natural productions, character of the population, and their habits and pursuits. No uniform legislation is conceivable for them, and the cry for home-rule must unavoidably arise in everyone of these provinces, as soon as the Peninsula is out of danger of foreign invasion. Except those of Madrid, all the revolutions and revolts, since the last invaders had been got rid of, were—whatever may have been their immediate pretexts—in substance provincial

and municipal risings against the central power. Thus, from natural causes alone, it would be utterly impossible to make a centralized state of the Peninsula. A sort of patriarchal despotism *à la Russe* would be the only means of keeping the various provinces under a central yoke. But this sort of government is possible only for a limited time, and had the Russian Czars of the present centuries, made themselves as much detested and despised by their subjects as the Spanish Sovereigns did, the Russian Empire would have been by this time engaged in a most ferocious civil war for Federalism, Poles, Germans, Fins, Asiatic tribes, &c., all claiming independent existence.

The general corruption and demoralization of Madrid, is another obstacle standing in the way of Spanish centralization. The population of the capital consists chiefly of professional politicians, *empleados* (civil service functionaries), in and out of office, a number of troops accustomed to *pronunciamientos*, stock exchange and other gamblers, and jobbers, and similar dangerous classes. The provinces justly hold Madrid in utter abhorrence, and know that, whether the form of government be a Monarchy or a Unitarian Republic, the power will practically be in the hands of these

classes, and this is what they won't stand under any consideration. The prestige which Paris has for every Frenchman, of even the most distant province, is here unknown. Consequently, while the French capital was constantly able to settle or disturb the affairs of the whole of France, in Spain we almost invariably find the provinces satisfied only when Madrid is disturbed, and see them rising again as soon as things seem to settle in the capital. The most striking proof of this difference between the two countries is to be found in the fact that the capture of Paris was invariably an actual conquest of the whole of France, while the entry of the enemy into the Spanish capital was a mere incident of the war, the capture of a large town.

Thus the general character of the relations between the capital and the provinces of Spain renders the establishment of a *strong* central government impossible, and as no centralised state has ever been endurable, or even preserved its equilibrium, unless its central power was unusually strong, one would be justified in assuming that only two forms of government are possible in the Peninsula, either a Federal Republic or a Federative Monarchy, something similar to what Austria has been tending to for these last few years.

Now, the establishment of a Monarchy of even such a decentralised form will still meet all the difficulties we have already mentioned; the minority of Don Alfonso, the popular hatred for his mother, grandmother, and their parties, the wretched yet unavoidable influence of the professional politicians of Madrid, and the fact of the young Prince not having any popular party to back him. And along with these obstacles will come the constantly growing spread of Republican ideas all over the country. But as I have endeavoured all through these volumes to give at least some sort of support to the opinions I have ventured to express, I will quote here a better authority on this subject than any foreign writer on Spain could ever pretend to be. Here is, in substance, what Don Emilio Castelar wrote in 1872, when Amadeo sat on the throne of Spain, when Europe fully believed in the possibility of establishing a Constitutional Monarchy in the Peninsula, and when the idea of "Spanish Federalism" was quite unknown to the European public at large, and considered a silly dream by the few who had heard of its being advocated.

At this day one of the nations most fitted for the federation is our Spain. We do not have the same republican traditions as those possessed by Italy and France. Our people, always

at war, have always needed a chief, and this chief required not only the sword of the soldier to fight, but the sceptre of the monarch to rule. Notwithstanding this ancient monarchical character, there are regions which have been saved from the monarchy, and which have preserved their democracy and their republic. There still exist in the North provinces possessed of an autonomy and an independence which give them points of resemblance to the Swiss cantons. The citizens give neither tribute nor blood to the kings. Their firesides are as sacred from the invasion of authority as those of the English or of the Americans. Every town is a republic, or governed by a council elected by the citizens at the summons of the church-bell. When the time fixed by their constitution arrives, the representatives of the towns come together in the shade of the secular trees of liberty, vote taxes, draw up or amend the laws, name new officers and withdraw the old ones, with the calmness and moderation of a people accustomed to govern themselves in the midst of the agitations of liberty.

And we not only have these living examples of democracy, but we have also democratic traditions—traditions which we may call republican. Our Cortes of Castile succeeded frequently in expelling the ecclesiastical and aristocratic estates from their sessions. Our Cortes of Aragon attained such power that they named the government of their kings, and obtained fixed days for their sessions. Navarre was a species of republic more or less aristocratic, presided over by a king more or less respected. And the Castilian municipalities were in the middle ages true democratic republics. All the citizens came to council, they elected the alcaldes, and alternated on the jury. They guarded their rights of reality in which the servitude of the tenantry was extinguished. They all bore arms in the militia, all held safely guarded the liberties indispensable to life, and they founded

together the brotherhood which defended these against feudalism, and which was a genuine federation of plebeians.

What is certain is the complete extinction of the monarchical sentiment in the Spanish people. At the beginning of the century monarchical faith had diminished in the popular conscience, and the respect for the monarchy had suffered in our hearts. The scandals of the court taught the people that kings had lost the moral superiority, which is the life and soul of political superiority. An insurrection irreverently attacked the palaces of the kings, and forced them to abdication. The mutiny of Aranjuez really put an end to the absolute monarchy. Afterwards, when the people carried the war of independence, the king was absent, converted into a courier of the conqueror, congratulating him on victories gained against his own subjects, and licking his spurs wet with Spanish blood. He (Ferdinand VII.) returned to oppress the patriots who redeemed him, and to call to his aid the foreigners who had captured him. The crowned monster left us his offspring, and intrusted the cradle of his child to the liberty which he had violently persecuted.

The Spanish republican party is distinguished from the republican party of France by having been always federal. We cannot understand how the popular sovereignty exists in reality or in force in a country where, as its only means of manifestation, it has the suffrage placed above outraged individual rights, over mutilated municipalities blindly electing in accordance with administrative coercion representatives to central assemblies, which, imagining themselves sovereign, become arbitrary. The geographical constitution of the Peninsula makes of Spain a southern Switzerland. Its vast cordilleras mark the boundaries of natural and autonomic states. The Basques and the people of Navarre still preserve their independence, as if Nature had wished to rebuke with this living

example the violence of men. Between the Cantabrian, the Asturian, and the Galician, although they stretch upon one line and are mirrored in the waters of the same sea, there are profound differences of race, of history, of character, which always give rise, in spite of apoplectic centralisation, to profound social and political differences. The two Castiles, separated by their high mountain range, would form two powerful states. Valencia, Murcia, Andalusia, and Estremadura are, like Italy, like Greece, the regions of light and inspiration and of beauty, the fruitful mothers of our artists, who have dazzled the world with the splendour of their colouring; of our poets, immortal through their fire and their melody: of our orators, who preserve in the midst of modern society the ancient Hellenic eloquence. The Aragonese retains the type of the ancient Celtiberian in his physique, and preserves in his morale the independence, the moderation, and the virility which come of his historical liberal institutions. Catalonia is a poetic Provence, inhabited by men as industrious as the English. And these races form the most various and most united nation, and consequently the nation most naturally Federal in the world. No one need ever think that Spain can be reduced to fragments, and that those fragments shall be, like aërolites, lost and scattered through immensity. Spain is one through the consent of all Spaniards, is Federal through the nature of her character, her geography, and her history. And the Federal Republican form is necessary and indispensable to-day if we are to unite with the Portuguese, a people restricted in territory, but great in their history, who wrote the poem of navigation and of labour, who peopled the ocean with legions like the ancient Argonauts, who evoked the East Indies from oblivion, and who divided with us the immensity of the New World, as they ought to share with us to-day the vast promise of another world,

newer and wider, the luminous world of justice and of right. It is certain that all these ideas, all these noble aspirations, have profoundly impressed our country, and have set in motion the irresistible Republican current."

If there was any truth at all in this in 1872, there is much more in 1874. The chief question seems to be how a Federal Republic is to be established. The experiment of simply proclaiming it and creating a newly-organised Federal executive and legislative power has proved a failure. A highly centralised military dictatorship had to be resorted to, and bold would be he who would attempt to predicate anything as to the issue of the present *status in quo*. But if Serrano could be converted to the Federal views, and induced, step by step, to advance towards a Federal organisation by a slow but systematic loosening of the centralist and bureaucratic ties between the provinces and Madrid, he would easily make people forget his unattractive past, and probably become a great man in the eyes of future generations. The most important point at present, however, is for Spain first to settle the Carlist business, and then finally to make up her mind whether Alfonso is to be admitted back or not, in the meanwhile carefully impressing upon the people of Europe and on European

courts the fact that Spanish Federalism does not mean anything more dangerous or subversive than what already exists in Switzerland and in the United States of America, and that the United Kingdom itself is, truly speaking, a much looser federation than that projected in Spain, for the greater part of British dominions are much less dependent on or connected with the mother-country than any Spanish Federal Council, Senate, or Congress would ever allow any Spanish province to be. As to the apprehensions of Communistic or Socialistic theories making any progress under the cover of Federalism, they are utterly void of foundation. Take any correspondence of impartial English witnesses of the recent federalist risings of Carthagena, Valencia, Malaga, Barcelona, or any other province, and you will see that no attack was ever made on private property. The letters published from the *Times'* special correspondents all through the siege of Carthagena will some day form an invaluable material for the defence of the much-abused Spanish Federalists. Even the five hundred released convicts behaved themselves as no mob in any country of Europe ever did in time of peace. I have not seen a single case of theft, or violence, or even drunkenness recorded

all throughout the siege although the correspondents of the leading English journal were certainly no sympathisers with either the Intransigentes or the released convicts.

That the abstract, theoretical notions of property will ever reach, among any branch of the Latin race, the extreme point they have reached in this country is more than doubtful. That the idea of "vested interests," for instance, could ever be entertained in any but an Anglo-Saxon head is not very probable. But the respect for individual property will, on that account, not be lessened. There are not a few acute judges of human affairs who believe that, if anything subversive of the present theories of property is ever to be brought to bear upon the world, it is sure to come from England, where the blind worship of wealth may finally exasperate millions of suffering and disregarded individuals, and not from the Continent, where property is more safe, simply because it is more largely spread among all classes of society. What concerns us here, however, is, not the prospects of property in Europe, but the plain fact that throughout the whole of the endless civil wars in Spain no reason was ever given to the world for apprehending that any attempt would be made in that

country to upset the basis of the present social arrangements. This is a very important point, for if Europe at large becomes convinced of it, she may, perhaps, be induced not to interfere any longer with the form of the government Spain may ultimately select for itself, and her diplomats to give up writing threatening despatches to the Government of Madrid, thus increasing its already almost insurmountable difficulties.

It would be quite useless on my part to give here the theoretical arguments against the Federal form of government. They are too well known, and there are too many people always anxious to repeat them in and out of season, though the majority of such people know nothing at all about Spain, and have hardly ever inquired what sort of thing Federalism really is. Here is a Spanish—consequently, a somewhat verbose—definition of it:

Relations between individuals create the family, relations between families the municipality, relations between municipalities the state, and between states the nation; and the nation should establish itself in constitutional compacts which should recognise and proclaim the autonomy of the citizens, of the states, and of the nation. This is the federal republican

form. This is the form which leaves all entities in their respective centres of gravity, and associates them in harmonious spheres. And when human relations become more intimate, not only through those miracles of industry which annihilate distance, but also by a closer sense of the solidarity which exists among all men, the federation of states, which we call nations, will be succeeded by the federation of nations, which we may call the organism of humanity.

This is the form of government proposed by the republican deputies in the Constituent Assembly, and defended with great tenacity in daily struggles; and when this form of government is dispassionately examined it must be admitted that it is not possible to invent another more adapted to our national character."

It is quite evident that neither life, nor property, nor order is in any way threatened by this programme. It is just as evident that it is perfectly immaterial whether on the summit of such a Federal state there be placed a throne or a presidential chair. If the people like to have a royalty at the top of their social fabric, let them have it; if not, don't impose it upon them. Whether it be Alfonso, or Serrano, or Castelar, or any other person that is going to take up his abode at the Palace of Madrid, it is, after all, quite immaterial, and presents for the country merely a question of a balance between a civil list and a President's salary. But what every well-wisher of Spain should desire for that lovely

but ill-fated country is, that it should get rid as soon as possible of its bureaucratic and centralisation fetters. Even from the bitterest enemies of Federalism, I never heard in Spain itself any valid *practical* argument against a Federal constitution, except that Castile and Catalonia must be ruined and Cuba lost under a Federation.

Castile—not Old, but New only—lives upon Madrid, and Madrid lives upon people in office, the court, the foreigners, and similar non-working bodies; that province has neither trade, nor manufactures, nor agriculture, and must, it is said, become a desert as soon as it is no longer a governmental centre. To this the answer is plain. The advantage of getting rid of the Madrid parasites is too great for the country at large not to be bought at the price of New Castile's ruin. Besides, if neither Castile nor Madrid work now, the feeling of self-preservation will compel them to work when they have no other resources.

Catalonia is expected to be ruined because, being the only manufacturing province, she has always been strongly protected by the general tariff to which a Federal constitution would put an end. The numberless ports of the Peninsula would be at once opened to free trade, and the factories of

Catalonia would have to be shut up. But this is evidently the old question of free trade *versus* protectionism, and the old answer must be given to it. Catalonia may suffer for a while, but will finally rise to the European standard of workmanship. If she proves unable to do so, it will be only because she is not fit for the work she has undertaken, and in that case it would be unjust to make the whole Peninsula indefinitely pay for the incapacity of Catalonia.

As to Cuba, the chances of her getting adrift could by no means be increased by a Federal constitution. On the contrary, many people believe that Cuba is lost already, and that the only means of saving the isle is to emancipate her slaves, and grant her all the privileges she could enjoy either as an independent republic or as a member of the United States.

In addition to these arguments against the establishments of a Federal Republic in Spain, I have never heard any worth while listening to. People who point out the constant disturbances and insurrections, obviously forget that these were more numerous and more sanguinary under the centralised Monarchy. The political disturbances in the Peninsula, are, as everywhere else, the result of bad government on the one

hand, and of an undue advance of "ideas" over "knowledge" in the mass of the people on the other. Provided the form of government suits a nation, people remain the quieter the less they "think," and the more they "know." It was always by "ideas" and "generalities" that the Continent was disturbed, and it was by the utter absence of anything like "thoughts" that the population of the British Isles was kept in peace. The Englishman who thinks, is just as turbulent a person as the Spaniard or the Frenchman, while the Spaniard or Frenchman who possesses the knowledge of the average Briton, is generally just as orderly and peace-loving an individual as the most respectable of Her Majesty's subjects. If the mass of Spaniards and Frenchmen could be by some sort of contrivance made to think less and to know more, we should never hear of any revolutions in those countries, and, to my mind, the greatest danger for Spain is the utter ignorance of her population, and its obstinate dislike to acquire any knowledge, whether it be of a theoretical or of a practical nature.

CHAPTER VII.

CASTELAR AND FIGUERAS.

DON EMILIO CASTELAR will probably remain, for a long time to come, the central figure in the history of Spanish Republicanism. The courage and earnestness with which he served the cause, his unblemished personal reputation, and his brilliant eloquence, have rendered him immensely popular in his country, while the comparative moderation of his views gained for him abroad the sympathies of even the political men and parties opposed to Republican principles. They abused him and sneered at his "florid dialectics," as long as they still preserved a hope of seeing Monarchy re-established in Spain; but the moment they became convinced that the chances of Spanish Monarchy were gone, they began to speak of him as of a great man, evidently believing that their compliments will not only flatter

Señor Castelar and increase the general moderation of his views, but cause him to give up some of the principles he has formerly advocated—the abolition of standing armies, for instance, of capital punishment, of the separation of State and Church, &c. And it must be said that the hopes entertained by these gentlemen were not deceived. Speaking of socialistic Utopias, Señor Castelar wrote once: "But I object to embracing within the programme of the Federation and of the Republic all these vague aspirations, some of them contrary to progress, and others to individual rights, and all dangerous to the peace of democracy; *because, if we promise the impossible and the absurd, the day of the Republic, instead of being the day of redemption, will be the day of disenchantment;*" and the last words of this sentence look now as if they had been written with special reference to himself. Almost everything he had fought for during something like thirty years he had to disregard, nay, to trample under his feet, when he made himself a Dictator in September last. No one will ever think of accusing him of having been moved, in that case, by personal consideration, or by ambition. A noble patriotism, and an intense desire of helping his country out of the chaos, were the only motives

that prompted him in advocating and enforcing measures which he had formerly attacked as most iniquitous, and from the adoption of which his former colleagues and brothers in arms shrunk. Yet, though his motives were most honourable, the fact, which history will have to record, will, nevertheless, remain unmitigated:—Castelar had recourse to violent, reactionary measures which he had always condemned, while Figueras, Salmeron, and Pi y Margall resigned power rather than act in disaccordance with the political opinions they professed.

This inconsistency of Señor Castelar was, however, inevitable. There is a division of labour in the business of the State as in any other. The duties of a leading member of the opposition are quite different from those of a leading statesman in office, not to speak of the truism that the most brilliant orator is not necessarily a good minister or dictator. Señor Castelar was always a theorist, and, as such, had naturally to aim at the ideal, at the impossible, to make people obtain the possible. When he took office, he became at once a sort of dissonant note, something like Mr. Bright sitting in the Cabinet; only as his official position was incomparably higher than that of Mr. Bright, and as he had arbitrarily to rule the country, instead of simply giving his opinion in

Council, the dissonance was also a more loud and screaming one. He had now to defend and enforce the possible against the claims of the impossible he advocated formerly. The position of his colleagues was incomparably more advantageous; they were more practical men, had never assumed the standpoint of theorists, and, consequently, the more moderate of them (Figueras and Salmeron), as well as the more violent (Pi y Margall), have an equally fair chance of escaping at least theoretical criticism, in addition to the practical, for the time they held office, while Señor Castelar will necessarily be open to both.

The names of Castelar and Figueras bear something like a close association in my mind. I saw the two gentlemen at work together, and they always seemed to me to throw light upon each other. They became connected very early in life, having worked hand in hand in favour of the Republic since 1840. The only difference was that Figueras, being a Catalan, was doing his work chiefly in Catalonia, while Castelar was in Madrid, as Professor of History and Rhetoric at the University. The political notoriety of the

fallen Dictator began, however, if I am not mistaken, only in 1856, when he was editor of a paper called *La Democracia*, a journal fiercely at war with another democratic paper, *La Discusion*, edited by Don Nicolas Rivero. In April, 1856, Castelar published in his journal a violent article against Isabella, under the heading of "*El Rasgo*" (the Gift), and the Government, not satisfied by bringing the author before the tribunals, insisted upon his being dismissed from his professorship. Señor Montalvan, the Rector of the University, replied that the offences for which the professors could be dismissed were enumerated in the code, and that Señor Castelar's offence could not be brought under any of the paragraphs. The Government, growing savage, dismissed Montalvan himself; the students got up a serenade in his honour, the police interfered, troops were brought out, a general row ensued in Madrid, and several unconcerned people were killed in the streets.

To Englishmen and Americans, Don Emilio Castelar became known chiefly through his writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, and some of the American periodicals, on subjects connected with the Republican movement in Europe. These articles, which I have already largely quoted

here were written in Spanish, and translated into English by some gentlemen at the American Legation. As a poet of considerable ability, Señor Castelar was early known throughout his country.

In their physical appearance and habits of life, the two leaders of the Madrid Federalist party are quite different. Castelar is a man of middle height, with broad shoulders and a powerful chest, with a perfectly bald head, somewhat narrow forehead, and a very thick, long, dark moustache. Upon the whole, I think he would look remarkably well in the uniform of a cavalry general. His attitudes are, I am afraid, always studied. He seems always ready to deliver an oration, and I never remember having seen him assuming a "stand-at-ease" attitude. He is indescribably amiable with everybody, and especially so with literary men; and Señor Figueras, who has much in himself of the critic and satirist, laughed immensely while describing to me an interview himself and Señor Castelar had with an American and an English journalist, who could not speak a single word either of Spanish or even French, while neither Señor Castelar nor Señor Figueras knew English; so that the mutual paying of compliments and the "interview-

ing" business proceeded through the instrumentality of an American dentist, who has long lived in Madrid, and is quite a popular character there. And Señor Figueras added that Don Emilio was quite delighted with the meeting, during which he (Figueras) had, it appears, the greatest difficulty to restrain himself from bursting into a fit of laughter.

Castelar, notwithstanding his numerous occupations, finds leisure and disposition to go out into society—at least, he did so when he was Minister for Foreign Affairs—while Figueras goes to bed at nine p.m., and rises at five a.m. The first time I was introduced to him was at half-past six in the morning, at his private residence in Calle de la Salud. At seven a.m. he invariably left his home to go to the Presidency. The simplicity of his manners, as compared with those of Señor Castelar, is quite striking. He is also much taller than his friend, and must have been a very handsome man formerly, but now he looks palé and thin, and his hair is turning grey.

Contrary to the general belief spread in England that Castelar was *the* man of the Republican party, I have every reason to believe that he was frequently but the mouth-piece of his friend, Don

Estanislao Figueras, a man of incomparably more knowledge, more statesmanlike capacities, and a more practical turn of mind. But Señor Figueras was perfectly aware of the great oratorical gifts of his friend, Don Emilio, and consequently when they sat together as deputies, whenever there was a necessity for mastering the Assembly by means of impassioned eloquence, Figueras pushed Castelar forward, the speeches often having been prepared in concert on the previous day; but the extempore retorts of a business-like nature, not necessarily implying much rhetoric, Señor Figueras as a rule reserved to himself. Unhappily, the late President of the *Gobierno de la Republica* is a man of weak health; he frequently spits blood when hard pressed by work, and is, besides, a man of that cast of character to which the late Mr. J. S. Mill belonged: personal grief intensely affects the whole of his being, and absorbs, for a long time, all other feelings and thoughts. In April last, a few days before the *coup d'état* of the 23rd, Señor Figueras lost his wife, and his grief was so intense that when I saw him about three weeks later he spoke as a man who had perfectly made up his mind to leave his post as soon as it was in any way possible, and even to leave the country. He was quite ill then, and departed

soon afterwards to a Pyrenean watering-place; a circumstance which caused his enemies to spread the absurd rumour that he had taken to flight.

The intimate friendship which seems, at all times, to have existed between Señor Castelar and Señor Figueras, was not in any way affected by the latter withdrawing from power and the former becoming a Dictator. At all events, during the celebrated sitting of September 18th, Señor Castelar still spoke in the warmest possible terms of his "illustrious and beloved friend, Señor Figueras;" and, as far as I know, the political opinions of the two friends are—or, at all events were, a short time back—almost identical. There is this difference, however, between the two men, that Señor Figueras was always possessed of considerably greater self-command, while the eloquent Don Emilio was rather apt to whip himself into passion by means of his own rhetoric, as a lion is supposed to do with his own tail.

But, strange to say, though Señor Castelar was always a theorist, had spent the greater portion of his life as professor at the Madrid University, and must naturally have thought himself, and has been thought by other people, to be, at least to a certain extent, a philosopher,

he never showed any great respect to philosophy as a science. This is, for instance, what he said of Hegel and his followers:

"When I contemplate these scientific systems, life in them appears to me a river without source and without issue, rolling its waves eternally through a purposeless channel. The world of the future needs an ideal. An ideal cannot be without ideas, and ideas can only be found in the unconditional, the absolute."

In fact, the piety of Señor Castelar strongly distinguished him from the vast majority of his colleagues, and Señor Pi y Margall, among others, went so far as to publicly sneer at him in the Cortes for having invoked God's help in favour of the Republic. There was nothing new, however, in this display of religious feeling on the part of the Dictator, for long before he asked the Almighty to interfere in Spanish politics, he wrote:

"I have never believed that to dethrone the kings of the earth it was necessary to destroy the idea of God in the conscience, nor the hope of immortality in the soul. I have always believed the contrary—that souls, deprived of these great principles, fall collapsed in the mire of the earth to be trodden by the beasts that perish. Give to man a great idea of himself, tell him that he bears God in his conscience and immortality in his life, and you will see him rise by this fortified sentiment

of his dignity to reclaim those rights which assure him the noblest independence of his being in society and in nature."

Of the nature of Señor Castelar's eloquence, it would be by no means easy to convey here an idea. It is incomparably more bewildering and verbose than anything we know in England or France. Fancy, for instance, a passage like this uttered in a thundering voice and at one breath, as if there had not been in the whole of it neither a stop nor a comma:

"The French democracy has a glorious lineage of ideas—the science of Descartes, the criticisms of Voltaire, the pen of Rousseau, the monumental Encyclopædia; and the Anglo-Saxon democracy has for its only lineage a book of a primitive society—the Bible. The French democracy is the product of all modern philosophy, is the brilliant crystal condensed in the alembic of science; and the Anglo-Saxon democracy is the product of a severe theology learned by the few Christian fugitives in the gloomy cities of Holland and of Switzerland, where the morose shade of Calvin still wanders. The French democracy comes with its cohort of illustrious tribunes and artists, that bring to mind the days of Greece and the days of the Renaissance—Mirabeau, the tempest of ideas; Vergniaud, the melody of speech; Danton, the burning lava of the spirit; Camille Desmoulins, the immortal Camille, brilliant truant of Athens, with a chisel in place of the pen, a species of animated bas-relief of the Parthenon. And the Anglo-Saxon democracy comes with an array of modest talent—Otis, the unassuming publicist: Jefferson, the practical orator; Franklin, common

sense incarnate—all simple as nature, patient and tenacious as labour. The French democracy improvises fourteen armies, gains epic battles, creates generals like Dumouriez, the hero of Jemmapes; like Masséna, the hero of Zurich; like Bonaparte, general of generals, the hero of heroes. The Anglo-Saxon democracy sustains a war of various fortunes, brings together little armies, makes campaigns of little brilliancy, and has for its only general Washington, whose glory is more in the council than in the field, whose name will be enrolled rather among great citizens than among great heroes. Nevertheless, the French democracy, that legion of immortals, has passed like an orgie of the human spirit drunken with ideas, like a Homeric battle, where all the combatants, crowned with laurel, have died on their chiselled shields; while the Anglo-Saxon democracy, that legion of workers, remains serenely in its grandeur. A parallel which reveals the brilliant means and scanty results of the one, and the scanty means and brilliant results of the other —an instructive parallel written in history with indelible characters, to teach us that the French democracy was lost by its worship of the state, by its centralization, by its neglect of the municipality, of the rights of districts, and even the rights of individuals; while the Anglo-Saxon democracy was saved by having in the first place founded the rights of man, and afterward the organised and self-governing municipality, and finally, a series of counties and states also self-governing, powerful instruments by which authority was united to liberty, giving us the model of the modern polity."

This tirade is, perhaps, all the more a fair specimen of Señor Castelar's eloquence as he is evidently himself in love with it, for he delivered it in the Constituent Cortes in 1870, and intro-

duced it, subsequently in 1872, in his *Fortnightly Review* articles. Two years experience have apparently not been sufficient to show him the vagueness and inaccuracy of the statements contained in the passage. Although a professor of history, he seems never to have known what impartial, critical, or even simply accurate history was. Events and names of the past seem to interest him only inasmuch as they can serve him in his exquisite but very fantastical work of illustration. Like some of the pictures of Gustave Doré, which are beautiful and full of life, without ever being lifelike in the sense of resembling anything we know in actuality, so is Señor Castelar's history. And he seems to consider such a use of historical materials quite a legitimate one.

"The revolution of 1854 (writes he) had the result of organising the Republican party throughout the Peninsula. The spread of the new ideas at this time was enormous. Journals inspired with the purest faith, written with convincing eloquence, fighting against the reactionary parties with a tenacious and skilful propaganda, excited extraordinary interest. Learned,* polished, popular, and literary, they were at once the focus of light and the nucleus of organisation. The chairs in

* To those who know what Spanish journalism is like in matter of learning, this passage must seem particularly naïve.

the universities, gained by disciples of the new ideas, contributed powerfully to the diffusion of light. Thanks to them, history assumed a progressive and humanitarian tendency. They redeemed the traditions of the country from their monarchical character, and reinvested them in the light of new science with the democratic character."

Quite recently, when reprimanding the ultra-Republicans in the Cortes for their want of moderation, he exclaimed, with vehemence:

"'Ah, gentlemen, how sad the spectacle we have presented as a party in Europe! All that we have initiated, the Conservatives have realised! Who struggled for the self-government of the Hungarian nation? A Republican, Kossuth. Who realised it? A Conservutive, Deak. Who sustained the idea of the abolition of serfdom in Russia? A Republican, Hertzen. Who realised it? An Emperor, Alexander. Who sustained the idea of the unity of Italy? A Republican, Mazzini. Who realised it? A Conservative, Cavour. Who promoted the idea of the Unity of Germany? The Republicans of Frankfort. Who realised it? An Imperialist, Bismarck. Who aroused the thrice-suffocated Republican idea in France, after the first Republic being a tempest, the second a dream, and the third but a name? A poet, Victor Hugo, a great orator, Jules Favre, and another great orator, Gambetta. Who consolidated it? A Conservative, Thiers. And whose sharp sword now protects it? That of a General of the Cæsars, Mac-Mahon.'"

It never occurred to him that the thing he complained here of was merely the natural course

of human affairs. Historical studies had not taught him that it was invariably, throughout all ages, the duty of the advanced party to "initiate" progress, to spread new notions, as it was the duty of the Conservative party to "realize" innovations, when the people became sufficiently prepared to receive them. If Kossuth, Hertzen, Mazzini, or Victor Hugo had ever had to put into practice the objects of their advocacy, they would have certainly experienced the same failures Señor Castelar had so patriotically exposed himself to.

How very different from his illustrious friend is the quiet, practical, non-generalizing Figueras! Not a word would you ever hear from him that is not to the point; not a statement that has not a direct bearing on the actual condition of his country. Willingly though he speaks, you invariably feel you are conversing, not listening to a prepared speech. In the beginning of May, he foretold me, for instance, in one of those conversations I shall always remember with the greatest pleasure, almost everything that has happened since, through the obstinacy of men like Serrano and those who sided with him. He foresaw then

that the Intransigentes would rise all over the country, and that a new *coup-d'état*, and a fierce reaction, would be the conclusion of several months' bloodshed.

"The representatives of Conservative opinions," said he, "are acting in the most foolish and unpatriotic manner. They seem to have learned nothing from past experience. It was at all times the strategy of the Conservative opposition in this country to create a vacuum around the existing Liberal power, and the invariable result was, that when this power fell it was not to make room for those who created the vacuum, but for the party still more advanced than that which was overthrown. By creating, now, a vacuum around us they will not open a road to themselves, but first to the demagogues only; while, by accepting the existing fact of a Spanish Republic, and by setting at work on the opposition benches, they would have balanced the forces, and have done certainly more good to the country than they could, perhaps, themselves believe. They are almost sure to cause blood to be shed now, while then they would have been almost as sure to lead the country to order and national regeneration, had they courageously accepted the Republic."

On my asking him whether he considered that the anti-Republican party had many members whose services could be rendered available by the Republic? "Certainly," answered he, "though it is not particularly pleasant for a Republican to make such an avowal; but I cannot deny the fact that the ablest statesmen Spain possesses are in the ranks of the Conservatives and Monarchists. Our party has still to try its forces and to show its abilities. We have not been as yet organized, nor have we even known each other. I know, for instance, the Republicans of my province, Catalonia, and they know me, for we were the first to begin the Republican agitation some thirty years ago: but we know scarcely anything about the Republicans of other provinces, nor they about us. Consequently, we have to make each other's acquaintance yet, and to try each other's abilities, for scarcely any one of us had occasion to show them—practically, I mean, for in the sphere of theory our party has done something already. The best contemporary Spanish writers belong to our party, but the most experienced and skilful statesmen must be as yet acknowledged to be in the opposite camp.

"The Conservatives call me a demagogue;

but I can assure you that I am no more a demagogue than M. Thiers or Mr. Gladstone. I differ from them only in my firm belief that a Federal Republic is the best form of government for Spain. But I believe just as firmly that a Federal Republic can be established without any wild socialistic theories being brought forward. So far, indeed, am I and my colleagues from being demagogues, that it was our sincere wish to bring a hundred or so Conservative Deputies into the Assembly, to form a sensible and powerful opposition. The question was deliberated in the Council of Ministers whether we should be right in encouraging some of the Conservatives to come forward, and in giving them such support as we could. And if we resolved not to do so, it was only because of the unmanageably hostile attitude of the Conservatives.

"The foreign Powers are now exchanging diplomatic despatches in reference to the Republic. They are, of course, anxious to see a Monarchy re-established in this country, because they don't know anything about the real state of our parties and the condition of Spain. Insisting still on a Monarchy, they do not, however, object as strongly as they did formerly to a Republic, provided this Republic is called "Conservative,"

and is copied from what M. Thiers has established on the other side of the Pyrenees. The old gentleman has managed to reconcile the European potentates with this form of government, and has made them understand that a Republic is not necessarily anarchy, and that an uncrowned chief of the Executive can be as despotic as any crowned monarch has ever been. But what they cannot make up their minds about is the word 'Federal.' They think it must mean something very undesirable. They don't take the slightest notice when they are told that America and Switzerland are Republican Federations. They simply answer you, 'The cases are quite different there,' and they think they have said everything and refuted all the arguments you may adduce.

"The other day the two Emperors paying each other compliments at St. Petersburg, did our Minister at that Court the honour of talking to him. They said they greatly desired that safety and order should be restored in Spain, and bloodshed ended. The Minister answered them that the Spanish Government was doing its best to achieve these ends. But I said to my friend, Señor Castelar, on receiving the report of this conversation, that if I had been in the place of

the Spanish Ambassador, I would have answered their Majesties that we had as much safety and order as ever, and that till now we have had no bloodshed at all, even not so much as there was the other day in Frankfort in connection with some beer, or as there is always in Russia, whenever a dozen people assemble to discuss any public grievance, and whole regiments are sent out to 'restore order.'

"My poor friend Señor Castelar, who is very impressionable, as you know, is getting quite nervous under the influence of the information he gets from our Ministers abroad. It looks as if we were going to receive some strong worded notes one of these days on the subject of the word 'Federal' as compared with 'Conservative,' and I am very glad that the Assembly will probably meet by the time we receive these documents."

Truly speaking, I seldom saw a man less subject to illusions than the late President of the Executive power, notwithstaning his having spent the whole of his life in the defence of a cause which at times seemed very illusory indeed. To him, for instance, belongs the honour of having first published the Spanish Budget, disregarding the advice of a good many of his friends not to do

so until the Republic had been more firmly established. "What is the use of deceiving ourselves and other people?" was his answer, and a few days later the *Gaceta de Madrid* contained the avowal of a debt of something like £350,000,000. He said to me that he became quite frightened for the life of the Republic when he first saw the true accounts of the Treasury. "This is," said he, "our weakest point; and, assuming that I speak to you, not as the President of the Spanish Republic, but simply as Señor Figueras, I would say that, though our financial position can certainly be improved by ourselves, a complete financial regeneration of Spain is possible only with the aid of America. But do not suppose that, when I say that American enterprise and American gold can alone regenerate the finances of Spain, I mean in any way to allude to Cuba. That island must be left quite out of the question at the present moment. As both Carlist and Alfonsist leaders told you, so must I tell you too, that no Government will dare, at the present moment, to propose any arrangement affecting in any way the extent of the Spanish dominions; and this was one of the reasons for my having put so much 'territorial integrity,' as you said, in my official answer to

the congratulations of General Sickles the other day. Our enemies were spreading rumours that we were arranging the sale of Cuba in an underhand manner, and I had to answer them. My private conviction is that Cuba is lost for us, and that in a quarter of a century every Spaniard will believe that Cuba's joining the States was quite a natural thing, as he now believes it to be the most unpatriotic and criminal idea ever conceived."

If the Spanish Republic is to last, Castelar and Figueras are sure to be restored to power, the public may thus again become interested in them, and, perhaps, excuse me then for my having allotted so much space to men who are at present only two fallen stars.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARSHAL SERRANO, DUQUE DE LA TORRE.

THE kindness with which I was received by the Duke and Duchess de la Torre at their Biarritz villa, almost precludes me from the possibility of speaking of the present ruler of Spain. His political opinions and the whole of his early career were such as to deserve but little sympathy, yet the charms of his personal intercourse are so great as to captivate even his bitterest enemies when they approach him. Handsome, exquisitely elegant, and of an ease of manners almost bordering on plainness, he bribes you in his favour from the very first words you exchange with him. His habit of unceremoniously receiving the stranger in the family drawing-room, with his fascinating lady painting or embroidering, and his children playing and rushing in and out, makes the visitor not only

forget, but almost disbelieve all that is said of the Marshal's past. Spanish political careers are, as a rule, rather exciting, and that of the Marshal was quite a romance, which is still to be written. The political and personal circumstances of the hero of this romance will no doubt justify his past conduct, but at present too little is known of them, and consequently the less is said of the subject the better.

Marshal Serrano is now nearly sixty-five years of age, having been born near Cadiz in 1810. His father was a distinguished general, and held a high command during the War of Independence. The young Don Francisco Serrano entered military service as a cadet at the early age of twelve, soon became a lieutenant, and at the death of Ferdinand VII. declared himself for the regency of Queen Christina, and joined the army operating against Don Carlos in Aragon. He went all through that campaign, occupying various positions on the staff, and gaining rank and distinction with quite an amazing celerity. He was colonel before he reached his twenty-fifth year, and when the Carlist war was brought to a close and he returned to Madrid, his handsome face, the elegance of his manners, and his reputation for bravery made him soon the *beau idéal* of all the

Madrid ladies, whose favours he freely enjoyed for about a year, and turned up in 1840 at Barcelona as Brigadier-General and Commander-in-Chief of the troops of Catalonia. He was then supposed to be an intimate friend of Espartero, declared himself in favour of his Regency, and thus greatly contributed to the overthrow of Christina. Three years later, however, we see him taking flight in disguise to the same Barcelona, seizing there the command and overthrowing Espartero. That was his first great and unceremonious step towards power. He became now a lieutenant-general, and soon gained the heart of the young lady who was sitting upon the throne, and married, thanks to Anglo-French rivalries, to the only man she could never stand. The young and brilliant general, it is said, readily undertook the task of consoling his Sovereign for her matrimonial unhappiness, and distinction and wealth began to pour upon him more amply than ever.

He had received from the hand of Isabella everything it was in her power to give: He was General of Division at thirty-two years of age. A couple of years later he was Senator. When his personal relations with the young Queen had been broken off, he was gently sent as Captain-

General to Granada, instead of being simply murdered or banished, both of which would have been extremely easy things to do. Subsequently, every year brought upon him some new distinctions. He was Captain-General of the Artillery, Captain-General of Castile, Ambassador at Paris, Captain-General of Cuba; in 1862 he was created Duque de la Torre, in 1865 he was President of the Senate—all this without reckoning sundry other important posts he occupied. True, that in 1866, when Isabella had lost all control over the affairs of the State, Narvaez arrested Serrano among other leaders of the opposition, and had him sent to Port Mahon. But Marshal Serrano knew perfectly well how little Isabella was capable of opposing the will of Narvaez, and how great was the dislike of that ruler of Spain to the fortunate and handsome Marshal.

There is a story that when Narvaez was dying, and his confessor, praying by his bedside, advised him to forgive his enemies, the expiring proconsul of Isabella whispered. "My enemies? I have none. I shot them all. Serrano only has escaped." If the story is an invention, it, at all events, gives a good idea of the feelings which existed between Narvaez and the leader of the

so-called Liberal Union party. The scene might be still remembered by many newspaper readers, when in 1866 Narvaez had suspended the constitutional guarantees, and the Senate and the House of Deputies issued their protests. Isabella asked that Marshal Serrano, as President of the Senate, should call upon her. They had not spoken to each other for a long time, and it was now supposed some better understanding might result from the interview. The Marshal wanted evidently to take power into his own hands, or, at all events, to preserve it in the hands of his friend O'Donnell, and probably spoke frankly in that sense. But Narvaez, who was hidden behind a curtain, and listened to the conversation, did not mean to yield, and the Marshal had scarcely returned home from the Palace when he was invited to proceed to the Balearic Islands. If I rightly remember he never reached them, and had simply to spend a couple of weeks in the military prison of Alicante. Yet the fact of his having been treated in that way seemed quite sufficient to the Marshal for his finally breaking with the Queen, bringing about a coalition of his own party with the Progressists and the Democrats, concluding an alliance with Prim and Topete, beating Isabella's troops at Alcolea, and

causing her to take flight to France almost as precipitately as he had done himself in April last.

In any other country, and under any other circumstances, Marshal Serrano would probably never have reached the position he occupies once more. But the misconduct of the ex-Queen Isabella, and the misgovernment to which she exposed poor Spain, caused Spaniards to forgive the Marshal what they seldom forgive any man—the want of gallantry to a woman. The Marshal has married since the time he enjoyed the favours of Isabella. He has several children, he is getting old, and is supposed to be an able man, and the Spaniards obey him in the hope that he will give them peace and order. How far they are right is another question. But sure it is that, of all living Spanish statesmen, the Duke de la Torre has the most pliable and accommodating political conscience, and that may prove a great advantage just now. We all know him to have been Conservative, moderate-Liberal, ultra-Liberal, and must not lose the hope of seeing him a Republican, provided power is left in his hands.

The Marshal's career since September, 1868, is still fresh in everybody's memory. Prim and

himself held unlimited power until a specially elected Cortes resolved upon the maintenance of monarchy, and the Duke of Aosta was finally asked to come and plant in Spanish soil the root of a new dynasty. Marshal Serrano served for some time the new King, but his notions of constitutional liberties were vastly different from those of Amadeo. His asking for the suspension of constitutional guarantees (a thing against which he fought formerly), was the first step towards the "inoffensive Italian's" getting disgusted with Spain. The Duque de la Torre retired, and the Radicals, Sagasta and Zorrilla, were alternately called to power. The Marshal would, under no circumstances, take office with them at that time, but he seems to have changed his mind since, for they are working together at the present moment.

When I had the pleasure of seeing the Duke in his Biarritz retreat, a couple of months after his escape from Madrid, he looked quite serene again, his moustachios were resuming their usual position, and himself his usual political activity. He said he was sure his party would come to power within three months (it was in June), but he was not sure whether it would be with or

without bloodshed. A Unitarian Republic would then be established, and the sword become for some time the ruling machinery. It was the only way to save Spain, and the Marshal was afraid the country had heavy and sanguinary days in store for her. The re-establishment of a monarchy was not to be thought of at present, and as the majority of the Conservative and Radical parties were perfectly willing to support a moderate republic, he did not see any reason why the question of monarchy should be brought forward at all.

It is well known that, if the Marshal was ever willing to give power to any one except himself, it was to the Duke of Montpensier. To join the ranks of the young Alfonso was never and will hardly ever be possible for him as long as Isabella lives; consequently, the most likely thing, as we have already hinted, is that he will become a Dictator for a more or less considerable number of years. The moderate Republicans will tolerate, and, perhaps, even support him in this capacity, for the sake of preserving the Republic; while the rich Conservatives and the nobility, almost all of whom are largely interested in Cuba, will abide by him, because they

have now learned, by experience, that the Constitutional Monarchy is much more likely to be injurious to the slaveholders' interest than they know Marshal Serrano will ever be. I firmly believe that the Duke's views on this question are much less advanced than even those of Don Carlos, and if he is ever compelled to abolish slavery, he is sure to do it in such a way that the slaveholders will rather benefit than lose by the reform.

The leading members of Marshal Serrano's administration are all pretty well known to the general reader. They were frequently in office formerly, with, perhaps, the sole exception of the now so famous Captain-General of Madrid, who was but a short time ago little known outside military circles, even in Spain itself. He seems to belong to that class of characters in whom few suspect any abilities, and who even themselves are not cognisant of what they are capable of performing under certain favourable circumstances. If any one had told General Pavia, three or four years ago, that he would be what he now is, he would certainly not have believed it;

and even as late as February last, on his being appointed for a few days Commander of the Army of the North, he issued a proclamation which was by no means in accordance with what he did subsequently in Andalusia, or the other day in the Palace of the Cortes.

This is the kind of manifesto he launched when, in the beginning of the Carlist rising, he had to relieve Moriones in the command of the Army of the North :—

"Basques and Navarre men! The Government of the Republic has nominated me as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the North, and sends me here with open arms to embrace you as brothers. The Government have commanded me to assure you all, without distinction of political creeds, that Republic means tolerance for all opinions, all rights and consciences, and that it will receive all of you as brothers without humiliations and conventions, without treason or treaties. Its intentions concerning the Basque provinces and Navarre can be summed up in the words of 'Paz y Fueros' (Peace and provincial charters). Return to your homes, brave Basques and Navarre men, to fraternise with the valiant army of the Republic and the country! Forgive and forget! The greatest glory of my life would be my being able to say some day that not a shot had been fired between us, and that you had opened your arms to me in order that I might throw myself into them.

"Your brother and general Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the North,

"PAVIA."

An embracing proclamation of this description looks somewhat different from what the energetic General has subsequently shown himself to be capable of doing. His frequent intimations to the Madrid Government that he would hold his command only upon the distinct understanding that he had the unlimited right of shooting his own soldiers; his dealings in Andalusia, and, finally, his cavalier kicking the deputies out of their own council hall, evidently clash with the fraternising assurances he made eleven months ago in the North. And how he came so promptly to change his views remains at present perfectly obscure.

General Pavia belongs to an old Spanish family. His father was an admiral of some distinction, and the son entered early the service of his country in the artillery. About 1865, he was Lieutenant-Colonel under Prim, and was supposed to belong, by his political opinions, to the Conservative party; but, somehow or other, Prim caused him to join the well known military insurrection which broke out on the 3rd of January, 1866, at Aranjuez. It must be said, however, that General Pavia observed some sort of legal forms in doing so, for he first gave in

his resignation to Isabella, and then became a rebel chief.

It will be remembered that the insurgents, consisting, on the whole, of some eight hundred horsemen, had no successes, and that Prim had to fly to Portugal, where Pavia followed him in the character of chief of his staff. Subsequently, they both lived in exile in London and in Brussels, Prim managing from afar the insurrectionary party.

On the 22nd of June in the same year, when the great revolt broke out almost all over Spain, and while, in the barracks of San Gil alone, some six hundred men were killed, neither General Pavia nor Prim was in Madrid, though it is well known that the movement was organised by Prim, and that it was crushed solely on account of its bad management, there being scarcely any chief to the business; for men like Contreras and Pierrard, of whom we have lately heard so much —the latter alone received something like a dozen wounds on that occasion—brave as they are, were never capable of directing any military movement. The Government, having at its disposal the abilities of O'Donnell, Narvaez, Serrano, the two brothers Concha, Ros de Olano, and

several other experienced officers, naturally got the better of the insurgents.

The main political events after 1866 ought still to be fresh in the reader's memory. O'Donnell, notwithstanding his having vanquished the insurrection, had to retire to make room for Narvaez, assisted by Gonzalez Bravo and Marfori, all of them equally anxious to re-establish what they called the system of authority, and what was in reality about the most arbitrary and corrupt sort of power that ever ruled Spain. They were but a few months in power when a new insurrection broke out in Aragon and Catalonia in August, 1867, threatening to spread all over Spain. It was again Contreras and Pierrard, who fought, this time under the more direct instructions of Prim and his *Jefe del Estado Mayor*, Pavia. The revolt was once more subdued, but its immediate result was that the Democratic party, until then opposed to Prim, joined him, while the absence of men like Serrano in the Government camp—for they were all driven into opposition, or exiled by Narvaez—prepared the way for the famous revolt of 1868. Narvaez died on the 23rd of April, and Gonzalez Bravo lived to enjoy power only for a very few months. On the 28th

of September the great insurrection broke out in Cadiz. Pavia, to whom Prim had already given the rank of Colonel, became now Brigadier-General; and just four years later, on the morrow of Castelar's taking the Dictatorship in September last, the rank of Lieutenant-General was Pavia's reward for the "pacification" of Andalusia. The work Pavia had done in the beautiful southern provinces of Spain is too recent to be mentioned here; Cordova, Seville, Cadiz, Granada, saw him entering as the suppressor of the Intransigentes, and received him with all the enthusiasm the Andalusians are capable of. That General Pavia has now discovered in himself all the capacities wanted for crushing rebellion, there can be no doubt; but whether he has real military abilities is quite another question, which will have to be decided when he has fought in open field against an organised army.

A circumstance which must seem particularly curious to the English mind, is the constantly changing position which all the men mentioned here have occupied within the very short period of the last five years. Thus Prim, Pavia, Contreras, and Pierrard were, in 1867, fellow-workmen in one camp; and, though they were insur-

gents, they always belonged then to the moderate party. On the other hand, Serrano, the two brothers Concha, Ros de Olano, were in the opposite camp, and fought them, invariably defeating them. In 1868, we find nearly the whole of both parties united to fight, side by side, the government of Isabella, and, four years later, we see Pierrard and Contreras amongst the Intransigentes, of the extermination of whom Marshal Serrano and General Pavia—their former comrades—will probably soon begin to boast. But these are again *cosas de España* — Spanish things—not easily understood in other and less peculiar countries.

CHAPTER IX.

ADIOS!

A PERFECT fright, not to say a terror, seized me, at the conclusion of the preceding chapter, when I noticed that I was speedily approaching the orthodox limits of the two volumes, and had scarcely said a word on what I wished to speak of, when I set to work. Instead of writing something "nicely descriptive" of Spain and the Spaniards, I find myself to have written a series of dull recollections of Spain, and of still duller essays on Spanish subjects. But, as *l'habit ne fait pas le moine*, so the title does not make the book, and provided these humble pages are found readable, and containing something which has not been already too frequently said, I shall feel just as happy as if I had written something really good and in harmony with the title.

In a country with such a prolific literature as the English, scarcely any author can consider himself as writing anything new. However great his pretensions and his efforts to be original or novel, he is always a mere supplement to an endless number of other writers on the same topic; and Spanish subjects are in no way an exception to this rule, for there are, at least, five or six works published every year on that country, not to mention the endless magazine and newspaper articles. Yet, though much studied, Spain does not seem to gain in the affections of Englishmen. With a very few exceptions, the great majority of writers upon Spain delight in describing the charms of the Spanish climate, the beauties of Spanish scenery, and the treasures in arts and monuments which the country has preserved; but few have anything good to say of the Spanish people.

The faults which British writers find with Spain and the Spaniards are manifold and various. Some of them, like the usually so sparkling and exhilarating Mr. George Augustus Sala, for instance, would, all at once, turn acid and get equally displeased with everything Spanish, and emphatically exclaim, "I wouldn't

bring my maiden aunt, I would not bring my spinster cousin, I would not bring any lady, (unless she were another Ida Pfeiffer, or Lady Hester Stanhope), to the town, or the inn, or the room in which I am now dwelling." Others, like the somewhat dreamy but amiable Mr. Henry Blackburn, abhor the immoderate use the Spaniards make of their cigarettes, and cannot stand the practical joke played by some of them upon foreigners inquiring for directions, and being, in the Irish fashion, sent the wrong way. It would appear that Mr. Sala, as well as Mr. Blackburn and party, underwent the same disagreeable process of being sent to Alicante when they wanted to go to Cordova, and this causes Mr. Blackburn bitterly to complain that no "A B C" Guide, or Time Table exists in Spain,—a fact which simply shows that the Spaniards travel little, and care about foreigners travelling in their country still less.

Another writer, Miss Mary Eyre, is still more merciless towards the Spaniards. This lady seems to have undertaken an expedition into Spain with no better companion than "Keeper," her little dog. She travelled third class, probably in one of those fearfully shaped travelling costumes which are considered very comfortable

in England, but which immensely puzzle continental eyes, and, apparently, without any considerable knowledge of the language of the country. It is well known that no Spanish *lady* is ever to be seen alone, even on a walk, still less on a journey, and less still with "a nice little dog." Miss Eyre was, consequently, mistaken for "una loca," and sometimes followed by a batch of street-boys. This greatly annoying her, she would stop and try to deliver to them a speech, declaring that she was a writer, and that she would tell all the world what savages the Spaniards were; and the boys would, of course, laugh still more, and annoy her still more. Miss Eyre, on her return to England, would write a voluminous manuscript abusive of the Spaniard, and spread, through the channel of circulating libraries, the most absurd accusations against the nation, of which even the beggar is a gentleman, if you know how to approach him.

If English ladies could only imagine what a fearful impression is produced upon the Spaniard when he sees, under his radiant sky, an English home-made dress, a pair of big, "comfortable, solid leather boots," and a mushroom-like, black straw sun-hat, they would forgive him all the incivilities he might have proved capable

of, in a moment when his sense of beauty was so severely hurt.

But if there are thus many writers invariably, and for many reasons, abusing Spain, there are happily plenty of others who make you love that sad but lovely country. If you read, for instance, the now almost classical book of Mr. Ford, and throw out of it the blind worship of "the great Duke," the ultra-patriotic reverence for everything English, and the blunders which are the inevitable result of the work being a very old one now, you are sure to like Spain, and you will do so still more if you read the inimitable book of Mr. George Borrow, or the more recent work of Mr. Augustus Hare; while the sublime chapter in the second volume of Buckle's "History of Civilization," will make you appreciate all that is so highly dramatic in the existence of that nation. Your sympathy for Spain and the Spaniards will be increased, to the extent of compelling you to go to the Peninsula, to study it, to enjoy its beauties, to live among its genial and generous population — I was almost going to say, to ask their pardon for all the wrongs which strangers have done to that delightful country.

Without going back to the times of the

Goths or the Moors, or to the invasion of the Austrian dynasty, or the Bourbons, take only the present century, and look how long it is since Spain has been left alone. The Peninsular war had scarcely terminated, when the army of the Holy Alliance, forty thousand strong, came to "re-establish order" in Spain, and to remain there for several years. Scarcely had they left when the Seven Years' War broke out, and an Anglo-Franco-Portuguese invasion took place. Christina and Isabella ruled almost exclusively with the aid of foreign diplomatists, and foreign adventurers, and Madrid became quite an arena of tournaments between Sir Henry Bulwer and the Comte de Bresson. The endless political parties which have been bred since can be all clearly traced to the foreign intrigues and interferences in the beginning of Isabella's reign; and the sufferings which are now inflicted on Spain are the immediate and exclusive result of the existence of these parties. How long is it since the English bombarded refractory Spanish towns? I know a good many old Spaniards who expressed the greatest astonishment that this year the same thing had not taken place again, and the seizure of Spanish ships by Captain Werner has only so far surprised them, as he was not an

English captain, but a German one—that is to say, belonging to a nation which Spaniards were not formerly accustomed to see interfering in their affairs, and which to their minds had been brought into existence only since the time of the Hohenzollern candidature.

And, after all that, there are still both in England and France no end of people abusing the Spaniards, and "calling them all sorts of names" for everything they hear of them—to begin with, their inability to adapt themselves to the Parliamentary form of government, and to end with the fact of Madrid ladies giving up the mantilla and taking to Parisian bonnets. But who first brought in, and without ever being asked to do so, both the modern Parliamentary forms and the bonnets? And who is guilty that that enchanted land has neither remained what it was, nor become what strangers wished her to be, losing herself half way between Europe and Africa, and breeding the miseries and vices of both without the merits of either?

The first point upon which every Englishman must needs abuse Spaniards after he has done so from his political point of view, are the bull-

fights, and it must be avowed that some of its features, at least, are perfectly abominable, not only to an English eye, from which the police and the Society for the Protection of Animals conceal every visible suffering, but to every more or less civilized eye. For the Spaniards, however, they are only natural features of the spectacle to which they have been accustomed from their early childhood. There are plenty of students of medicine who, on first entering a theatre of anatomy, feel something very nearly approaching to faintness, yet in a few months or years, as the case may be, they find certain niceties in the art of chopping human bodies. Something similar is to be seen in the kitchen of every house, where nervous young girls, who have formerly cried bitterly at seeing a chicken's throat cut, are subsequently almost ready to cut it themselves, and, at all events, do cut raw meat with almost as firm a hand as a butcher. All these are matters of habit, and until the Spaniard has so changed as to become no Spaniard any longer, he will never be made to look, for instance, at the sufferings of horses in the arena of the bull-ring with the same horror an Englishman looks at them. Besides, there is very little real difference between this sort of cruelty and those which are inflicted on the hare, the fox,

the birds, or even the dogs, in the sports of all countries.

The sight of a horse trotting into its own bowels hanging down to the ground, is perfectly revolting. The intestines being put back again, the skin stitched, and the poor animal carried once more into the arena, under sufferings which provoke evident contortion in all the four legs, or the sight of the expiring animal lying on the ground, and being charged over and over again by an infuriated bull, is horrible. Being unaccustomed to hear the horse shriek with pain, we shudder when we hear, for the first time, actual screams extorted from these noble and patient animals by the insurmountable pain they are subjected to. I shall never forget how, the first time I saw a fight, I actually ran out of the bull-ring at the sight of the struggle between a bull and a horse. An old hack, with a broken leg and open entrails, was lying in the middle of the arena, when a furious black bull, foaming with blood and ploughing the earth, rushed at him, rolled with him, and in the assault got his horn into the mouth of the poor animal, and seemed, apparently, quite unable to disentangle himself. The circus thundered with applause; but a new-comer, however strong his

nervous system, has certainly the greatest difficulty in bringing his eyes to rest upon the horrible spectacle. Yet these and many other revolting details, so well known through being constantly described to the English public, are merely incidents of a thoroughly national, and, at present, quite indispensable entertainment of Spain. There are writers who say that bull-fights are the result of national Spanish cruelty; others, that they are the cause of it. My belief is that they are, in the first place, an historical necessity; and, in the second, a most wholesome preventive against the natural bloodthirstiness of the Moro-Iberian man. As the brutality of the Anglo-Saxon race is ventilated through their field and athletic sports, so the bloodthirstiness of the Spaniards is ventilated in the bull-fight. Without the boat-races, horse-races, and the endless forms of sport, the brutality and muscularity of the average Britons would have caused them to smash each others' jaws and cleave each others' skulls much more frequently than they now do. And so is it with the Spaniard, who, without the sight of warm, steaming blood offered to him at least once a week, would draw it himself, and from a still less suitable source perhaps, for he *must* have it at any price, and centuries must pass

before he can be expected to change in this respect.

Alongside with this, so to say, physiological significance of the bull-fight, there is a practical one. As the sports in England have improved the breed of man and beast, so the bull-fights in Spain have preserved the African agility in the inhabitants of the Peninsula, and promoted the raising of cattle, not to speak of the fact that the custom gives the means of living to thousands of people, directly and indirectly connected with it, and that the proceeds of the bull-fights are devoted, all through the Peninsula, to charitable purposes. Strange as such an association of means and ends may seem, it must not be forgotten that bull-fights are the remnants of ancient religious sacrifice, and that in the detail of them you can still pretty clearly trace certain features to the ancient holocaust, others to the gladiators. The very name of fight, which muscle-worshipping Englishmen give to these national Spanish entertainments, is incorrect, for in Spanish they are called *Fiestas*, festivities, not fights.

Then let us be frank. We all like grand sights, without much troubling ourselves with their real meaning. And if you had ever been

to the *Plaza de Toros*, if you had seen a motley crowd of some twelve or fifteen thousand men and women assembled under the dazzling dome of a southern sky, and excited to their highest pitch, yet thoroughly sober, exquisitely polite and gentlemanly; sometimes inclined to use the knife, but capable neither of bearing nor of inflicting an insult; if you had seen that crowd with every nerve strained to its fullest extent, and yet without a single policeman to cool them down; if you had admired the athletic, finely-built bull-fighters, dressed in gorgeous attire, so tight as to show every muscle and vein of their handsome bodies; if you had become convinced that nothing is further from the mind of either the fighters or the public than betting, "doctoring," or anything of that sort; that admiration of the thing in itself,—the agility, courage, dexterity, and skill of the man in the presence of an infuriated beast; and if at dusk, when the fight is over, you had seen that mass of people igniting their penny fans, throwing them up in the air like so many petty rockets, and joyously turning home as good and kindly a set of human beings as when they came to witness the revolting sight, you would, like myself, forget all the cruelties which their national and traditional entertainment contains.

After all, we are not horses, have probably a much more sensitive nervous system than any quadruped, yet some of us endure sufferings which no other animal would stand without revolting against. And it remains still an open question whether it is not better to die like these old, worn-out steeds do, after a few minutes' suffering and under the thundering applause of thousands of people, than to finish one's career, as a good many men do, after a long life of labour, in the street, from hunger, in the workhouse, despised by everybody, and cursed by the tax-payers, or in a prison, locked up like a wild beast in a solitary cage, for having stolen a loaf of bread when urged by the pangs of hunger.

As a matter of course, the bull-fights open an inexhaustible field for moralising. There is scarcely an Englishman, even among such as have never visited the Peninsula, who has not something to say not only on the cruelty of the entertainments, but on the great impropriety of various practices connected with it. The custom of taking children to these *Fiestas* was at all times violently attacked as one which would naturally breed cruelty in the young generation.

But, as Mr. Ford justly remarks, "They return to their homes unchanged, playful, timid, or serious as before; their kindly social feelings are uninjured; and where is the filial or parental bond more affectionately cherished than in Spain? Where are the noble courtesies of life, the kind, considerate, self-respecting demeanour, so exemplified as in Spanish society?" Until the children get accustomed to the cruel details of the spectacle, they turn away their eyes as any grown Englishman does when he first attends the *Fiesta;* but the painful, revolting details of the sight are soon lost "in the poetical ferocity of the whole, for the interest of the tragedy of real death is undeniable, irresistible, and all-absorbing." To say that these sights render the children more cruel or hard-hearted is simply absurd. If it had been so, what should we then have to say of the custom so prevalent in another country, of sending little children to the nearest corner public-house to fetch some beer or spirits for the already half-drunken father or mother, and to lap with their tongue the froth of the malt liquor at an age when they ought to have tasted nothing but their mother's milk? Is there any moralising humbug on earth that would venture to assert that this latter practice is more

edifying or more elevating than the former? The common Spanish woman takes her child to the bull-fight simply as a common English woman takes hers to the Crystal Palace on Good Friday, or to Epping Forest on a Summer Sunday: she does so simply because she cannot leave it at home. Among the children of the educated classes the bull-fights do not produce any more ravage than the sight of the Derby or the University boat-race does. You can safely carry a Spanish boy every week to the *Plaza de Toros*, without running the risk of his ever becoming a betting man, losing every farthing he could lay his hand on, and finishing his career on the treadmill. The worst thing you can expect is that he will go mad over the niceties of *Tauromachia*, and, if he has much property, will breed bulls, or else become an amateur *Espada*.

The Spaniards are certainly a very ignorant set of people, and anything approaching to a system of education or training is perfectly unknown to them. But they fully make up for that by the natural affections and sympathies which animate every Spanish family, and of which no idea can be formed by foreigners, unless they had opportunities to enter the Spanish home on intimate terms. Englishmen are justly proud of

some of the aspects of their family life, but, as is only too often the case, they are apt to exaggerate their own merits. We all know that too frequently a "happy family" means simply a pandemonium, and that a friendly family circle has become an exception instead of being a rule in this country; while in Spain it is still a rule with exceptions to it, presented only in Madrid, where the foreigners and the political jobbers have exercised their wretched influence. With oranges, figs, and dates growing wild, starvation is not easy, consequently, actual want is but little known, and the family has a thousand facilities for living together without breaking up for business reasons. A boy leaving home, at twelve or thirteen years of age, to learn a trade, as in England, or a girl being sent off, for economy's sake, to a "select boarding school," is almost a thing unknown in Spain.

The English are proud of the amount of work they are capable of performing, but the Spaniards are of opinion that the English cannot help working: if they did not, they would all have to hang themselves, so dull is their country, while Spain is known to be Paradise, and the man has no need to work in Paradise. An old Castilian saying tells us that, if God had not been God, He would have been

King of all the Spains, and would have taken the French King as a cook to himself: "Si Dios no fuese Dios, seria Rey de las Españas, y el de Francia su cocinero." And this apparently ridiculous boasting of the Spaniard has some *raison d'être*. Fancy, for instance, what a havoc the chronic Spanish disturbances would have produced in any other country! The people of the Peninsula have been, for these last years, supposed to be in an "awful state," but go to their country, look at their life, and you will see absolutely nothing "awful" in it. The national existence is proceeding in its usual course, everybody has something to eat, a house, a more or less handsome wife, a lot of children, and would not exchange his existence for a much more comfortable one in the best-regulated community in the world. If some one feels in himself an exuberance of activity, he goes to Cuba to make money, or to some of the South American Republics; a few, perhaps, will go to the city of London. But the vast majority of Spaniards are perfectly satisfied with what they have at home. The disturbances they have are mere old stories to them, and have never prevented them from enjoying their delightful climate, their bright scenery, and such amusements as tradition and

habits have rendered indispensable to them. All over the country, both poor and rich walk quietly about, enjoying life, smoking their cigarettes, gossiping at their *tertulias*, and the more eagerly discussing political topics, the less they know about the subject. To get excited, to run or rush about even in a moment of actual danger, still less for the sake of business, would never occur to the mind of a Spaniard. There is an amount of Mahommedan fatalism in him which precludes him from ever attempting to overcome circumstances. The thorough absence of any chance of making money in the English or American fashion, makes everybody indifferent and quiet, and the natural fertility of the soil and the Spanish climate do the rest.

A good many English visitors to Spain complain of the Spanish shopkeeper apparently not caring at all about selling his goods: he does it in such a lazy sort of way, as if he were obliging the customer and not pleasing himself. And so it is; the majority of the Spaniards do not care at all about doing business for business' sake. He is still under the impression that to gain one's bread by the sweat of one's brow was inflicted as a punishment, and does not, by any means, constitute an intrinsic

part of life. Catalonia, which is the most hard-working province, and which works, after all, by no means hard, is disliked by the rest of Spain, and towns like Cadiz are held in utter disregard by Seville and Granada, as being the homes of shopkeeping communities.

A short time ago, I was told by the manager of one of the largest London wine-merchants that the senior partner of the firm, anxious to discover some new stocks of wine, went himself to Spain, bought some horses, and started into the interior of the country, for the purpose of buying up all he could possibly find during his rambles. One day he arrived upon the estate of a wealthy Spanish grandee, and, on entering his house, said, in a half British, half Spanish dialect that he wanted some wine. "You want some wine, Caballero?" answered the Andalusian magnate; "I shall be most happy to oblige you. I will give orders to my steward to give you as much as you like of it." The Englishman tried to explain to his host that he did not mean he wanted to drink, but to buy some. "Oh, I won't sell anything, I am not a wine-merchant! Take as much as you please and carry it off," was the Spaniard's answer. I greatly regret I was not able to ascertain how the matter was finally settled, but

I have every reason to believe that a compromise —the sacred British machinery for settling differences by give and take—was arrived at, and that the English merchant finally consented to pay much less than he was prepared to do, while the Spaniard accepted much more than his national *pundonor* would strictly permit.

But if the soil, the climate, the tradition, and the general conditions of the country, equally contribute to strengthen the ties of Spanish family life, much is also done towards it by the Spanish woman, that abused and charming being against whom "every puny scribbler shoots his petty barbed arrow." What calumnies have not been written or said against the Spanish woman, and what are the merits and the virtues—education excepted—that she does not possess? True, that she frequently learns what love is before she knows what the alphabet is, but this ignorance is not her fault, nor is it any way out of proportion with the general ignorance of the men of her country. If you are philosophical enough to take this as a circumstance which cannot be helped at present, and are able to look at people, not from the exclusive point of view of your own country, but from a genial and human point

of view, you would soon discover, on studying the Spanish woman, that you must take all the virtue of the most virtuous Englishwoman, all the grace and wit of the most graceful and witty Frenchwoman, and all the beauty of the most handsome Italian woman, to make something approaching to a perfect Spanish lady.

But she has her dark sides, of course. You cannot talk to her seriously, her conversation is always a mere gossip; she is also often bigoted and superstitious; but her natural charms, both moral and physical, the kindness of her heart, and the truthfulness of her love, when she once loves, fully compensate for all her defects. One would be inclined to say that their very virtues are almost too great for the welfare of the country, for a married Spanish woman is a perfect mistress in everything that relates to the education of her children; her husband is, as a rule, too much of a politician, of a café-talker, and of a man of the world, to attend to these matters; and as even a good many Spanish women of high society do not possess half the knowledge of an average middle-class woman of England or Germany, (however little that may be), their influence in perpetuating general Spanish ignorance is alarmingly strong. One

would almost desire they were less domesticated and *virtuous*, and would send their children to school instead of constantly keeping them by their side.

Yet it must not be supposed that the Spanish women are incapable of any serious occupation, or of acquiring knowledge. It is not impossible, though, still by the way of rare exceptions, to meet, both at Madrid and in some of the provinces, amongst the richer classes, as accomplished young ladies as one could possibly wish to be acquainted with. In some of the ports of Andalusia, in Madrid, and in Barcelona, a good many of them speak excellent English. French is more or less spread through all classes except the very lowest. The literature of their own country begins to be studied by even very young Spanish girls, and painting and music have become, now-a-days, quite a common accomplishment in every family whose means permit them to think of anything beyond the troubles of every-day life.

The free-and-easy manner shown by the fair sex throughout all classes of Spanish society, causes a good many foreigners to form a rather unfavourable opinion of the morals of Spanish ladies. The tacit belief which we all have that

physical beauty is an additional temptation to illicit love, causes a good many of us to assume that the morals of Spanish ladies cannot be very strict, and their bold manner of looking at men, their "*ojear*," which, to an English mind, has something impudent about it, strengthens still more this belief. "*La sal*," the salt, the piquancy of a Spanish girl or woman, the thing of which her sweetheart or husband is so proud, seems, to British tourists, quite shocking. But when you come to know these women, you will not only admire them, but you will actually experience the contagion of their virtue. At all events, I must confess that in no country in Europe—and I have seen them all—have I found such pure enjoyment in intercourse with ladies as in Spain.

Of course you must not attempt to talk philosophy or politics with them, for they would turn their back to you, or would still more unceremoniously request you to "shut up." But if you have sense enough to admire what is beautiful, graceful, and witty; if, however serious and dull your occupation, you are capable of enjoying the gossip of a being as bright and pure as a child, the society of Spanish girls and women will give you no end of the brightest enjoyment. Whether

all this would do in the long run, and as something permanent, I am unable to tell. But, for a while, the sight of their lovely features, the profusion of their hair, their hands almost as small as those of a baby, their miniature feet, sometimes quite bare, and scarcely slipped into little satin shoes, their everlasting warbling, seem all the more captivating to you because of your profound consciousness that you cannot buy these charms. Such a thing as a young girl marrying for money, or for any social consideration, is almost unknown in Spain. You must win or conquer her heart. A young girl marrying an old man, would be thrown out of the society of all her friends, and reaching the country seat of her old, and, perhaps, invalid husband, would be soon made to feel by every farmer's wife and daughter that they are more pure and honest than she.

A Spanish girl may sometimes change her sweethearts, she might have had half-a-dozen of them before she married one; but when she has done so, I believe she is, as a rule, the most truthful and loving woman on earth; and should her life prove an unhappy one, no one will ever know that, for she will never carry her complaints either to a divorce court or to the apart-

ments of a paramour. "So you mean to say that there is neither immorality nor adultery in Spain?" may ask the reader. No, that is not what I mean to say. But what I do mean to say is that the comparative percentage of professional vice, and of general looseness of morals, is much lower in Spain than any other country of Europe. The best proof of this is that the so-called *demi-monde*, or the kept women, are unknown, even in Madrid itself. There are fallen women in the capital of Spain, and in a couple of the large towns of the Peninsula, but the total of prostitutes throughout the country is, I believe, much under the number we can daily meet in one leading street of Paris, London, or Berlin. As to conjugal unfaithfulness, it will always exist, as long as married women and unmarried men meet together, and as long as mistakes in the selection of a partner, and misapprehension in the affinities, cannot be avoided; but it preserves still, among the Moro-Iberian race, the character of a very rare and exceptional occurrence, and is almost exclusively confined to Madrid, the city of which the Spaniards themselves say, "He who wants thee does not know thee; he who knows thee does not want thee."

"Quien te quiere, no te sabe;
Quien te sabe, no te quiere."

An abject form of immorality, which is rather largely spread over the Italian peninsula, and which the empire of Napoleon III. has freely bred in Paris, is not unfrequently met with in the capital of Spain. The Civil Service clerks and the officers of the army who get out of employ with the fall of a Ministry, who have, at the same time, neither a profession nor abilities to earn their livelihood, and are accustomed to live much beyond their means, sell their wives. She becomes the mistress of some rich foreigner, of a banker or a man in office, and the husband makes a living out of her ignominy. But such scamps, who deserve the lash of Newgate, are few, their names are all known and stamped with the abject epithet they fully deserve, and out of the capital of Spain you will never find an instance of that sort.

It is well known that Madrid is in every respect the curse of Spain, in its government, in its moral influence, and even in its very climate, which is said to be so subtle that it would kill a man, while apparently it cannot even put out a candle. "El aire de Madrid es tan sutil que

mata à un hombre, y no apaga à un candil." And the truth is that, except the Picture Gallery and the Prado, there is nothing to be seen in the capital of Spain. The traveller who goes to Spain for the purpose of studying it will certainly learn much more during a stay of a couple of weeks in any provincial town than in the capital. Even the national Spanish customs have there almost disappeared, and the classical curé, with his extravagant hat, is almost never to be met with. Since the departure of the last royalty there is not even afforded the sight of luxury which is so attractive to many sight-seers, and for which Madrid was once so celebrated. The beautiful horses and mules which were but a couple of years ago daily to be seen on the Prado have disappeared; a fine carriage or a fine steed has become quite a rarity, and if the Republic is going to last, even the few that may still be seen will disappear, for they all belong to the aristocracy, and not to financial or business men, who may perhaps remain in Madrid notwithstanding the form of government, while the aristocrats will all go, or are gone already, preferring as they do Paris, Vienna, Rome, and Florence to their own capital, of which the Palace is unoccupied. They live much in the fashion of the Irish landlords.

Always absent from the place where they ought to be present, they are to be seen only at the court of Madrid or abroad, and call at their estates only when they get short of money. They come then to their ancient seats for a couple of weeks, for the sale of some property, or for the more or less forcible collection of arrears from their farmers.

But this daily increasing exodus from the capital still does not prevent Madrid from being full of handsome men and handsome women. You can sit for hours on the Prado, looking as they are passing by, gossiping on the events of the day; and at night all the theatres are crowded, and to a stranger the Spanish audience presents always a much more interesting sight than the Spanish performance. I shall never forget a charitable concert I once attended in the afternoon at the great *Circo de Madrid*. It was a very swell affair; I believe the cheapest places were forty reals (about nine shillings). An orchestra of over a hundred and fifty musicians, under the leadership of Señor Monasterio, was giving a performance quite worthy of Covent Garden. The house crammed to excess, the hot rays of the sun passing through the coloured glass windows, playing on the motley and rich attires, and on faces varying in all imaginable

shades, from the dark olive to the brightest blond, presented a sight which can be seen in no other city of Europe. Everybody was jolly, talking loudly, and, in the southern fashion, apparently not listening at all to the splendid music of the orchestra. But as soon as the bolero of the overture of "Mignon" resounded, all conversation was suddenly stopped, the audience being evidently caught by the sort of wild tunes which are rooted in their hearts and heads, and they thus at once betrayed how artificial is the dislike they pretend to show to their national dancing airs and ballads, which are almost given up for French quadrilles, German valses, and Italian operatic selections. Truly speaking, if you want to see now-a-days something of real Spain, you must go far south from the capital to those regions where even in the midst of the Winter months the July sun of London would seem a mere dozing lamp. It is there that you still find the national costumes, the national usages, and those ancient edifices which remind you of the days of Spain's greatness and glory. It is there that you see also the classical Spanish beggars and gipsies, and the national Spanish dancing, not that sort of European dancing which consists in the show of a kind of notched sticks supposed to be human legs, but that

dancing in which the ribs, the fall of the back, the arms, and the head all join in a long, voluptuous, series of unseizable movements. It is also to these regions you must go if you want to see real Spanish beauties, those little dark ones with large eyes, long eyelashes, and all the charms which the painters have rendered us so familiar with. In Madrid you find only a few of them, and that only at the height of the season. The infusion of European blood and the blood of the northern provinces of Spain has been too great in the capital for her population to preserve the characteristic type of the Moro-Iberian race, and I am not quite sure that in the streets of Madrid one does not meet a larger number of fair and red women than of dark ones.

The promptitude with which Madrid gets denationalised is something amazing. You will hardly ever see, now-a-days, except in the theatres, the mantilla, over which, thanks to the unbearable climate of the capital, the Madrid ladies take good care, to *taparse bien* (to muffle themselves well), with all sorts of British and French shawls, plaids, and kindred things. At dinners you will but seldom see a lady eating fish with a knife, or carrying a toothpick stuck in her mouth. A few of them will perhaps take a glass of wine

during the meal, and one in a hundred may, on the quiet, smoke a cigarette. Many Englishmen believe, of course, that every Spanish woman smokes, but that is nonsense; except the *cigarrera* (the working woman at the cigar factory), and a few ladies from Cuba, no Spanish woman ever smokes. In Andalusia they also scarcely know the taste of wine, pure water, and perhaps a sweet cool summer drink, being all their beverage. But the toothpick is here carried all day long in their mouth, and the fish is eaten not only with a knife, but sometimes with the miniature fingers adorned with rosy nails. Such little savageries may, perhaps, seem shocking to European routine, but they are done in such a natural and graceful way that you cannot help admiring them.

Should these volumes ever fall into the hands of some fair readers, they may possibly exclaim: "Why, with all the grace and beauty you find in the Spanish woman, her love is on that account not sweeter, or her feelings not purer, than those of other women." To this I would not answer either in the affirmative or the negative. My age and the hard toil of my life no longer allow

me to flirt. During my stay in Spain I was, therefore, unavoidably prevented from making any experience of my own in that way. But from what I have observed, and heard from my friends and acquaintances, I have every reason to believe that the love of a Spanish woman differs from that of women of other nations in this respect, that no practical consideration ever enters into it. Matrimony, as a project, seems seldom to be entertained by the Spanish girl. She loves for love's sake; she would never inquire, either directly or indirectly, into the position or pecuniary means of her sweetheart, and when marriage is proposed, she takes it only as one of the incidents of the romance which is "to be continued in our next"—that is to say, through a series of years, until she bears about half a dozen children, and becomes a matron just as deeply interested in the love affairs of her sons and daughters as she is now interested in her own.

The intercourse between sweethearts in Spain is also greatly different from what we see either in England or France. The girl is neither subjected to the French seclusion, nor does she enjoy the freedom considered so natural in the eyes of the English people. But she is not deprived of this

freedom as in France, through the despotic authority of the parents. She simply does not take it, partly because she feels an instinctive mistrust for the passion which animates her, and partly because the family ties in Spain are so soft and pleasant that she has no reason for ever having a desire to enjoy her love outside of her home. The whole romance is going on under the family roof or in the family *patio*, under the dazzling sky, and amidst the atmosphere of orange trees and aromatic hothouse plants growing wild. With the kissing business (I must beg pardon for not finding a better expression), both herself and her young man are rather frightened. They feel they might lose their heads if they indulged in it, and that which we see in certain other countries, where a girl kisses her lover for three or four years, and afterwards brings an action for damages against him, is quite an unknown thing in Spain. The young Spanish lovers kiss each other on meeting and on parting in the presence of their parents or friends, perhaps a furtive kiss sometimes may be deposited on the girl's hand or her foot somewhere on the staircase, or at the fall of night at the house-gate. But anything in the shape of long solitary walks, or excursions, of a pair of young sweethearts, would be quite

out of the question in Spain, for the blood running in the veins of the young girl and the young man would cause them to lose all control over themselves.

To those who know Spain only from reading Spanish stories, the love affairs in that country appear also as necessarily connected with serenades and knife struggles of the rivals. This is greatly exaggerated. The serenading of one's beloved is occasionally still to be met with in Andalusia, where the climate and all the habits of life greatly encourage it; but in the other parts of Spain the business is gone through in the usual European in-door way. As to knives, if they are used between two men who happen to fall in love with the same woman, their indiscriminate manipulation in such cases begins to be regarded as a romantic extravagance provided for in the penal code. Sometimes, I am sorry to say, Spanish love romances assume even a very prosaic aspect. For instance, during my residence at Madrid I used to watch a happy pair who were living in the same house with me. The families of the sweethearts were not on very good terms. That of the girl occupied the second floor, that of the man the first, and as the man belonged to a much richer family, there

was some objection raised to the marriage. The young people had, therefore, to carry on their love-making clandestinely, and the window of my back room opening into the court-yard, I saw them daily corresponding by means of strings through the little railed windows of certain retired spots, which are not only unfit for this purpose, but cannot even be properly mentioned in print, all the more so as they are in Spain by no means so comfortable as in England.

The break up of courtship is performed also in a manner somewhat peculiar to Spain. It is, as a rule, done very quietly, without the slightest exposure and annoyance to anyone, except the party immediately concerned. When the girl breaks off with her sweetheart, her parents seldom even ask her why she has done so, and her friends would take it as the greatest indiscretion to put any question, were it only that of asking why the young man is no more to be seen in the house. The girl exerts all her efforts to conceal from those around her the circumstances which have led to the termination of their courtship. A young lady whose family belonged to the Alfonso party, and whose house I used frequently to visit at Madrid, was greatly in love with a youth of strong Republican proclivities.

Whether politics had anything to do with their quarrels I don't know, but three or four months later I was one day quietly writing in my room at St. Jean-de-Luz, when the servant came to tell me that a lady was asking for me, and much to my astonishment, I saw the young girl whose parents had since taken their Summer quarters at Biarritz. "I come to ask you a favour," said she, cordially shaking hands with me; "it is but a trifling matter. I bring you a little parcel which I want you to address to Eduardo. I have broken off with him: he has turned quite a Federalist, and a fearfully violent one. He is now at Barcelona, and I want to send him all his letters back. As I do not wish any of my friends to know what I am doing, neither that his friends should recognise my handwriting when he receives the letters, I thought you would be about the best person I could apply to. You will probably soon leave here and forget all about us;" and she handed me a packet of fully six or seven pounds weight, which a professional novel-writer would probably have paid very dear for, as its contents would have given him an invaluable material for writing a most lifelike Spanish love-story.

I am afraid, however, that my praise of the Spanish women may be interpreted in the sense of my having been so allured by their physical charms as to overlook their defects. But I don't believe that such a supposition would be correct. The profound admiration which I feel for the Spanish woman does not limit itself to her appearance and features; it is her kindness, the tenderness of her heart, which is clearly perceptible in every act of her life, that I admire, much more still than her beauty, her natural wit, or any other external attractions. In the lowest classes you see almost the same merits as you meet with in the highest circle. The wife of a peasant is just as loving to her husband, just as careful about her children, and just as kind to everybody surrounding her as the wife of a grandee. She is even, perhaps, more so. Whether you knock at the door of an inn, or of an isolated farm, all the women of the house come to receive you, and there is not a thing that will be refused to you. If you fall ill, whether it be at an hotel, a lodging-house, or the residence of a friend, you may be perfectly sure of having such kindness and attention paid to you as you could scarcely find in your own home. All day long, the ladies, old and young, as well as all the

servant girls of the house, will not leave you alone for a moment; they will surround your bed and really enervate you through the minute attentions they show to one.

With a view not to be accused of partiality, I will again adduce other people's observations on the work of mercy which the Spanish women are doing all through the Peninsula. A writer in *Macmillan's Magazine*, publishing his impressions of life in the interior of Spain, speaks thus on the subject of Spanish charity:—

"But there was one sight in Cadiz that I had long yearned to see; a sight that, once seen, will never be by me forgotten, and one that should make the name of Cadiz dear to every true and loving English heart. I mean the *Casa de Misericordia*; or, as it is now called, *El Hospicio de Cadiz*. Thither, on the first day possible to me, I turned my steps. The exterior of this institution, one of the most benevolent in the world, has nothing to recommend it. It is simply, as 'Murray' says, a huge yellow Doric pile fronting the sea.

"The first thing that struck me as I waited for a moment while the porter went to ask the Rectora to show us over, were the bright faces and the ringing laughter of some fifty children, who were playing in the capacious quadrangle and the beautifully-kept garden within the walls, where the heliotrope, dahlia, geranium, and many tropical flowers were in full bloom. Air, light, and cleanliness seemed characteristics of the place at a first glance.

"The Hospicio, perhaps, may be best described as an English

workhouse, stripped of its bitterness, and invested, if I may use the expression, with many privileges. It is a real rest, a real home for the poor who are *decentes* (respectable); a refuge for the young women who are homeless or out of place; a school and home for children; and an asylum for the aged of both sexes. The prison look, the prison restrictions, the refractory ward, and the tramps' ward—all these are unknown at the Hospicio. Accordingly, it is looked upon as a home by the hundreds of both sexes who flock to its shelter.

"The Home is supported by a yearly voluntary grant from the town government, the nearest estimate that I could obtain of the actual cost of keeping it up being £5,000 per annum. The actual number of inmates at the time was 842. The place is generally much fuller, the number of beds made up, or capable of being made up, being close upon a thousand.

"The place is open to all who need assistance, on their presenting at the door an order from the town government testifying that they are *decentes*.

"The aged poor come in, and live and die here, surrounded by all the little comforts that old age stands in need of; if they like they can go out for a while to visit their friends, and return to their home again. On all the feast-days (and their name in Spain is legion), their friends and relatives have free access to them, as well as on Sundays. The friends may bring them whatever they like in the shape of food, or wine, or, if they have money, they can send out and buy it for themselves. The men can have their smoke as at their own house—a luxury denied, and how needlessly! in some English workhouses.

"As regards the children's department, any child is qualified to enter the Home, until it can obtain its own living, who is either an orphan or one of a large and poor family. They are all divided into classes. Any parent can come to the Home

and obtain leave of the Rectora to take her child home for the day, from nine o'clock until the set of sun. The children are first taught to read, write, cipher, and sing; they then are taught any trade that they or their parents desire. . . . . .

"Thence, to see the convalescents (of a House of Mercy) dining. In a long, cheerful room, there they were, looking over the bright, blue sea, and eating heartily, and trying to talk. For they could only *try*. They were men from every clime and of many tongues, for this institution takes in all alike; an English sailor, who had fallen from the mast, and whose captain paid for him; one or two Finlanders, in the same case; an American, from 'Philadelphy,' as he said; one or two Moors, and several Spaniards, made up this strange but cheerful dinner-party. The American told me 'they were very comfortable quarters,' with a genuine new-country twang.

"The whole work is done by seven superintending Sisters of Mercy, whose smiling faces are a medicine in themselves. They wear a simple black dress, plain black cross, and white starched cape or collar; and if they have any pride, it seems to me it is to do good."

Mr. Augustus Hare, in his "Wanderings in Spain," gives the same testimony in favour of the natural kindness of the Spanish nation, and I insist here so much on this point because, thanks to Mr. Ford, an opinion has been spread abroad that nothing was more horrible than the cruelty and disregard with which the sick and the poor were treated in the public institutions of Spain. Justly enraged against the Spanish doctors, "the

base, brutal, and bloody *Sangrados*," Mr. Ford went on attacking everything with which they were connected. But in this, as in many other things, the Spanish nation is greatly abused.

"We have quite laid aside (says Mr. Hare) all thought of the mistrust which is a necessary habit in Italy. . . . Even the poorest peasant who has shown us our way, and who had walked a considerable distance to do so, has invariably refused to receive anything for his services; yet all are most willing and anxious to help strangers. . . . . The temporal works of mercy—to give bread to the hungry, and drink to the thirsty, to take care of the sick, to visit the captive, and to bury the dead, these are the common duties which none shrink from."

What Mr. Hare says here obviously refers to the kindly feelings not only of the Spanish women, but of the men as well, and the affectionate nature of the Spaniards in general is scarcely better illustrated in anything than in the relations between master and servant. Of course, if you would judge by the state of these relations in Madrid, you would never come to any favourable conclusion, for, *tel maître tel valet*, and the corrupted Madrid politicians and *empleados* have duly spread their wretched influence throughout all classes; but outside of the capital, wherever you go—provided you are capable at all of treating a poorer human being than yourself as one morally equal to you

—you will never have the slightest reason for complaining of the Spaniard of even the very lowest class. Mr. Ford says, for instance, with reference to the Spanish servant:—

"To secure a real good servant is of the utmost consequence to all who make out-of-the-way excursions in the Peninsula; for, as in the East, he becomes not only cook, but interpreter and companion to his master. It is, therefore, of great importance to get a person with whom a man can ramble over those wild scenes. The so doing ends, on the part of the attendant, in an almost canine friendship; and the Spaniard, when the tour is done, is broken-hearted, and ready to leave his home, horse, ass, and wife to follow his master, like a dog, to the world's end."

This was written long ago, and things have not changed since. One day last July, whilst riding along the high-road near Alsasua, I noticed by the roadside a poor little chap of about fourteen or fifteen years of age, almost bare-footed, for the remnant of hempen sandals could certainly not be counted for much, a pair of cotton trousers, a cotton shirt, and a cotton handkerchief tied round his head, forming his costume. He was crying bitterly, and this caused me to stop and ask him what was the matter. "Nothing," he said, in a rude, harsh voice, evidently displeased by my interrogatory;

but as I went on talking he soon told me that he had come all the way from Lerin, with a view to enlist in one of the Carlist battalions, and that the chiefs refused to accept him on account of his youth and short stature. "They would not take me even as a trumpeter," said he, still crying bitterly, "and I have now nowhere to go, for I left my master, in whose service I was engaged as a mule-driver." I then asked him if he knew anything about horses? "Why, I tell you," answered he, in an almost coarse tone, "that I have always served as a mule-driver. I don't think there is a great difference between a horse and a mule." The rough but honest look of the boy caused me to take him into my service, and in about a fortnight he was so accustomed to the work he had to do that I could easily dispense with two perfectly unpolishable orderlies, granted to me from the staff of Don Carlos, and the little Cipriano Solano became my valet, my cook, my groom, and everything else.

When once, during our rambles, we reached a village within about three miles of his native place, he suddenly disappeared for several hours, and came back with his mother and three sisters, all of whom he introduced to me in the most friendly manner. The women shook hands with

me, presented me with a lot of apples, grapes, and eggs, and began at once to treat me in the way they would have treated a member of their own family. The mother, during the conversation, took me apart, and anxiously asked me not only to be kind towards the *chico* (little one), but especially to watch over his morals. "Do not leave him alone with that disreputable lot of volunteers," said she. "They are all very brave and nice fellows, but they are so very, very fast, and Cipriano is quite a child yet," added she, and two big drops of tears appeared on her long eyelashes, and rolled down her old, parchment-like face.

The little boy was so short that when he had to groom my big chestnut mare he was compelled to stand upon a chair, or upon the stump of a tree, yet he did the work always thoroughly. It was sometimes difficult to bring him to understand how you wanted a thing to be done, but, once he had learned a thing, he would not only not neglect doing it, but become quite proud of his accomplishment, and frequently give instruction to his comrades. Two or three times I took him over to France, and though he did not know a word of Basque, still less of French, he got on remarkably well. For the sake of fun, a party of

friends and myself made him once ride behind us when we were going to some races at Biarritz. We had tickets for the committee's enclosure, but Cipriano having none, was stopped by a gendarme, who began to argue with him. We left him purposely behind, watching the result of the discussion, and in a minute or two saw the boy give a kick to his horse, and almost jump over the gendarme's head, swearing most unceremoniously at the puzzled guardian of order. When the races were over, Cipriano handed me a couple of francs in small coin, and, on my inquiring what the money was, he explained that he had been paid for the horses he held during the race. He understood, that since he was in my service, anything he earned was my property. As to take any interest in the race when there were horses to be attended to, that was out of the question.

At St. Jean-de-Luz, the boy gave me some trouble once. He had taken his after-dinner *siesta* in an empty omnibus standing close by his stable, and went to sleep. A batch of urchins, discovering him there, proceeded to take away his sandals and his cap, as a practical joke, when he woke up and began to fight the whole party, furiously crying out, in Spanish fashion, for their *tripas* (bowels). A policeman just passing

by captured him, and locked him up for having fought, as well as for being "a Spaniard without a passport properly *visé*," and I had some difficulty in rescuing the little savage. But apart from these little extravagances, the boy's attachment to myself, and still more, I believe, to his horses, had really no limits. When I had to return to England, and first told him of it, he became fearfully cross, did not answer a single word, but left the room before I had time to tell him what I wanted, and disappeared for the rest of the day. When I inquired of the servant of the house where he was, I learned that he had locked himself up in the stable, was crying all day, and had not taken any food whatever. All attempts on my part to persuade him that I would probably soon come back again, were of no avail. He became somewhat less morose only when he learned that a colleague of mine, a gentleman he knew well, had bought two of my horses, and was willing to take him into his service. I am, however, afraid the boy will never forgive me my having abandoned him. On the day I started from St.-Jean-de-Luz I sent several times for him, wishing to bid him good-bye, and to make him a little present. But he never came, and after having answered to the last messenger I sent for him, that he did not

wish to see me, disappeared from his stable, so that I had to take the train without even shaking hands with him.

But however high an opinion one may have of the natural merits of the Spaniards, their ignorance never fails to shock the stranger. In high as in low classes it is equally amazing—and the more so as it is certainly not through a want of capacities or intelligence that the Spanish nation is kept so far behind those very nations of which it was formerly, in many respects, the teacher. Whether you take a Spaniard of the lower class and instruct and train him in something, or one of the upper classes, whose education has been specially favoured by circumstances, they are both equally sure to turn out as able men as you could find anywhere. Men like Señor Chao, the late Minister of Fomento; like Luis Maria Pastor, the economist, deceased a short time since; like Brigadier Ibañez, Director of the Geographical Institute of Madrid, and a number of others, would do, by their learning, honour to any country. The acquirements of the latter of these gentlemen had a European homage paid to them by his having been unanimously elected President

of the International Mètre Commission, to which every European country has appointed men highly respected for their scientific knowledge. But, unhappily, such cases are but rare, very rare exceptions. The ignorance of the great mass of the people, exceeds anything that can be seen *anywhere* in Europe, the Danubian Principalities and Turkey excepted. And one of the immediate results of this ignorance is, of course, a childish credulity on the one hand, and a childish inaccuracy in statements on the other. We constantly hear Englishmen complaining of the impossibility of getting from a Spaniard a straightforward answer to a straightforward question, and Spanish newspapers are frequently accused of simply telling lies. All these accusations have a great deal of truth in them, but they are certainly not the result of a deliberate desire on the part of Spaniards to tell lies, but simply the result chiefly of their ignorance, and partly of their temperament. Fancies, ideas, and beliefs have always played too prominent a part in the Spaniard's life to allow him to be a precise, matter of fact man; and in making a false statement—a statement in which he would himself not believe if he had thought for a

moment—the Spaniard does so simply because his imagination embellishes and ornaments, or disfigures, as the case may be, the plain, common fact, of which he has never been made to understand either the abstract or even the practical meaning.

It is surprising sometimes to watch how the simplest bit of news, which you may have communicated to a Spanish friend, will, within a few hours, be embellished, exaggerated, and rendered almost unrecognisable. I may just adduce one or two instances, out of a great many others which came under my notice, of the intense proclivity of the Spaniards in this way to disfigure and Homerise the most simple things.

One day, a couple of my colleagues and myself were chatting on a rather interesting subject to ourselves, but a perfectly indifferent one to other people—namely, "remittances." As a matter of course, everyone of us accused all the others of getting much more money than himself, and one of my fellow-workmen went so far as to express the belief that I received in a month probably enough to buy Cuba on the *Herald's* account. A few Carlist officers being present at this professional gossip, the English language was put aside; and how great was my astonishment

when, about a week later, I learnt that a firm belief had been spread all through the head-quarters of Don Carlos that I was an agent sent by the United States to look out for the means of purchasing Cuba. This information was given out at Don Carlos's dining-table as being perfectly certain; the Pretender, his generals and aid-de-camps firmly believed in it; and a couple of them, who were less ceremonious, even made me some not very friendly allusion on the subject, saying that my efforts were perfectly useless, and that Don Carlos would never sell the island. Yet, to the credit of all these gentlemen, I must say that, though they were thus made to believe my intentions to be very wrong ones, they never put the slightest difficulty in my way, and never showed to me anything but courtesy.

Another case was still more characteristic, and perhaps, to a great extent, mitigated the prejudice which must have arisen against me in consequence of these Cuban suspicions. One of my talented colleagues was uncommonly short-sighted, wrote an abominably bad hand (as all great men are said to do), and was capable of writing at all only with a particular pen, which he usually carried in his pocket quite as if it were

a treasure. One day, when I noticed, during the siege of Tolosa, some steps he had taken to outdo me in communicating news to the Bayonne Telegraph Bureau, I chattingly told him that if he continued the practice I would rob him of his spectacles and his pen, and thus at once disable him. As on the former occasion, Carlist officers who were present laughed at my menace, and probably repeated the story to some of their comrades; for a few days later, when I came back to the Royalist head-quarters, and met Don Carlos, he thanked me most cordially, and in the presence of his staff, for the great devotion I had shown to the Carlist cause. Being quite puzzled to know what he meant, I asked him for what his thanks were offered. "Why," he said, "I was told you met at Tolosa another correspondent of the *Herald* who was on the Republican side, and had rendered him incapable of working by taking his spectacles and pen away, so that he should not be able to serve the cause of our enemies."

Insignificant as these facts are, they show how utterly unable Spaniards are plainly to look at plain things, or accurately to report the most common occurrence. It requires really a great effort on the part of a stranger to get accustomed to this peculiarity of the Spaniards, and not to

feel indignant at the Café and Puerta del Sol politicians in Madrid all day long exaggerating everything, spreading nonsense, bringing it into the papers, and making thus all the country lie as unconsciously as they are telling lies themselves.

This want of precision and correctness in statements and information is, however, not peculiar to the Spaniards only. The more a man is ignorant or a nation backward, the more they are sure to be credulous and unreliable. Look at the information the travellers get from savages about things they have actually seen, and compare them with those one gets from a well-informed Englishman or German, on events which neither have actually witnessed. Between these two poles of ignorance and knowledge, of loose fancy and strict matter-of-fact criticism, range the various nations of the world, as well as the individual human beings, according to the comparative degree of precision of their minds and of their faculties of observation. And, as a matter of course, the more the religion of a nation or of a man tends to paralyze the spirit of free inquiry, the more they must necessarily be liable to remain behind in this respect. This is one of the chief reasons why people belonging to the Catholic Church, notwithstanding their

high culture in every other respect, invariably proved more ignorant and less precise in what they knew, than those belonging to the Protestant Church; and Spaniards, constantly accused of telling lies, do so by no means more deliberately than the French or the Italians. The general unreliableness of the Latin race is but one of the natural results of the whole of their historical development, and the degree it is capable of reaching even in our days has been only too strikingly illustrated during the last French war, when all communications from French sources were, with scarcely any exception, utterly destitute of foundation. I made the sad experience of never having been able to arrive at anything like the truth all the time I was with the French army; and everyone knows that, not only when the disasters began, but at the very outset of the campaign, the French military authorities gathered their information about their own troops from English papers. At Metz, generals and staff-officers were constantly asking the numerous English correspondents for information of this sort, and at Châlons the officers of MacMahon's staff came several times a day to me to inquire whether I had not received the English papers, and whether I could

not communicate to them what was going on under the walls of Metz. The French disasters had been attributed to French heedlessness, and to the general mismanagement of the Empire. But a considerable portion of them could be clearly traced to the incapacity of the French of either carefully collecting information, or of transmitting it without disfiguring it. And if such is the case with France, what cannot be expected from Spain, a country in every respect much more susceptible of developing men's fancy at the expense of men's capacity of calm observation and inquiry?

But however great is still the ignorance of Spaniards as a nation, some improvement is already beginning to be perceptible at least in their governing classes. Spanish statesmen of our days are men of quite the average amount of knowledge spread throughout the same class of men abroad. While barely forty years ago the Government of the unlucky country was virtually in the hands of persons like the milliner Teresita, the all-powerful friend and counsellor of Christina; of Ronchi, the dentist of the Dey, a man who had to fly from Tangiers on account of his breaking a tooth of one of the Dey's wives; of the Marquis of Ceralbo who, when sent out to

find a fourth wife for Ferdinand VII., officially asked the hand of the King of Sardinia's daughter, already married several years before; or of Cafranga, whom Metternich rendered so celebrated by preserving and showing everywhere a visiting card, bearing under Cafranga's name, and in his own handwriting, the inscription of "chef de bourreau (hangman, instead of *bureau*) du ministère de grâce et justice." These fearful times are gone, and let us hope for ever. The improvement of the Spanish State machinery may be slow, but it has at all events *some* chance of success now, provided foreigners do not interfere once more, and home Statesmen do not too much insist upon ruling by means of some mixed system, of a kind of *juste milieu*, which is sure never to take in a country where "hatred and sympathies are alike strong, acute, and unalterable, and submit to no conciliation for reasons of interest."

But I must decidedly close. The patience of my readers is probably exhausted, and so are the time and space which were allowed to me. The National steam-ship 'Egypt,' lying in all her Transatlantic grandeur in the river Mersey is

getting up steam, and will in a few hours take me on board, and carry me away to another and quite different land. I shall certainly have much to learn in the new and marvellous world created by the efforts of Anglo-Saxon genius. But amid all the splendours and miracles of industry, the reminiscences of semi-savage Spain will, I am sure, frequently return to my mind as so many delightful dreams of the past.

Adieu, charmante et noble Espagne,
Adieu, peut-être pour toujours.
Mais je garderai pour tes vieux bourgs,
Ton ciel ardent, tes belles montagnes,
Ta race altière, ta riante campagne,
Tes femmes, surtout, ma chère Espagne,
Un éternel, profond amour.

THE END.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 126 *line* 26 *for* "not Scotch, and therefore *extranjero*, the plaid was" *read* "Scotch, and therefore *extrangero*, the plaid was not"
Page 141 *line* 18 *for* "charges" *read* "chargers"
Page 160 *line* 24 *for* "taenk" *read* "taken"
Page 199 *line* 18 *for* "votes" *read* "deputies"

VOL. II.

Page 45 *line* 15 *for* "hatty" *read* "chatty."

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